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De Soto scoured them with his intolerant eye, and not one dared dissent



Sons of the Eagle

*Soaring Figures from
America's Past*

BY GEORGE CREEL

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

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To

MY CHILDREN

FRANCES VIRGINIA AND GEORGE BATES CREEL

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SONS OF THE EAGLE

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I

A WORLD SLIPPED THROUGH HIS FINGERS

No ROMANCER, giving imagination full rein, ever dreamed adventures half so mad as the actual deeds of those Spaniards who sailed the uncharted ocean in their flimsy caravels, stormed the walls of the New World and waded through blood to fabulous riches that they diced away in a night. As cruel as brave, as treacherous as heroic, as religious as depraved, prattling prayers the loudest when outraging God the most—amazing figures as tremendous and incredible as though they stepped out of the Apocalypse.

Cortes burning his ships and advancing against the might of Montezuma with a scant four hundred men; Pizarro conquering Peru with less than two hundred; Pedro de Valdivia enslaving Chili with one hundred and fifty; eighty-four-year-old Francisco de Carbajal leading forlorn hopes—what a list it is that beat against the gates of memory with their sword hilts!

It is with Hernando de Soto, however, that this story has to do—De Soto, the *real* discoverer of America. We see him first as he leaves his mountain home in Estremadura, a lad not taller than his sword, seeking his fortune in Panama with Pedrarias Davila who cut off Balboa's head, and in the fifteen years that follow we catch vivid glimpses of him as he races through Hispaniola and Nicaragua pursuing fortune.

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Well did he hold his own among those swarming adventurers, for when Pizarro prepares his blow at Peru we find young Hernando in high command and rated as the company's "best lance and finest horseman."

It was in the eleventh month of the invasion that the Spaniards came to Caxamalca, where camped the Inca and his army. A deserted city, emptied of its people, rang hollowly to the clang of their horses' feet, but as far as eye could see the valley slopes were white with the tents of the Indian host. Even the stoutest heart felt a creeping chill, for what chance had two hundred against these countless thousands? At last they understood why the Peruvian monarch had not opposed their march from the sea coast, taking no advantage of mountain passes where a tumbled boulder could have swept them all to death. This valley, with its prison walls, was his trap.

All through the night Pizarro and De Soto upbraided and exhorted. Were cavaliers to turn tail before these heathen dogs? Could they not see that retreat was an invitation to disaster? When had they ever fought except against overwhelming odds? What of repeated proofs that God had them in His holy care and keeping? In every great battle had there not been sight of St. Michael high above them, crying his angels to the assault? Was there not ample assurance of the land's incalculable wealth? Forward, caballeros! Another sword stroke and every man might plunge his arms shoulder-deep in yellow gold and emeralds.

Before the morning sun topped the peaks of the Andes, De Soto was spurring across the plain to face the Inca and learn his will. With gay arrogance and a certain shrewd intent to strike fear, he sank his

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rowels deep and galloped down the warrior line at furious speed, throwing his charger back upon its haunches only at the very hem of the royal robe. Not by the twitch of a muscle did the dusky ruler betray awe or astonishment, and it was in cold, implacable tones that he dismissed De Soto, saying that he would visit the Spaniards on the following day, and then acquaint them with his pleasure.

“By St. Jago!” cried Pizarro. “God is delivering him into our hands.” A cheer burst from every hairy throat, for some of the men had been with Cortes in Mexico, and all held in mind how the Great Captain had seized Montezuma as a hostage. All night long there were feverish preparations, assignment of stations and much furbishing of arms, and at mass in the early dawn, *Exsurge Domino* was roared to heaven as a challenge. From their concealment these human tigers watched the Inca enter the city, and eyes flamed as they marked the jewels that incrusted his litter, and saw the throne of solid gold.

All unsuspecting—for how could he dream that this beggarly handful would dare aggression?—Atahuallpa came to his doom. As he reached the great central square, with less than seven thousand of his men inside the gates, a cannon boomed its signal, and out from hiding poured De Soto and the cavalry. Picked soldiers ringed the Inca about with steel at once, and the others rode their horses back and forth through the huddled, screaming mass, stabbing and slashing like devils from hell. When arms fell slack at last from sheer exhaustion five thousand Peruvian bodies littered the plaza.

There is not space to tell of the ransom brought in by countless pack trains. Atahuallpa filled one room with gold and another with silver—the value of the

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whole has been estimated at fifteen millions—and still they kept him prisoner. Evading, delaying, for his dark heart meant murder from the first, Pizarro fell finally into well-simulated rage, and charged the Inca with plotting against their lives.

Only De Soto held to faith. A fast friendship had sprung up between him and the royal captive, and affection joined with honor to make him cry out against this shameless treachery. Riding off to Huanachuco to secure proof of the Inca's innocence, he was not well away before a mock trial sentenced Atahuallpa to be burned at the stake. As the unhappy ruler accepted baptism at the last moment, however, the *garrote* was substituted for fire, and he was only strangled.

De Soto, returning, went white with fury, branding it as assassination, crying that his honor had been stained. "But what," he sneered, "could a Pizarro, base-born and wet-nursed by a sow, know of honor?"

Forcible intervention prevented bloodshed, but De Soto was all for leaving the country, and only greed cooled his hot anger. There was still imperial Cuzco to sack, and even as he led the vanguard on the long and bloody march, so was he foremost in gutting the Temple of the Sun and stripping the royal tombs where mummies sat in chairs of gold and dripped jewels as summer eaves drip rain. Then, rich with his share of the spoils, he flung a contemptuous farewell in Pizarro's face and sailed for Spain.

Small wonder that Seville adored him. Only thirty-three—rich, handsome and a figure of romance—the beautiful Isabella de Bobadilla gave him her heart and hand, and the highest fawned upon him in his palace. For eighteen years he had fought and suffered, and now, in every softness of love and ease,

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he would forget the swamps of Haiti and the bitter hardships of Peru. Vain resolve, for how could bull fights and pompous ceremonials satisfy one who had shod his warhorse with silver, hunted slaves with hounds, gulped *chicha* from golden goblets as he rode to the loot of ancient cities, and had seen the Indies glow?

Ambition burned him! Cortes, no better born and not more brave, had lorded it in Mexico, and as for Pizarro, De Soto's proud soul sickened at the thought of having played second fiddle to that vulgar foundling. What he dreamed of, what his heart panted for, was some virgin realm that he might make his own. Florida, discovered but not won, occurred to him, and when he offered to undertake the conquest at his own expense, the thrifty emperor not only named him captain-general, but also threw in an appointment as governor of Cuba.

As the news flew that Don Hernando was taking to the sea again, sailing to a fair land where the very trees dropped gems, cavaliers raced to Seville from every quarter, even Portugal furnishing a contingent of swart hidalgos.

Out of the thousands that offered, De Soto picked six hundred—"men of courage and condition"—and ten ships were bought and double rationed. Even so, still another year was spent in Havana that no detail of the expedition might be overlooked. It was in May, 1539, that the fleet put to sea for the passage of the Gulf, and as the little army landed in Tampa Bay and caught the fragrance of jasmine and magnolia, a great cheer broke from every lip.

Now at last was America's threshold to be crossed. Not once, in any voyage, did Columbus touch the great continent that stretched before him; John Cabot came

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to Labrador in 1497, but explored no further, and a year later his son, Sebastian, skirted the coast from Nova Scotia to the Chesapeake without attempt to pierce the forest walls; Vasquez de Ayllon and his men were massacred within sight of their ships; Ponce de Leon fell in a beach fight and the atrocities of Panfilo de Narvaez earned him death almost before he had touched the interior; Jacques Cartier found the St. Lawrence in 1534, but seventy years were to pass ere Champlain carried on. For Hernando De Soto was reserved the honor of genuine entry and true discovery.

Well was he entitled to curse the fate that sent Ayllon and Narvaez before him, for memory of their abominable cruelties made every Indian an implacable foe. Nor were they sheep-like Peruvians nor yet be-fuddled Aztecs with their legend of a Fair God, but fierce tribes as deadly as swamp snakes, fully conscious that white men were not divinities, but human beings with blood that a knife could spill. From the great trees, screened in dripping moss, came flights of bone-tipped arrows, and woe to the cavalier who laid aside his armor for a moment.

At first De Soto's luck seemed due to hold, for from the swamps crawled Juan Ortiz, a survivor of the Narvaez expedition, able to act as interpreter by reason of his twelve years of captivity. Repeatedly, vehemently, he told them that there was no gold in the land, but Indian prisoners, with cunning intent to lure the Spaniards on, invented tales of a mythical Chisca, where the people wore hats of the precious metal.

Inflamed by these lies, the company plunged forward into the dark forests that rang to cries of "Come on, robbers and traitors! Death is waiting for you." The bearers tried to brain them with their chains, or

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else killed themselves, so that the hunt for new beasts of burden became part of a bloody routine.

Marching through Florida and Georgia, another May brought them to the banks of the Savannah, where ruled a princess, young, beautiful and friendly; and the Gentleman of Elvas, chronicler of the expedition, writes glowingly of fairy valleys thick with fruit of tree and vine, the winds only stirring to shake fragrance from the flowers. "All wanted to stay in this sweet country," he moans, "but Soto, as it was his object to find another treasure like that of Atahuallpa, Lord of Peru, would not be content with good lands." And, too, records the Gentleman, he was "an inflexible man, dry of word, and after he had expressed his will did not like to be opposed."

Grateful the shade of the mulberry groves and soft the arms of the Indian maidens, but with visions of treasure vaults ever before his eyes, De Soto scourged the company on through the Carolinas, Tennessee and south again into Alabama, kingdom of Tuscaloosa, the Black Warrior. The swarthy ruler was seized as he held out his hand in friendly greeting, but this habitual treachery was not followed by the usual tame submission. Maubila, Tuscaloosa's capital, was secretly ordered to prepare a plan of extermination, and ten thousand fighting men gathered against the day when the hated invaders should arrive.

Only a blunder saved the Spaniards. Before the trap was well set, an exultant chief shouted an insult at Balthasar Gallegos, and the fierce cavalier sounded the battle cry even as he split the savage from hair to chin. For nine hours the struggle raged, so furiously that De Soto fought standing in his stirrups, not having time to draw an arrow from his thigh. Successive

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waves of red men swept over the little company, but St. Jago rode the heavens on a white horse, calling encouragement, and as the sun fell from sight victory perched on the banners of Spain. The flimsy huts, set on fire, turned the village into a furnace, and men, women and children perished in the flames or were spitted on the lances of the blood-mad *companeros*.

Victory indeed, but at what a cost! Many of De Soto's bravest and best lay dead, the living were sore wounded, and the flight of the bearers had not only lost them clothes, supplies, medicines and booty, but worst of all, even their dice and playing cards. At this dark hour came a messenger with word that the ships were in Pensacola Bay. That way lay safety and comfort, the ease and dignity of his command in Cuba where the Lady Isabella waited in all her young loveliness, while northern marches held hardship, danger and the daily threat of death. To return, however, was to admit defeat, and facing away from the sea, De Soto set forth on another hunt for golden Chisca.

A man! Cortes cajoled and befooled his mutineers; Pizarro lied and intrigued, but here was one who ruled his lawless spirits by sheer force of character. Alone with them in a trackless wilderness, without gold and jewels to end their bitter disappointments, he lashed them to obedience as though he sat in Seville with the king's might at his back, not one daring to mutter as he scourged them with his bold, intolerant eye. "Presume not upon any rank you may possess," he told them, standing slim and graceful as his drawn blade, "for I will take the head of him who does not do his duty."

No matter how fast they marched, tidings of Maubila went ahead and every defile was an ambush;

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Indians dropped from trees to engage in a death grapple or slipped from the underbrush to rip a horse's belly; game fled at the noise of fighting and berries and persimmons were their food.

It was a tattered, famished band that went into winter quarters on the upper Yazoo, but to their credit, they did not cringe under misfortune. What time they were not plundering the Indian villages of maize and women, they tore down idols and preached the beauties of the Christian faith. The Chickasaws, reinforced by neighboring tribes, were finally strong enough to strike, and on a wild March night the Spaniards woke to find their huts in flames, and as they dashed forth into the storm, half-armed, half-naked, flint-tipped darts struck them down.

“But God,” boasts the Gentleman of Elvas, “who chastiseth His own as He pleases, and in the greatest wants and perils hath them in His hand, shut the eyes of the Indians.” The riderless horses, plunging everywhere in mad panic, were thought to carry cavaliers, and the Chickasaws fled before them. Everything that had been saved from Maubila was lost in this last disaster, but reverses seemed only to tap new wells of courage in De Soto. Rude forges re-tempered swords, steel stirrups were beaten into lance heads and ash trees gave new shafts; shields were made from hides, clothes from skins and grasses, a vision of the Holy Virgin strengthened their hearts, and April saw them marching across Mississippi, bearing always to the north.

Balboa waved back his men that he alone might have first view of the Pacific, but the Gentleman of Elvas makes no mention of the emotion that De Soto must have felt when he came to the banks of the Father of Waters and beheld that mighty flood. To

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the weary Gentleman, at least, it was merely another river to cross. The useless slave chains were beaten into bolts and rude ferries were built, but dawning hope died quickly when they saw the poverty-stricken Indian villages on the other shore. Captives, however, repeated the lie of gold to the north, and off they staggered, wading waist deep in cypress swamps, wasted by fevers and harried by savages whose pirogues skimmed the sullen pools like water moccasins.

Swift forays netted prisoners now and then, and with hands and ears cut off, the bleeding wretches were sent ahead as the white man's heralds. Whatever De Soto's own despair as the bitter days went by, no man was privileged to see a lowering of that proud crest nor was his hand less heavy and assured.

"What now!" he reproached his grumbling soldiers when they dared at last to talk of home. "Having it in your power to become lords in a vast and noble land, do you prefer Spain and the lives of base dependents? No one shall leave this country until we have conquered it." Gone now were his dreams of gold and gems, and in this challenge to his men there is evidence that he was beginning to see that the wealth of the New World was in its broad streams and fertile soil. If so, it was a vision that came too late.

Swinging through southern Missouri and eastern Oklahoma, De Soto pitched his winter camp on the banks of the Arkansas near Fort Smith. Several restful months repaired the ravages of the ghastly march in some degree. "Humped-backed cows," as they called the buffalo, gave them ample food and skins for covering. But even the Iron Captain realized the impossibility of further wandering. Of the proud

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array that had set forth with him from Havana three years before, less than half remained, and these were worn and wasted.

Return was compulsory. Strangely enough, almost at the same time a similar tragedy was working to its grim conclusion farther north, for Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, starting from Mexico, had gone as far as Nebraska in his vain search for the Seven Cities of Cibola.

Reaching the Mississippi once again, after a terrible journey, De Soto felt himself sickening to his death. "Deep was his despondency," writes the Gentleman of Elvas, and who shall say that there was not excuse for his despair? What of his wife, stripped of fortune to finance this mad venture? And the shame of failure, for in his following there was none with enough vision and faith to make the emperor see that this land of mighty forests, shining rivers and fertile plains was a possession more to be prized than all the gold of Mexico and Peru! Death held no terrors for him—he had faced it daily from his youth—but how the sense of defeat must have weighed down that proud heart!

When he knew the end to be at hand De Soto called his men together and, out of his knowledge of their fierce, contentious natures, named Luis Moscoso as his successor; then, swearing all to obedience and thanking them for their loyalty, he pulled the skin coverlet over his face and died, old and worn at forty-two. Five slaves, three horses and some swine composed the estate of this man who but nine years before had sailed from Peru with a fortune in gold and silver bars, precious metals curiously carved and great, gleaming emeralds.

They buried him at night that the Indians might

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not know his grave, but the keen eyes of the bearers marked the fresh-turned earth, and when darkness fell again, Moscoso had the body carried down to the Mississippi's edge. Working by touch, not daring to show a light, they took a huge tree trunk, half hollowed by native boat builders, and packed the gaunt body in soft skins. Sealing the whole as best they could, a push gave it to the current, and the wind in the trees joined with their sobs for requiem.

An epic of lost opportunity! Had Hernando de Soto come of a race that loved the soil, he could have changed the history of the New World, for all of the rich sweep of America was in his grasp to have and to hold. It was the tragedy of Spain, however, that her hawk-faced adventurers saw wealth only in gold and silver, and scorned to plough except with swords.

II

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CAMBRIDGE creaked beneath an unaccustomed weight, for people had come from all the towns of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to attend the trial of Roger Williams. Beyond the settlement stretched the New England forests, yet the wilderness did not hold man or beast more savage than the Puritans who crowded Parson Hooker's rude church to give their hate a holiday. There is no cruelty like the cruelty of conscious goodness, and these harsh, curdled souls were sublimely confident that they alone possessed God's confidence and favor.

Governor Haynes and the deputies sat stiff and straight, frowning with every appearance of authority, but not a man in the pews but knew them to be puppets. Behind the court were the real rulers—the nine ministers of the colony—leaning forward as if to spring upon this vile heretic who had dared assail the Lord's anointed.

Terrible, blasphemous, were the things the defendant had said and done.

From his pulpit he had preached that church and state should stand separate; he had denied the power of magistrates to control the consciences of men, insisting that every human being was entitled to worship God in his own way; he had claimed the right of free speech, and he had attacked his fellow ministers, de-

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claring that intolerance could have no place in the hearts of those who professed to follow Christ.

Nor was this all. Many a time he had been heard to say that the Indians were the true owners of the land; that no title was good unless it had been obtained honestly from the Indians, and that there was no greater lie than that "Christian kings, so called, are invested with a right, by virtue of their Christianity, to take and give away the lands of other men." His conviction was a foregone conclusion; the only speculation was as to the punishment. Would he be whipped until he stood in a pool of his own blood, or would he be sent into the wilderness to perish? Both were favorite sentences with the Puritans.

It never ceases to be strange that the same mother-land could spawn two such different breeds. The Pilgrims, who came over on the *Mayflower*, were a bleak, ascetic lot, but innately just. They had suffered exile in Holland for their faith and were come to the New World to escape oppression, not to become oppressors in their turn; and from the first, Plymouth Colony was truly a refuge for all men distressed of conscience.

The Puritans, who followed nine years later, were those lacking in the martyrs' faith that sent their fellows to Holland, and even while leaving England finally because they hated the Established Church, fawned upon this very church as they sailed, denying any thought of separating from it. Perhaps it was a sense of contemptibility that made them so cruel; maybe their savage intolerances were meant to wipe out the memory of their mean truckling.

Settling Massachusetts Bay, building the towns of Salem and Boston, they founded an ecclesiastical autocracy and called on all men to fall on their knees

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before it under pain of dire penalties. There was no state, only a church using civil authority to enforce its decrees. The Pentateuch became the law; men and women were imprisoned and whipped for imprudent speech, faults in dress or failure to attend divine worship, and those daring to hold offensive opinions were hanged or banished.

No settler was a citizen unless he belonged to the church, yet all had to support the church. Freedom there was none, for as John Cotton plainly stated, “a democratical government is unfit for either church or state, for if the people are governors, who are the governed?”

Roger Williams was not a man to succeed in such a community, for he had already paid a high price for freedom of conscience. A poor Welsh lad, his brilliance attracted the attention of Sir Edward Coke—that great Coke who was the father of English jurisprudence—and in this home of wealth and power he was loved and educated as a son. Turning away from the law, where easy fame awaited his remarkable talents, he entered the church, only to find his spirit stifled by dogma and ritual, and in final revolt against the tyrannies of Laud, he set sail for the New World with his young wife.

Boston stunned him. The brutal intolerance shocked his fairness, the cruelties wounded his loving heart, and his honor was shamed to see the Puritans wheedle favors from the King by pretending to remain faithful to the Church of England even while setting up a brand-new religion of their own.

When they offered him a pulpit he answered in words that dripped contempt, bringing down upon his head a fury of wrath that drove him out of Boston and denied him the right to preach in Salem. Only

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Plymouth—home of the Pilgrims—held out open arms, and there on Sundays he expounded his doctrines of love and justice, earning his bread by day labor. After two years Salem gained courage to call this “godly man,” but barely had he answered than powerful Boston, hot with the old rage, ordered his arrest.

So we come to the historic days of October, 1635, when Williams faced his accusers in the little log meeting house in Cambridge. Historic indeed, for the issues at stake were free speech, the right of conscience and religious tolerance, and on the shoulders of that prisoner rested the hopes of unborn millions.

We do not even know what he looked like—this Roger Williams who fought for America’s soul three hundred years ago. He must have been tall and strong and straight, for he bore incredible hardships; undoubtedly there was beauty in his clear eyes, for loving gentleness shone through, and he must have been dear and attractive in every aspect, for all men of open minds adored him.

He did not deny any of the accusations hurled at him, but repeated his words and upheld them, asserting again and again that the children of earth were entitled “to walk as their consciences persuade them, every one in the name of his God.” For this faith he was ready to be bound or banished or to die. Their faces forbidding as the wintry evening sky outside, the court ruled that “Roger Williams hath broached and dyvulgéd dyvers new and dangerous opinions,” and an order of banishment was entered against him. Cry your message to the wolves, O infidel!

Time was first allowed him to order his affairs, but on second thought the Puritans deemed it unwise to let him remain in the country, “lest the infection of his opinions spread,” and a force was secretly des-

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patched to seize him and put him on board a boat for England. Some friendly voice sent a warning ahead, and when the party reached Williams' home, they found only his wife and babes. He himself had slipped into the wilderness with his cloak and staff and wallet of parched corn, and "was tossed for fourteen weeks in a bitter winter season, not knowing what board or bread did mean."

From the day of his coming to the colony Roger Williams' heart had gone out to the unhappy Indians, robbed of their land, oppressed and abused. While in Plymouth he had lived in wigwams with the savages, learned their tongues and won the faith and friendship of Massasoit, sachem of the Wampanoags, and Canonicus, great chief of the Narragansetts. Now was the value of true Christianity to be proved, for as the homeless wanderer staggered out of the forest, more dead than alive, old Canonicus took him to his heart and bade him rest.

A piece of land on the Seekonk was given him, and with the coming of spring Williams was joined by five other banished men.

Even as they put in their crops, however, word came that the territory was claimed by the Bay Colony, and again the exile was forced to flee. Across the river Canonicus rowed this well-beloved friend, and, pointing to a smiling stretch of woods and meadow, said, "*This is mine. I give it to you.*"

Here, high above the shining waters, Roger Williams laid the foundations of Providence, and dedicated this first Rhode Island settlement to be a shelter for the oppressed of earth. Instead of keeping the land as a personal possession, he put aside large tracts for future arrivals, divided his own holdings equally among his company, now twelve, and drew up

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simple articles of government that gave the law authority "only in civil things."

All this while Boston was stewing in its own hates. Shortly after the banishment of Williams, a Mistress Anne Hutchinson had arrived in the Bay Colony, and lost little time in overturning all accepted ideas of woman's place. A brilliant, vivid creature, she lifted the banner of equal rights, and not only raised her voice in public places but soon differed radically with the divines on fundamental points of doctrine. Preaching in her own home, Mistress Anne was eloquent enough, and perhaps charming enough, to win quite a following, and by the time the court got down to the business of discipline, the poison had spread to a degree where many orders of banishment had to be issued.

Where were these unhappy souls to turn? In their despair they journeyed to Providence, and although in the number were those who had been his foremost persecutors, Roger Williams took them to his great, warm heart and made them welcome. Canonicus viewed the newcomers with cold eyes, but Williams pleaded in the name of their friendship, and at last the old sachem sold them an island in Narragansett Bay where they built the towns of Portsmouth and Newport.

Larger and larger grew the exodus from intolerant Boston, and but for Williams' charity he must have laughed at the sight of Governor Haynes and Parson Hooker toiling through the wilderness to Connecticut, unable to stomach the iron rule of John Cotton and his fellow bigots.

Now came an end to Indian meekness and submission. The fierce Pequods flamed into open war, and Chief Sassacus, resolving upon a campaign of

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extermination, sent his orators to the New England tribes, proposing an alliance that should end forever the rule of the white man. There was but one to whom the Bay Colonies could look for aid in this black hour, nor did the memory of their hate and persecution hold them back from frantic appeal.

“Help us,” they cried to Roger Williams. “Help us or we perish.”

What a chance it was to have been *human!* But had Roger Williams walked with Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary, his heart could not have been less free from all uncharitableness. Wrapping his worn coat about him, he put out into the stormy waters in his rude canoe, and rowed to where old Canonicus sat pondering his decision.

“Three days and three nights,” records Williams, “my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequot ambassadors whose hands and arms reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered by them on the Connecticut River, and from whom I could not but nightly look for their knives at my own throat.” Not only did he succeed in having the Pequods turned away, but he brought the Narragansetts and Mohegans into an alliance with the whites.

Throughout the war that followed he held these Indian allies in line; persuaded other tribes to neutrality, drew maps of the Pequot country, and was the great tower of strength. Yet even while he wanted his brethren saved, with all his soul he hoped for a peace of justice that would end strife and bloodshed.

Strange indeed that he persisted in any illusion regarding the Puritans. In a surprise attack that ended the war, they butchered seven hundred Pequot warriors and then cut off the hands and ears and scalps of their victims to send back to godly Boston

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for the delight of its Christian people. As a further gentle touch, the young of the tribes were divided among the people as slaves, even ministers clamoring for their share of strong boys and growing girls. Anguished, horrified, Williams cried his protest, but now he had no more favors to bestow, and his voice was ineffectual.

Nor was the sentence of banishment revoked! Even expenses that he had incurred in their behalf were left unpaid. O grateful Puritans! O Christian souls! Hating Williams more than ever—for had not this accursed infidel put them under obligations?—the Boston Colony formed an offensive and defensive alliance with Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven, and imposed the condition that the Providence settlement should be kept outside. The French threatened from Canada, there were the Hudson River Dutch to be feared; the Indians, now supplied with rum and firearms, were liable to take the war-path at any time, and against these menaces Williams was to be forced to stand alone.

Even this did not satisfy the ferocious temper of the Puritans, and in addition to forbidding commercial intercourse with the Providence settlement bribes were used to create strife and disaffection. As a last resort, Williams resolved to go to England and beg protection against this league of hate.

Boston's port was closed to him, for he was still an outlaw, and he had to take boat from New York, the Dutch receiving the famous peacemaker with glad arms. As a result of Governor Kieft's incredible treachery, the Long Island Indians were killing and burning—poor Anne Hutchinson was one of those cruelly butchered near Pelham—and Williams did much in the way of pacification.

BANISHED FROM BOSTON

England was commencing to seethe with civil war in 1643. Already Charles I had taken the field in a vain attempt to regain power, and the Long Parliament ruled in London. With the charm that never failed to move men of any sensibility, Williams won the trust and affection of Cromwell, Milton, Lord Saye and Sele, Pym, and many another, and with these powerful endorsements obtained a charter that gave "the Providence Plantations in Narragansett Bay full power to rule themselves as they shall by free consent agree to." Even so, it was a triumph of personality rather than a victory for tolerance, since bigotry ruled England no less than Boston.

Having rid themselves of one Established Church, the Roundheads were at work to create another, the difference being the substitution of Presbyterianism for Prelacy. A man of Williams' faith and temperament could not stand idle while such a thing was under way, and we find him pleading with Parliament for the entire separation of church and state, vainly arguing the impossibility of establishing any form of religion without doing violence to men's consciences. And his tenderness of heart found time to organize a system for bringing firewood to London so that the poor might not freeze to death.

On his return he *landed at Boston*, walking safely through those scowling faces by virtue of a Parliamentary order. For the next six years we see him working to organize his colonies under the new charter, but blocked at every turn by the sly, hateful machinations of the Puritans, bribes, intrigue, outrageous territorial claims backed by threats of armed force, bringing an answer from Williams that will not lose its truth as long as time lasts. "What are all the contentions and wars of this world about generally,"

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he asked, "but for greater dishes and bowls of porridge?"

He talked to deaf ears. Among other things, the Puritans proclaimed that no member of Williams' colonies might set foot in Massachusetts, and when three Rhode Island Baptists slipped into Lynn to visit a sick friend, they were arrested, tried for "abominable heresies" and sentenced to be whipped. Parson Wilson—dear, gentle soul—was so carried away by Christian emotion that he struck the prisoners and screamed the curse of God upon them.

Among those who banished Roger Williams, and afterward crept to him for shelter, was one Coddington. This man, taking advantage of the confusion created by the Bay Colony's intrigues, hurried to England in secret, and by gross misrepresentation obtained a charter that constituted him dictator of Rhode Island and Connecticut. As a consequence the colonists swarmed about Williams once again, and in answer to their entreaties he sold his trading house—now his sole support—to get money for the ocean trip.

In England poor King Charles' empty head had fallen, Cromwell sat at the head of a council of state, and John Milton, fast nearing total blindness, was Secretary of Foreign Tongues. The word of Williams was sufficient for these men, and with Coddington's charter revoked, and the Providence Plantations confirmed in their rights, Williams stayed on to make another fight for religious tolerance, doing odd jobs of tutoring for his bed and board.

Returning to Providence, and elected president by a reorganized government, he threw the gates wide and wider, and through them poured Jews from the Old World, Anabaptists, persecuted sectarians from every country, and even Quakers.

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Here was a test of tolerance, for those early Quakers were undoubtedly hard to bear. The hatred that beat upon them produced in many a violent nervous disorder—it was the convulsive twitching and writhing of several leaders while on trial that earned the derisive name of Quakers—and under the compulsions of this madness, they stopped at nothing. Women ran naked through the streets to “bear testimony”; they burst into churches, howling like wild beasts, and destroyed property and defied every convention of decency.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony went sick with rage at their coming. The first Quakeresses were arrested, stripped and searched for a “devil’s teat,” and when none was found the wretched women were cast into prison with the windows boarded up. As more poured in, sentences increased in severity.

Williams did not like either Quaker practises or doctrines, but this did not stop him from holding out loving arms to these poor, unhappy fanatics.

So the years went by—the “heretic colony” growing in strength and esteem, the Massachusetts towns adding to the hate that men felt for their cruel bigotry. Harder and harder they bore upon the consciences of men; more and more arrogant they became in their treatment of the Indians. In 1675 King Philip, son of old Massasoit, resolved that death was preferable to a life of injury and insult, and led the tribes to battle. Williams, now white-haired and bent, toiled heavily to the tents of the Wampanoags, and begged them to go home, promising redress of grievances.

“Nay,” spake the great sachem. “It is idle to talk of justice from the white man. You are our father, and not a hair of your head shall be touched, but woe to all others”

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Alas, poor Philip! For a while his star rode high and bright—a thousand palefaces perished under his tomahawk—but defeat, desertion and betrayal finally combined to send his bleeding head to Boston. Wampanoags, Narragansetts and Pokanokets were wiped from the face of the New World, their warriors dead, their children shipped to slavery in the Indies, some even to the vile marts of Morocco. Again Roger Williams knew the bitterness of death, for it was the end of his dream of red men brought to Christ by love and fair dealing.

Bruised in heart by these and many other uglinesses, he died in 1684 in the seventy-seventh year of his age—a poor man, stripped of acres and possessions by his public services and manifold charities. One blessing came to brighten before the end; compelled by popular sentiment, the sixth and last New England synod met in 1680 and decreed *liberty of conscience*, declaring those very truths for which Roger Williams had been banished in 1635. The Puritan soul was not entirely emptied of the poison of hate—Cotton Mather was yet to burn feeble old men and women for suspicion of witchcraft—but the battle for free speech and religious tolerance was won.

In the end we see none other than Cotton Mather preaching the ordination sermon of the minister of the First Baptist Church of Boston, solemnly denouncing the spirit of persecution. Yet to this day Roger Williams stands as an outlaw in Massachusetts, the decree of banishment never having been revoked.

III

THE MAN WHO DREAMED TOO SOON

SPRING came early to Virginia in this year of 1676. Already the orchards were stained with pink, fish leaped in the James, and from every field drifted the crooning of slaves as they turned the mellow earth for a new harvest.

A sweet landscape, yet its peace found small reflection in the faces of the men that grouped under the great tulip trees and listened to Nathaniel Bacon's fiery eloquence. Swiftly, passionately, he had told of Indian raids that turned the frontier counties into a slaughter pen—three hundred men, women and little ones butchered within the month—and he was now asking volunteers that these horrors might be ended. Even as the mud-stained riders shouted their approval, hailing him as leader, an elderly man, plainly of the merchant class, stepped forward with upraised hand.

"A moment, gentlemen, I pray you," he pleaded. "The shame of these things cries to God, and my own heart flames at every fresh report of homes burned and whole families killed and scalped. But is it well, is it wise, to take the law into our own hands and defy established authority? Mr. Bacon has made clear our grievances, and they are heavy, but what he has not made clear is that until Governor Berkeley gives the word, any man who proceeds against the bloody heathen people will stand branded as a rebel."

"And why is it so?" Bacon's voice had the blare

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of a trumpet. "Sir William and his favorites have the monopoly of the fur trade, and the Indians may murder as they please so long as they send in beaver pelts. 'Fore God, I know not whether to laugh or cry. Here stand men who came to this New World that they might live in honor, peace and fairness, yet we are caught in the same old greeds and oppressions."

"Be good enough to remember that I have never approved Sir William," the merchant answered hotly. "Even now I am ready to petition the King for his removal."

"The King!" It was William Drummond that spoke, the Drummond who had been governor of the Carolinas until honesty earned his removal. "I retch at the very mention of his name. That bawdy prince with his concubines and spaniels! Giving America away to lewd companions that find him new courtesans, and grinding us to pay the bills for his vices and debaucheries. A fine one to petition against a venal governor!"

Many stirred uneasily at this bold treason, but the truth of Drummond's bitter words forbade protest. It was not only that Charles II had laid burdensome taxes and throttled American commerce by harsh laws; between love songs and wantonings he had tossed away whole colonies as though they were copper in his purse. All south of Virginia was given to eight favorites headed by the Duke of Albemarle, while to the Duke of York he handed the whole of the vast domain lying between the Connecticut and the Hudson, no whit bothered that ten thousand Connecticut settlers held a royal charter, and that the Dutch occupied New Netherlands by right of discovery. Crowning liberality had been the gift of "all the domain of land and water called Virginia" to his fel-

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low debauches, Lord Culpepper and the Earl of Arlington.

Here was black ingratitude piled high upon injustice. New England had reason to fear the Restoration, for she sent men to fight with Cromwell, and it was a Massachusetts parson that preached Charles the First's death sermon. Virginia, however, fiercely royalist, had held unfalteringly to the Stuart cause, and was the one refuge for Prince Rupert's flying cavaliers.

“Like master like man,” jeered Richard Lawrence, the Oxford scholar. “Sir William has traded honor for avarice, and all know it. His taxes bleed us white, yet in the whole colony there is not a road nor a school-house. For fifteen years he has held the same assembly, denying an election, and he and his parasites grow rich by open thievery. And now we may not take arms against the savages that lay Virginia waste, because, forsooth, Sir William profits from their fur trade. What does it matter that every pelt is wet with blood, that every gold piece represents a human life? An end to words, gentlemen! I, for one, am with Nat Bacon, win or lose, live or die.”

A mighty shout went up, and ere darkness fell a gallant company was riding through the somber forest aisles, young Bacon at its head. In such manner do we first meet the proud heart that bade England high defiance a full one hundred years before the colonies summoned courage to fight for independence, and who might well have been the father of his country but for the accident of a fever that struck him down in his high hour. Brilliantly gifted, a natural captain, and burning with the passionate humanity that set fire to the souls of duller men, it was Nathaniel Bacon's unhappy fate to perish as his dream took shape and

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form, and the hangman's noose doomed his devoted followers to the obscurity that waits on failure.

Never was one less the figure of an agitator. Rich and high-born, with the blood of the great Francis Bacon in his veins, owning two plantations, a member of the Council, his wife the daughter of a nobleman, every tie of self-interest bound him to the ruling class. Yet from his first coming to the colony he had shown an uncomfortable quality of honesty, a biting contempt for greed and corruption, giving Governor Berkeley various occasions to regret that he had honored him. There had been disposition, however, to ascribe this love of truth and justice to mere excess of youth, but now that he was hitching action to his words, black anger took the place of irritation.

His sour face more curdled than its wont, Sir William branded Bacon as a rebel, associated with "diverse rude, dissolute and tumultuous persons to incite mutiny," and proclaimed intention to pursue, "not doubting but God Almighty, who hath commanded obedience to authority, will give me success." Nor were the reforms urged by Drummond and Lawrence less irritating to him. "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing in Virginia," he declared, "and I hope we shall not have them these three hundred years. For learning has brought heresy and disobedience and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them."

A whirlwind of popular wrath soon blew the arrogant old man from his high horse. For fifteen years the great body of colonists had meekly endured his tyrannies, former bondmen remembering and yeomen still holding to Old World servitudes; but now a leader had risen—young, fearless, headlong—and best of all, with a dark, romantic beauty that met

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every dramatic demand. Creeping back to Jamestown in fear of his life, the Governor not only swallowed his boasts, but went so far in humility as to dissolve the House of Burgesses and order a new election.

Meanwhile Bacon had come to grips with the Indians, and in swift succession crushed the Susquehannocks, the Oconogeans and the Manakins, the scattered remnants flying in terror before this Dark Chief who struck by night and day, neither eating nor sleeping in the fury of his pursuit. Four thousand pounds of powder, direct from the Governor's stores, were captured in one stronghold, and it was with this plain evidence of betrayal that young Nathaniel returned to the settlements. Here he learned that he had been elected to the new House, and that there was much speculation as to whether he would dare to take his seat. *Dare?* It was a word that never failed to gall his reckless courage, and boarding his sloop, he sailed down to Jamestown with head high and banners flying.

Like all despots when brought to bay, the Governor alternated between rage and caution. In his first white heat he clapped Bacon into prison, but when the people roared their anger, he turned the trial into a triumph and graciously promised the long-sought commission. Verily, as one Burwell wrote, "We can do no less than wonder at the mutable and impermanent deportments of that blind goddess, Fortune. In the morning before the trial he was, in his enemy's hopes and friends' fears, judged for to receive the guerdon of a Rebell, and ere night crowned the darling of the people's hope and desires as the only man fitt in Virginia to put a stop to the bloody resolution of the heathen."

There was that in the Governor's bilious eye that boded ill, however, and between night and morning

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Bacon slipped away to the Middle Plantations, and, returning with a company at his back, demanded his commission at the sword's point.

“Here and now!” he cried. “Damn my blood, I am sick of delay.” His hot masterful face was not to be denied, but when the document came it contained no admission of loyalty. Sir William, shrill with rage, swore that he would cut off his right hand before making any such change, but Bacon's men, marching before the open windows with cocked muskets, brought the burgesses to a different way of thinking.

The agitator well away, hunting the heathen again, Sir William rushed off to rich Gloucester County, “best replenished for men, arms and affection,” and demanded support for a proclamation of outlawry. The proposal was “much disrelished,” for, while the aristocratic planters were entirely willing to uphold the Governor, their honor shrank from stabbing Bacon in the back even as he fought the common enemy. Sir William, not to be denied, branded the young leader as a rebel without much ado, and this news, reaching the little army in the Pamunkey, brought bitter answer from Bacon. “Behold their gratitude!” he cried. “While I am hunting the wolves and tigers that destroy our land, I myself am to be pursued as a savage.”

Returning to the Middle Plantations to face the charge, his course was clear. He could go cap in hand to the Governor, make an easy peace and resume the favor of that wealthy uncle whose heir he was. His orchards were in bloom, delightful contrast to the hardships of swamp and forest, and a young wife and two baby daughters caught at his lonely heart with their tender hands. Only his conscience forbade. He had slept in the cabins of the humble and seen the wretched-

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ness worked by corrupt power; he had sat by camp-fires and heard the despair of involuntary poverty, and his whole soul revolted against those scurvy knaves who were betraying the bright promise of the New World.

Potent voices were at his ear—those of Lawrence and Drummond, that Scotch dreamer who felt oppression as a wound. But revolution was a thing to ponder, for what more certain than that Charles would send soldiers and still more soldiers? Now spoke up Sarah Drummond, gaunt, dauntless wife of William, for it was a day when women were truly helpmates, standing shoulder with men in the conquest of the forest. Into their faces she threw bold words that had the sting of stones. What was life without liberty, honor and self-respect? Yet were all lost, and their hopes and brave dreams, did they lay down arms and crawl back to beg an amnesty.

“See!” she cried, picking a stick from the ground and snapping it between her strong, browned fingers. “I fear the power of England no more than a broken twig. The child that is unborn shall have cause to rejoice for the good that will come by the rising of the country.”

Not only had Charles' debaucheries bred bitter domestic discontent, but might it not be that help could be gained from the other colonies?

The Puritans of New England hated the Stuarts, and even then a royal agent was preparing to destroy the charter of Massachusetts; Goffe and Whalley, the two regicides, might be expected to come from hiding and lead an army of revolt; the Dutch and Swedes of New York and New Jersey were restive under English rule; there was bitterness in Maryland, where Protestants resented the proprietorship of Catholic

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Lord Baltimore; and the Carolinas were on fire with anger against the extortions of noble masters.

So the die was cast. Calling the men of the Middle Plantations into convention, Bacon demanded not only allegiance—not only armed action against Sir William in event of civil war—but that all should take oath to *resist the troops of England* should they be sent.

Here was rebellion and of the boldest; at last, after more than seventy years men found the spirit to throw off old humilities and recognize the New World as their own. Even as he marched away, however, Bacon added to the gloomy fears of the properties class by issuing a manifesto that defined the revolution as both economic and political.

Arraigning “sponges that have suckt up the publique treasury” and “unworthy favourites and juggling parasites,” he declared boldly that “all power and sway is gott in the hands of the rich,” and proclaimed an end to evil conditions that poured poison into the wells of human aspiration. Had men fled from the oppressions of Europe only to endure them in America? In a virgin land, uncursed by tradition, were they to perpetuate the smothering superstitions of caste and class?

Nothing is new. Even as the manifestoes of modern reform groups stand as somewhat faded copies of Bacon’s fiery appeals, so were they, in turn, sonorous echoes from the agitations of the Gracchi. Yet they came fresh to the ears of the time, and though propertied men might shrink and pale, the hearts of humble folk leaped to the call.

Sir William, panic stricken by the tumult, fled across the Chesapeake to the shelter of English ships, and Bacon hailed it as an abdication. Sending Drummond and Lawrence to Jamestown to assume civil

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power, at the same time he seized a sloop and despatched Giles Bland and roystering Captain Carver in pursuit of the Governor.

“Juice of the grape” led Carver into a trap, and in September Sir William came before Jamestown roaring drunk in anticipation of revenge. Seventeen vessels were under his command, together with one thousand masterless men recruited by promise of the rebels’ homes and land, and Lawrence, seeing the futility of resistance, evacuated at once. Bacon, having carried another Indian campaign to a successful conclusion, had let the majority of his men scatter to their homes, and it was with less than one hundred and fifty soldiers that he marched to the recapture of Jamestown.

On his way, with a shrewdness that must have come from Sarah Drummond, he collected the wives of the planters who were with Berkeley, and these he used as a shield while earthworks were being dug. His guns silenced, his ships helpless, the raging Sir William resolved upon a charge, but his thousand wastrels had not bargained upon hand-to-hand fighting, and the knives and yells of Bacon’s Indian fighters sent them flying. *Pell-mell, devil take the hindmost*, their wild retreat carried Sir William with it, and once again he found his creaking bones rattled by the rough waters of the Bay.

Bacon’s triumph was short-lived. Almost on the instant came word that Giles Brent, once a rebel, had gone over to the Governor, and was hurrying to the rescue with a large force from Potomack. Not only this, but Sir William’s ships and men were still at hand, and after one gloomy look about him Bacon ordered torches to be lighted. Drummond and Lawrence set fire to their homes with their own hands, and

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as the little army marched into the wilderness, flames consumed the first English settlement in America.

What now? Brent's desertion showed the changed temper of the propertied classes, for while men of substance might view Berkeley's corruptions with distaste, Bacon's program of reform appealed to them as anarchistic. Gone, too, was the dream of help from the other colonies. Maryland was now at peace, its religious strife composed by wise concessions, and the men of the Carolinas could not be made to see the value of united effort. The Dutch and Swedes of New York and Jersey cared not who ruled them as long as they held their land. As for aid from New England, the idea had been preposterous from the first, for the Puritan had only hatred and distrust for those not of his own harsh faith. The cavaliers of Virginia were held in no less loathing than were the Quakers.

Bruised heart and soul by the mean cautions of those about him, and barred by his youth from the philosophy that accepts selfishness as inseparable from human concerns, Bacon struck out like a wounded animal, plundering the estates of those that fought against him, and breathing threats of court martials and summary executions. Smug Gloucester particularly enraged him, and there he marched, harrying on the way, and called the "sober and discreet" gentlemen of the county before him to choose between Virginia and the King. Send for the High Sheriffs! He would hold an election, name men in love with liberty, and make a new state and new laws! God had meant His children to be free, and this New World was divinely indicated as a refuge from tyranny, a haven in which men might stand erect and see the stars. Enough of these scrofulous princes with their greeds and vicious impudencies!

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To the great relief of the timorous conservatives, now came a messenger with word that Giles Br^{ent} and his army were at hand, and Bacon, always eager to translate his passion into action, led his sadly dwindled army to the battle field. But battle there was none. Brent's following, mercenaries for the most part, or else small landowners with a growing appreciation of the revolution's intent, refused to abide the clash of arms, either turning tail or joining "the champion of the people."

Now was there a return of confidence, a blessed feeling that men saw and understood. In this fresh hope Bacon set out for Accomack, determined to corner Sir William as he would a fox, ending once and for all this ceaseless intrigue that confused people's minds. Had he known it, even then the King was turning away from Nell Gwynne for a moment in order to take action against "persons of mean and desperate fortunes" who were inciting his "loving subjects" in Virginia to riot and disorder. A price of three hundred pounds was put on Bacon's head, and Captain Herbert Jeffreys despatched with troops to crush the base rebellion.

There was not need. For six months Bacon had known only hardship and fierce endeavor, all given sword edge by exhausting passions. On the morning of October eleventh he sickened of a fever or a flux, and by night he was dead. No dying words have come down to us. Doubtless there were none, for what had he to say? Home, wife, children, fortune, future—all these he had offered on the altar of liberty, and the winds of chance had blown the altar bare. So perished the First American.

The revolution died with Bacon. Lawrence and Drummond were without his flame, and the rebels

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chose one Ingram, a rope dancer, as their leader. When he sold them out, soon afterward, Sir William was left free to loose his hate. Drummond, captured in the swamps of Chickahominy, was hung within the hour by the gleeful Governor, and Sarah and her children sent into the wilderness to test the miracle of Elijah and his ravens. Edmund Cheesman's young wife begged to take his place on the scaffold, since she had urged him to rebellion, and was driven from the room with a foul epithet. Only Lawrence escaped, through the snows to Carolina. When Sir John Berry and Captain Jeffreys arrived in January, 1677, bringing the first English troops to touch American soil, twenty gallant gentlemen had gone to feed Sir William's grudge.

“As I live,” cursed King Charles when told the news, “the old fool hath taken more lives in that naked country than I have taken for the murder of my father.”

IV

TOO GREAT FOR RANSOM

GENERAL EDWARD BRADDOCK, as brave as asinine, was come to drive the accursed French out of America, and Fort Cumberland flashed with the color of marching redcoats, colonial buff and blue, hairy men in buckskin and blanketed Indians riotous with paint and eagle feathers.

To a certain gaping woodsman, leaning on his long rifle, it seemed that the whole of creation was gathered in the one spot, and the boyish face fell into forlorn lines.

“Looking for any one?” A stalwart young Virginia major stopped his horse and looked down with kindly eyes, for he himself was of the forest breed.

“No one in particular,” a soft drawl answered. “I come up from the Yadkin to get a chance at the fightin’, that’s all. My name’s Dan’l Boone.”

“Mine is Washington—George Washington. As for fighting”—here he flushed as if at some angry memory—“I don’t know about that. General Brad-dock has a mighty poor opinion of us colonials. However”—letting his swift glance rake the narrow street, he beckoned to a tall broad-shouldered youth. “Here’s a North Carolina recruit for you, Dan Morgan. Good-by, Friend Boone, and take good care of that rifle. British regulars may find it useful yet.”

“What’s he mean?” asked Boone, following his new friend. “Don’t they like us?”

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“We’re dirt under their feet,” rasped Morgan. “We don’t drill an’ our boots ain’t polished. All of ‘em think this is a sort of dress parade. After they take Fort Duquesne, they’ll capture Niagara, Frontenac an’ Crown Point, an’ then have an hour left to get ready for supper. Major Washington’s the only man that can even talk to General Braddock, an’ he ain’t listened to.”

As the weary march began at last, many a campfire must have warmed the friendship of these three—Washington, Boone and Daniel Morgan—for all were trained woodsmen, similar in temperament and experience. Knowing Indians and forest warfare as they knew the back of their hands, how they must have groaned as they watched the doomed Braddock blunder forward, his line four miles long and cluttered up with carriages, soft beds and table delicacies. Only resolute when wrong, the stubborn General sneered at the suggestion of using scouts, and alienated the Indian allies by his arrogance and contempt. What more simple than the defeat of a few hundred French and some beggarly savages, all that Marquis Duquesne had been able to send down from Canada?

So dawned the soft, sunshiny morning of July 9, 1755. After three dawdling months, the scattered, straggling army was within ten miles of the fort that guarded the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela. Washington, racked with fever and barely able to back his horse, urged caution, warning of a possible ambush, but was laughed at for his pains. Even as Braddock and his titled officers yawned in anticipation of an easy victory, a bedlam of war cries broke the peace of the forest, and from every thicket poured a fire that laid the British ranks in red windrows. Gallant Beaujeau, with two hundred French and seven

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hundred Indians, had set a trap and Braddock was well caught.

The colonials, falling flat, fought from tree and rock with cool valor, but the dazed regulars, huddled in platoons, were shot down almost without resistance. Sir Peter Halkett and many another officer fell—a bullet gave Braddock his death wound—panic spread and the British veterans, “flying like sheep before the hounds,” sent back aimless volleys that put the colonials between two fires. Twice was Washington’s horse shot from under him—four bullets pierced his coat, but he kept retreat from turning into a massacre, and led a remnant from the bloody field.

Four days later the young Virginian read the funeral service over ill-fated Braddock, making a grave in the open road that wagon tracks might hide it from the savages. A British defeat but an American victory, for that ghastly rout forever ended the superstition that British redcoats were invincible.

It is against this stirring background that we are introduced to Daniel Boone, a tremendous figure as important as picturesque. Usually dismissed as a mere backwoodsman, he deserves to live in our hearts as the American Moses, for it was not until he blazed trails through the wilderness that the people of the New World thrilled to the realization of a continent all their own.

Let it be remembered that, for a hundred and fifty years after Jamestown and Plymouth, the colonies remained essentially European, eyes on England and ears cocked to catch the whisper of kings. Even when the population had grown to a million, they huddled along the Atlantic seaboard like sheep in a pen, unwilling to leave the ocean that was their touch with the Old World.

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The "warrior path" of the Iroquois, deep and broad, ran from Albany to the Ohio, giving New England and New York direct access to the riches of the West, but no white man followed it, all clinging to the sterile coast with the tenacity of limpets. Only when the story of Boone's colorful exploits flew from settlement to settlement were the colonists moved to throw off the bondage of habit and shake free of old fears and ancient submissions.

At every point in his adventurous life, packed with danger, this moccasined pathfinder is seen to have shaped great events with his gnarled hands, molding the destiny of a nation. It was not only that he lifted the souls of men above humility; had it not been for his courage and vision, the Revolution might have ended with England laying claim to the whole trans-Alleghany region by right of undisturbed possession.

After the Braddock disaster Boone went back to his home on the Yadkin, disgusted with British arrogance and incompetence.

And still there was no peace. Inflamed by brutal treacheries, the Cherokees and allied tribes ravaged the western borders of Virginia and the Carolinas, driving the Scotch-Irish back to the coast. Again in 1763, the flaming Pontiac led Senecas, Mingoos, Delawares, Shawnees, Miamis, Wyandottes and Ottawas against the white men, only Detroit and Fort Pitt withstanding the fury of the savages.

Now indeed was expansion a word that rested on no man's tongue. The brave plans of the Ohio company fell to nothing and the various other trans-Alleghany grants became mere paper. New England colonies hugged the seacoast with renewed fervor; Albany and Fort Pitt were the outposts of New York and Pennsylvania; Virginia and the Carolinas had

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their fill of pioneering; and the colony left by Oglethorpe in Georgia lived timidly under the protection of Indian treaties. Moreover a royal proclamation established imperial control over all of the vast territory lying west of the Appalachian divide, exempting it from settlement and setting every charter right aside.

Only Daniel Boone dared to dream. As a child he had helped his family cut a way from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, and on the wild banks of the Yadkin the woods and streams had been his books. He could race the forest aisles without breaking a twig, dive with the beaver, hit the bull's eye from incredible distances, catch fish with a horse-hair, and outwait and outwit any brave that crept the thickets in full war paint.

Solitude drew him, and as he trapped and hunted, broiling his venison over coals in some safe covert, a feeling grew that God called from the mountain tops, bidding him cross over and blaze trails that a people might follow. Born of Quaker stock, the savage life of the woods led Boone far from that gentle faith, yet never did he lose his kinship with the stars, the serene conviction that the Lord walked with him, pointing the way for his feet.

While with Braddock he had made friends with one Finley, a trapper whose vagrant wanderings had carried him into far places, and Kentucky became a name that held curious fascination. Night after night Finley told of great forests swarming with every kind of game from buffalo to bear—a vast hunting ground held in common by the Shawnees, Delawares and Wyandottes of the North, and the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws of the South—and it was a vision that had never left the young woodsman. Kentucky!

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There was the Land of Promise where men could win free from this odious business of truckling to a distant king.

Many and various were Boone's early adventures in pioneering. Crossing the mountains into those valleys where racing streams gather to form the Tennessee, Boone made the bold explorations that pointed the way to future settlements by Robertson and Sevier. Another year he went south, traveling as far as Pensacola, and a later journey carried him across the whole of Tennessee to the banks of the Mississippi. But still Kentucky called.

At last resolving to make the attempt, he set out alone, as was his habit, but the way was badly chosen and impenetrable cane brakes sent him back to the Yadkin in deep discouragement. Soon after his return, by a queer trick of chance, gay irresponsible Finley came to Boone's door with a peddler's pack, and stayed long as a welcome guest. As a result of the winter's talk, the Great Journey was decided upon, Boone going deeply into debt for ammunition and supplies, and on May 1, 1769, a party of six set out for the conquest of Kentucky.

Mounting the Blue Ridge, they swung sharply to the right, and penetrating mighty Cumberland Gap, came out into a "warrior path" hard beaten by countless years of Indian travel. Game abounded, the earth shook to the tread of great herds of buffalo, elk and deer, while the streams were thick with mink and beaver; but there were also redskins in large numbers.

The constant peril sent four men back, and in December, Boone and his one remaining companion had a narrow escape from a Shawnee torture stake. Even as they pondered their wretched condition—for the savages had stripped them bare—Squire Boone

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and one McNeely rode out of the forest, loaded down with ammunition and supplies. Five hundred miles of trackless forest had they traveled, aided only by faintest signs—truly a feat of woodcraft well worthy of Daniel himself. Trapping was resumed with new energy, but one day Stuart disappeared as though the earth had opened, and McNeely, losing heart, set out for home, never to be heard of afterward. Only the two brothers were left, and in May it was decided that Squire should go back alone to market the furs and buy ammunition.

Daniel stayed behind “without bread, salt or sugar, horse or dog,” even lacking powder and bullets for his rifle. Forest fruits and roots together with such small animals as he was able to snare, furnished his food and, with Indians all about him, he made his bed in the heart of the densest thickets, risking a fire only at rare intervals.

Innumerable were his hairbreadth escapes. Even so, he recorded it as the happiest time in his life, for at last he was face to face with his purpose—alone with the God that had chosen him as “an instrument for settling the wilderness.” With growing appreciation of the land’s loveliness, Boone now proceeded to explore Kentucky from border to border, charting it as calmly as though he did not stand in daily peril of his life.

Boone came again to Kentucky the following year and picked a site for the settlement that he was determined to found, if only with his own family. By the time of his return, however, the colonies were ringing with the story of his daring, and even London street boys hawked blood-and-thunder pamphlets reciting his adventures.

In September, 1773, therefore, when he set out for
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Kentucky with his wife and eight children, some forty others were bold enough to follow him. Unhappily, a Shawnee war party fell upon them before they reached Cumberland Gap, killing Boone's sixteen-year-old son among others, and not all his pleading could induce the company to go forward. The bitterness of death was in his heart, but even as he planned to plunge forward with Becky and the children, great events burst into action.

Throughout all this time, King George's ministers had been goading America to rebellion by every conceivable stupidity, and, feeling revolution in the air, Lord Dunmore, the crafty Governor of Virginia, set deliberately to work to inflame the savages against the colonists. His agents, slaughtering the entire family of Chief Logan, contrived to put the blame on Captain Cressap and his Americans, and again the border knew the horrors of Indian warfare as Mingoes, Shawnees and Cherokees collected the scalps of revenge.

Boone's rifle and Boone's woodcraft were vital to the colonial cause, and he was drawn away from his dreams of Kentucky to beat back the red tide that swept over every outlying farm and beat against the very stockades of forts and towns. The defeat of Chief Cornstalk forced the Indians into sullen peace, and shortly afterward, one Colonel Richard Henderson, a North Carolina lawyer, came to Boone with a plan, bold as ingenious—a great plan, not uninspired by the ideals of William Penn, of a state beyond the mountains to be called Transylvania.

Leaping into the scheme wholeheartedly, Boone sent peace tokens from village to village, and the day dawned when one thousand two hundred Cherokees were gathered in a forest glade to effect a land bargain. A small amount of cash and a few wagonloads

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of gewgaws made up the price, and the wise chiefs smiled, for they knew how little they had to sell. As one said to Boone, "It is a dark and bloody ground that you will have trouble settling."

Daniel at last was being given opportunity to make his dream come true. Selecting thirty trained men and famous Indian fighters, he set out once again on the now familiar trail, but this time he built a *road*—the greatest highway since Watling Street—the Wilderness Road that was to lead America to the West.

On April 1, 1775, little more than a fortnight before the shots at Concord, he stopped his march on the Kentucky River and founded Boonesborough. Fighting there was—fierce fighting—for the Indians were quick to recognize the signs of permanent settlement, and it was not until September that Boone was able to go back for his family.

Bitter were the little settlement's beginnings—every day a struggle for life. General Henry Hamilton, "the hair buyer," ruled the West from his headquarters in Detroit, and always he drove his Indians and half-breeds against the colonies that disputed England's ownership of the trans-Alleghany region.

There were times when discouragement reduced the population of the settlement to a mere handful, but Boone only locked his grip the tighter. Volumes could be filled with tales of his daring and cool courage—long, lonely expeditions to save a family or meet new settlers; many captivities (once he thrust his bare arms into a bed of coals that he might burn off the buckskin thongs that bound him); the death of beloved sons and brothers tomahawked before his eyes; shot down himself, and carried to safety on the back of Simon Kenton. What a man he was with his incredible strength, panther-like activity and iron will!

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Meanwhile, when Kentuckians decided that some aggressive blow must be struck, Major George Rogers Clark of Harrodsburg got authority and backing from Governor Patrick Henry and the legislature of Virginia, and embarked upon a brilliant campaign—culminating, in February, 1779, in the capture of the British garrison, including General Hamilton himself, at Vincennes.

What the three had in mind was a swift sudden attack upon Kaskaskia, Cahokia and Vincennes, figuring that the British could be taken by surprise. Henry, always in love with the daring and spectacular, gave the requested commission, and with Kenton at his side and two hundred moccasined frontiersmen at his back, Clark set out in the spring of 1778, as superbly confident as though he led an army. Floating down the Ohio to a point well this side of its junction with the Mississippi, he swept across the prairies and took Kaskaskia on the fourth of July, then, never stopping, rushed on to the capture of Cahokia and Vincennes.

Hamilton, receiving the news, came hurrying from Detroit with his full force, forcing Clark to fall back from Vincennes, but instead of following up his advantage, the British general decided to wait until spring before marching on Kaskaskia. Winter rains and snows had turned the country into one vast morass, and inasmuch as he himself shrank from the bitter hardships of a march, he figured his foe to be of the same comfortable opinion. Clark's bold eye instantly caught the flutter of opportunity, and summoning his men from their warm huts, he led them off on a surprise attack that would not have shamed a Hannibal.

The prairies were icy lakes and the forests in-
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terminable swamps; the gallant little company wallowed rather than walked, and many died from exposure and exhaustion, but Clark's unwavering enthusiasm kept courage alive, and on a bitter morning the ragamuffin band fell upon unsuspecting Vincennes like a thunderbolt, capturing Hamilton himself, and forever ending British rule west of the Alleghanies. All with two hundred men!

Boone, to his lasting regret, missed sharing in this conquest of the Northwest, for even as the expedition formed, he was captured by the Shawnees while boiling salt at Blue Licks.

Wild was the excitement of the savages as they hurried him back to their Ohio villages, for not one but knew Boone and feared him, and from far and near the tribes gathered to decide upon a proper fate. Knowing the Indians better than they knew themselves, Boone cozened the chiefs with his plausible speech, and actually convinced them that if they would but wait until spring he would lead them to Boonesborough and persuade the entire settlement to surrender and consent to adoption. "It is winter," he argued, "and they can not escape. Nor can they hope to resist and live, their number is so small."

Taken to Detroit for exhibition, the world-famous borderman was fêted by the garrison, and Hamilton offered one hundred pounds as his ransom, but the Indians put Boone far above money. At first it was merely pride in the possession of so great a man, but affection soon followed, and Chief Blackfish chose him as a son.

Boone might well have cursed his fatal charm, for the ceremony of adoption was far from gentle. As a first step, all of his hair was torn out by the roots except a scalp lock, after which he was swished back

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and forth in the icy river to wash out his white blood. As a final test, they made him run the gantlet, a merry test of manhood. Leaping like an antelope, butting like a goat, and swinging his iron fists like sledges, Boone gave as good as he got, and when, covered with blood, he reached the end of the line, half of the young warriors were senseless on the ground.

Lulling his captors into complete security, the first warm weather saw Daniel slip away by a clever trick, nor were their swiftest runners able to overtake him. Four days he raced through the wilderness without food and almost without sleep, reaching Boonesborough far enough in advance of the pursuit to put the fort in readiness for attack. For nine terrible days, King Moluntha beat against the stockades—a siege unprecedented in Indian warfare—confessing defeat only when the ground was covered with the bodies of his bravest. Thus was the West saved to America. An epic typically American, and with an ending no less typical. All of Boone's vast landholdings were taken from him by legal trick and fraud until not one single acre in the whole of Kentucky remained his own; and he was forced to start a general store in Virginia.

In 1799 there was a resurgence of his pioneer spirit, and we find him sailing down the Ohio to Missouri, with every stop an ovation as people flocked to see and cheer the Great Pathfinder. The Spanish authorities, welcoming the famous newcomer with open arms, gave him eight hundred and forty acres in St. Charles County, about forty-five miles from St. Louis, and also made him a magistrate. His old age now seemed assured of comfort, but in 1804, when the Louisiana Purchase was consummated, and Missouri became part of the United States, the inevitable

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Yankee lawyer picked flaws in Boone's title, and again his land was taken away from him. Not until 1811 did Congress find the decency to restore it.

Going back to his traps, the old man spent long winters on lonely streams, dodging Indians even as in his youth, and by 1810 had saved money enough to clear his honor of what he deemed a stain. Returning to Kentucky, he paid the debts incurred during his various lawsuits. Then, with fifty cents left, he again turned his weather-beaten face to the Missouri wilderness. To the day of his death "a tale of new lands ever found him a delighted listener," and when the last sleep fell upon him in 1820, the white-haired youth of eighty-six was planning a journey to California.

V

HIS WORDS WERE FLAMES

BY THE time Patrick Henry rose to speak Hanover Courthouse was packed to the doors, and mud stained planters filled the yard. Many of them had known the gawky lawyer throughout his boyhood, chiefly spent in hunting and fishing—they had watched him fail twice as a storekeeper—and while there was general agreement that “Pat would never amount to much,” all loved him and had warm-hearted interest in this brave attempt to build up a law practise.

Tall, raw-boned, his sallow face only saved from mediocrity by a broad brow and brilliant eyes, the young counsel floundered to his feet, plainly the victim of a painful nervousness beyond control. There were, in truth, many things to catch at his throat, for success meant an end to poverty, a roof for his wife and babies, the respect of men instead of affectionate tolerance, the restoration of his own belief in himself, so sadly shaken by bitter failures.

Words came confusedly, disjointedly—his father dropped his face in his hands to hide grief and humiliation—and a wave of sympathetic dismay swept the courtroom. Poor Pat! Suddenly the tall form straightened, the voice swelled to richest volume, awkwardness and embarrassment fell away, and it was as if the speaker caught fire from some inner flame. Patrick Henry had found himself, and from

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that moment until his death, the souls of men were his to mold.

The case itself was of rare importance, for it hit the pocket of every Virginian. From the beginning of the colony the Church of England had been established by law, and the pay of its ministers fixed at so many pounds of tobacco, a tax that fell on every adult regardless of his faith. Tobacco rising in price and paper money falling, the House of Burgesses cannily legislated that the ministers might be paid in currency, whereupon the outraged dominies carried their protests to London. The English King, always looking for chances to assert the royal prerogative, vetoed the Virginia act, and now jubilant Parson Maury was seeking a formal court order for the difference in pay.

Impatiently sweeping aside the legal aspects of the case, Henry aimed his passion at two fundamental principles—the King's right to veto the laws of a colony, and the fact of an *established* church. The monarch's tyrannous abuse of power, he declared, had dissolved the compact between ruler and people and forfeited all claim to the obedience of Virginians.

There was majesty in the noble gesture with which he stilled the cries of "Treason," and gaunt figures from the Old Testament seemed to stand at his back as he attacked the evil theory that man might not worship God save as a tyrant ordered.

Well were the conservatives entitled to shout "Treason," for not since Nathaniel Bacon had any man ventured to preach rebellion. Here was no whine or snarl as to whether such and such a law was good or bad, but a bold assertion that the making of laws was the *business of the colonies*, in no wise dependent upon the whims of kings. There in old Hanover 'ourthouse, on that gray December day of 1763, the

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alarm bell of revolution was first rung, and the hand that jerked it so boldly was never to leave the rope.

Patrick Henry's local fame was instant, and a wave of popular adoration swept him into the House of Burgesses. Here he found himself in the presence of the aristocratic oligarchy that ruled Virginia—broad-cloth gentry with profound contempt for homespun—and it was as if he had been pitch-forked into Olympus. Edmund Pendleton, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, the Lees and Peyton Randolph—rich, cultured and educated in England for the most part—sat in the seats of power, august as Roman senators. George Washington, more soldier than orator, looked on in silence from the floor, and young Thomas Jefferson was oftener in the gallery than at his law books.

It was now 1765 and events had moved apace. Pedantic Grenville, determined to bring the colonies to their knees, limited their currency, tightened every act designed to crush manufacture and monopolize trade, and at the last devised stamp duties to leech new revenues.

Bitter was the outcry, but when the Stamp Act passed the colonies prepared to accept it, even fiery James Otis declaring, "It is the duty of all humbly and silently to acquiesce in all the decisions of the supreme legislature."

Such was the attitude of Virginia, and from his obscure seat Patrick Henry listened to the spineless debates—humble and unnoticed. If any patrician tossed a glance in his direction it was to sneer at him for a backwoods lawyer, rude and unlettered, admitted to the bar by favor of tolerant examiners. The fact that he had won his license after only six months of study might have taught them that Henry's was the

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genius that is not called upon to tramp treadmills, and, had they taken the trouble to think, it might also have occurred to them that the one great characteristic of the forest breed is a passion for freedom.

Member after member droned the necessity of patience and submission, and suddenly sickening of mealy-mouthing phrases, Patrick Henry sprang to his feet with a set of resolutions scribbled on the back of a page torn from an old law book. In words that rang as clarions, the justice of the Stamp Act was denied, King and Commons were denounced as lawless and despotic, and the people summoned to resist. Supporting the resolutions with a masterly analysis of American charters and the British Constitution, Henry soon left the field of argument, and, plunging into a discourse on the natural rights of man, ended with the flaming phrases that every school child learns to-day; “Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third”—here cries of “Treason!” shook the House—“*may profit by their example*. If *this* be treason, make the most of it.”

The aristocratic bloc, furious at the presumption of this homespun upstart, resisted strenuously, but not only did they lose the fight but also their leadership, for from that moment Patrick Henry dominated the House.

Modern historians seem determined to make the American Revolution a mean and sordid thing. Nothing pleases them more than to call John Hancock a smuggler, to point out Washington’s wealth as a reason for his resentment of taxes, or to repeat the ugly gossip that James Otis turned patriot because his father failed to receive a government post.

All emphasis is put upon economic causes, and, as if in love with mud, men and motives are grimed over

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with charges of self-interest. Granted that the chief grievances of the commercial class were burdensome laws, what had Sugar Bills and Navigation Acts to do with Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, the one a poor Virginia lawyer and the other so careless of gain that friends had to buy him clothes? Or with the ragged, starving commoners they drove into rebellion? Propertied men, for the most part, fled at the first gun, praying for British victory from their safe refuge behind the redcoat lines; those who left bloody footprints in the snow at Valley Forge were humble souls.

Had the quarrel between England and America concerned itself merely with restrictive legislation compromises would have been effected. Just as the Stamp Act was repealed, so would tax laws and revenue measures have been adjusted and amended.

Not only were Pitt, Burke, Camden and Barré at the head of a vigorous liberal following, but down to the very Declaration of Independence Washington, Franklin, Jay, Dickinson and John Adams stood like iron against a rupture with the mother country. Only two men—landless men—thought in terms of freedom, defeated attempts at reconciliation and thrilled the hearts of the masses with their own dream of independence. Samuel Adams, master agitator, laid the pile: Patrick Henry struck the match.

Never did two men work in truer unison. With a people thrilling to the great Virginian's eloquence, the shrewd Bostonian now took up the work of keeping discontentment alive. Charles Townshend, that brilliant, unstable near-statesman, played directly into his hands, for not only did he go further than George Grenville in enforcing the Trade and Navigation Acts but he had the stupidity to put heavy taxes on a selected list of commodities.

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Straightway Adams conceived the idea of a boycott, and his famous circular letter secured the consent of the colonies to a non-importation and non-consumption agreement, Americans suffering every privation rather than buy what England had to sell. The Quartering Act, compelling the colonists to support the ten thousand soldiers sent to coerce them, and King George's folly in suspending various legislatures, all furnished Adams with material for new pamphlets and more furious agitation.

By now the Massachusetts leader was King George's favorite nightmare, and Townshend, to save his royal master from apoplexy, revived an ancient statute of Henry VIII, and announced an intention to arrest Adams and bring him back to England for trial on treason charges. Whereupon Patrick Henry introduced the Virginia Resolves, branding the proposal as barbarous, illegal and unconstitutional—daring Townshend to do it—and at the same time gravely pointing out that the power to tax Americans reposed only in their own elected assemblies.

Again in 1773, when Adams conceived the idea of committees of correspondence to bring the towns of Massachusetts into closer touch, we find Henry's eloquence driving through a resolution to apply the idea to the *legislatures* of the colonies. Well might William Lee write from London that "it struck a greater panic into the Ministers than anything that had taken place since the Stamp Act." From the beginning English policy had been to keep the colonies apart, creating and inflaming divisive prejudices. Now the vision of Adams and Henry had found the way to weld them. Lord North, succeeding Townshend as King George's rubber stamp, repealed taxes on everything but tea, maintaining this as an assertion of

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England's "right" to tax. Adams, seizing the new opportunity, used it as a lash to whip the flagging spirit of New England, and the result was the Boston Tea Party, when three hundred and forty-two chests of choice bohea were tossed into the harbor.

Lord North's answer was an order closing the port of Boston, and the answer to Lord North was another batch of Virginia resolutions that set aside June 1, 1774, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, together with many furious words against King and Commons. Lord Dunmore, that lewd old dandy, now governor, dissolved the House, as had become his habit, and Patrick Henry, leading his fellow rebels to the Raleigh Tavern, judged the time ripe to take the last step in his plan for colonial union. Sweeping the timid with him, he carried his proposal for an annual *congress* "to deliberate on those general measures which the united interests of America may from time to time require."

The bold idea captured the colonies, and a Virginia convention elected Henry, Washington, Harrison, Bland, Peyton Randolph, Edmund Pendleton and Richard Henry Lee as delegates to the first Continental Congress.

Henry stopped at Mount Vernon for a night with Washington and the two rode on to Philadelphia in company. Totally unlike in training and temperament, each bore the other in love and admiration, and it must have hurt them that they could not see eye to eye in the present crisis.

Washington, as slow to form judgments as he was tenacious in holding them, still thought in terms of petition and remonstrance, relying largely upon Burke and Pitt and the English Liberals. As a matter of fact, when the various delegates gathered in Car-

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penter's Hall on September fifth, only Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams were blessed with the vision of independence. They were friends from the first, delighted with each other, and even John Adams, constitutionally unable to speak well of any one but himself, fell a victim to the tall Virginian's charm.

At the very outset Henry struck a powerful blow for unity, putting an end to mean sectional wrangling with this noble declaration: "All America is thrown into one mass. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian but an *American*." And when the subtle Galloway came forward with a plan for continuation of British rule—a colonial union under the control of the King—it was Patrick Henry's eloquence that defeated the cunning scheme.

At the end of the session, however, Adams and Henry had small cause for enthusiasm—Galloway's trick had been defeated by one vote only, and the temper of Congress was overwhelmingly conservative—but Henry was not downcast. In a conversation recorded by Colonel John Overton he declared that war was certain, and prophesied France's aid.

When Virginia's second revolutionary convention met at Richmond in the spring of the following year he set to work to make his prophecy come true. There in old St. John's Church were the same forces that stood opposed at Williamsburg in 1765, just ten years before—on one side the patricians, fearful of precipitate action, and on the other, Patrick Henry and plain men that he had fired with his love of liberty.

A resolution of hems and haws was proposed, full of protestations of loyalty to the King. Henry, attacking it as servile and absurd, called for the colony to put itself immediately into a posture of defense,

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and moved the organization of a militia. Pendleton led his conservatives in instant opposition insisting that it would be "time enough to resort to measures of despair when every well-founded hope was entirely vanished," but Henry crushed them in the speech that has come to be the loved heritage of every American child. What heart has not thrilled to those tremendous periods that bade a people put by their fears and mean servilities?

"We must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us. . . . Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? . . . There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. . . . Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. . . . Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Up to this time no man had done more than hint that war *might* come unless England did this or that. Henry's boldness lay in the fact that he swept hesitations aside and declared that war *must* come. Nor was he wanting in deeds to back his words. When Lord Dunmore raided the public powder magazines on April twentieth, the very day after Pitcairn fired upon the farmers at Lexington, Henry took the field with five thousand volunteers and forced the Governor to make compensation. His back turned, however, Dunmore proclaimed him a rebel, and it was with citizens acting as his armed escort that Henry journeyed to Philadelphia for the second session of Congress.

By now his speech was on the tongues and in the hearts of men. No more was it a matter of taxes, a

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lawyer's wrangle about laws, but an overwhelming desire to be *free*. On the very day the session opened Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," without authority from either, and Massachusetts men were gathering at Bunker Hill.

Joyously supporting John and Samuel Adams in their nomination of George Washington to be commander-in-chief of the colonial forces, and after serving on every important committee until adjournment, Henry hurried home to accept the leadership of Virginia's forces. Having urged war, he felt it a point of honor to take the field himself, but the laurels of a soldier were denied him, for Pendleton's clique, gaining control of the Committee on Safety, ignored and humiliated him to such a degree that self-respect compelled his resignation.

Yet no injustice had the power to curdle his patriotism nor bitterness to blur his vision. Back in the Virginia legislature again, on May 12, 1776, we find him writing resolutions that ordered Virginia's congressional delegation to "procure an immediate, clear and full declaration of independence," and in one of the greatest speeches of his career, he carried the proposition without a dissenting vote. Thus instructed, Richard Henry Lee made the motion in Philadelphia on June seventh, and out of it came the Declaration of Independence.

And still Henry did not feel that his work was done. A permanent state government remained to be formed, and with all his soul he was resolved that it should be an expression of every democratic ideal, every human longing. Under his inspiration, aristocratic George Mason flamed to greatness and produced the Virginia Bill of Rights, the first written constitu-

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tion of a free state in the history of the world, and also the noblest. With a governor to elect, a people's love expressed itself, and Patrick Henry was swept into office on a great wave of adoration.

Three years he served—years of drudgery and heartbreak—for his terms covered the darkest hours of the Revolution. Believing in Washington as the one man able to save America, Henry stripped Virginia to supply the army with men—men and supplies—and in letter after letter the harassed commander-in-chief poured out his gratitude. The defeat on Long Island, the flight from New York, the retreat through New Jersey, the evacuation of Philadelphia—through all these reverses, Henry's faith never wavered, and not only did he expose the Conway Cabal, but hurled his wrath against the plotters who sought to put the egregious Gates in Washington's place.

At the war's end there is another instance of the courage and vision that put Patrick Henry beyond any other leader of his day. All the rage of a war-worn people was directed against the Tories—exile, death, confiscation, no punishment could be too severe—and it was against this passion of revenge that Henry flung his eloquence. Crying out against the poison of hate and pointing to the New World's need of man power, he turned to the menacing faces about him and exclaimed, “Afraid of them? What, sirs, shall we, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of her whelps?”

In the same noble far-seeing spirit he fought the confiscation of British goods as an injustice that would kill their hopes of commerce. “Let her, (commerce) be as free as air,” he pleaded; “she will range the whole creation and return on the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty.”

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Elected governor again in 1784 for a two-year term he refused reelection in 1786 in order to make provision for his family. The father of many children [he had seventeen in all by his two marriages], he had not charged a fee since 1773, devoting a full thirteen years to the service of his country.

In 1788, however, he was again forced to quit his practise to attend a state convention called to pass upon the new federal Constitution framed the year before. It was Henry's bitter fight against Virginia's ratification that lost him the friendship of Washington, estranged many others who had held him dear and clouded his fame as far as history is concerned, yet any fair reading of the record proves that his stand was wise, necessary and beneficial.

His bitter antagonism to the Constitution proceeded from the fact that it contained no bill of rights, providing no protection whatsoever for states and individuals. Facing a convention in which Madison and Marshall could count a majority of fifty votes, Henry fought for twenty-three days, and at the end a majority of ten was secured only by a solemn pledge to propose and demand the amendments that he asked.

He barred Madison from election to Congress until that rising statesman took fresh oath to make the fight for a bill of rights. Madison kept his promise, and the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States are as much Patrick Henry's as though he had written them in with his own hand.

Washington, recovering from his fears and distrusts, returned to his old faith in and affection for Henry, and offered him in turn the posts of Secretary of State and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but mere office holding had no lure to draw the patriot from the shade and quiet of his retirement. Nor

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would he accept an appointment to the Senate nor an election to the governorship, and he gave a like refusal to President John Adams when asked to serve as one of three envoys extraordinary to France.

Only one thing had power to stir him from his illness and exhaustion. When Madison began to attack the Constitution as fiercely as he had defended it, and joined with Jefferson to tear at the very foundations of government, Washington begged Henry to come to the rescue and stem the tide of ugly passion.

Dragging himself from his bed, Patrick Henry gathered his failing forces for this final service, and even as he completed a tremendous and affective appeal for the sanctity of the Union, fell back into the arms of his friends. Two months later he breathed his last, dead on the field of battle as much as any soldier.

VI

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR

As COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON rode hard and fast through the Virginia woods on a certain May morning in 1758, there was small suggestion of the lover in his hot young face. The capture of Fort Duquesne had waited full long upon munitions and supplies, and his business at Williamsburg was to whip sluggards into action.

Even when hailed by a hospitable planter and forced to stop for dinner, he refused to have his charger stabled, insisting that he must not tarry. Once inside the white-pillared mansion, however, haste fell from him like a dropped cloak, for Martha Custis—as charming as comely—happened to be a visitor. It was well into the next day before he tore himself away, and such was the swiftness with which he despatched his Williamsburg affairs that the same week saw him at the Custis home, declaring his love with a passion that swept resistance aside.

It is to be doubted if there was much. Standing well above six feet—strong, straight and slender as a forest pine—his face like that on a Greek coin, the young colonel also possessed the appeal that romantic and colorful adventure ever gives.

At twenty-one he had made a heroic journey through the wilderness, carrying England's threat to the French forts on the Ohio and returning with wampum belts that told of alliances gained with Queen

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Allequippa, and Tanacharisson, great Half King of the Senecas.

In the war that followed it was his bravery that saved Braddock's demoralized men from massacre, and his resourcefulness that held the frontier four full years. Virginia adored him, the colonies rang with his fame, and even England applauded his exploits.

Taking a plighted word with him, Washington returned to fighting that was fierce and hand to hand, for the French had their backs against the wall. In November, however, he captured Fort Duquesne, now to be Fort Pitt, and, not waiting for the formal end of war, raced back and led his bride to the altar within ten days. Famous at twenty-six, and rich, for Mrs. Custis brought many smiling acres to join with those left him by his brother, Lawrence, the young soldier settled down at Mount Vernon and proceeded to order life along the lines he loved.

Never was there a more perfect expression of the American frontier than George Washington. From childhood he knew the silent woods as he knew his home, and not an Indian was half so swift and strong. Rich connections and high-born friends—old Lord Fairfax loved him as a son—held out the promise of an easy life, but he turned away from it even as he turned away from books. At sixteen, entirely self-taught, he became a surveyor, and for three years endured every hardship of the forest, rejoicing in danger and privation.

As master of Mount Vernon there was the care of the estate to give his active mind its necessary occupation, horses and hounds for hunting, and congenial neighbors for the friendships, cards and dancing that his gay soul loved. A free life, an intimate contact with Mother Earth, and always the solitude of the

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woods when his wild note called. Out of the hope that this welcome peace might not be disturbed, he prayed that differences with Great Britain would be compromised, yet he wore his uniform to the second session of the Continental Congress, and was the first to pledge life and fortune to the cause of independence. An anguish of dismay swept his heart, however, when he was named by acclamation to command the Continental armies. An ardent, high-tempered a man as ever lived, his bold soul would have rejoiced in the fierce give and take of combat for his country, but he shrank from the responsibilities and routines of the supreme command. With clear vision he saw the bitter years that stretched ahead—the drudgery, the wrangles with politicians, the necessity of humbling pride and curbing tongue. Yet later he wrote his wife, “It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censure as would have reflected dishonor.”

After that one despairing letter—his good-by to happiness—no one was privileged to hear his murmur. Setting himself to the task with the greatness that men divined, he made himself over so completely that only three times thereafter did the *real* Washington break through the discipline his iron will imposed.

At Monmouth Courthouse, when victory was snatched from his grasp, he damned Charles Lee for a coward and cursed him with a fury and fluency that won the admiration of veteran teamsters. Once, when president, beaten upon by storms of abuse, he stunned the Cabinet with his rage, crying out that he would rather be in his grave than submit to such treatment. The third time was when he kicked Edmund Randolph out of office, declaring that “A damnder scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity.”

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For the rest, he battened down his passions and impetuositie, accepting treachery, treason, disloyalty and black ingratitude as part of his burden. Patriotism shackled him and until the very end he was to look at life through the prison bars of duty.

These are facts that historians failed to see or else decided to ignore. As a result, posterity has built up a pleasing conception of Washington as the happy envied commander of a citizen army that numbered every American able to bear arms; moving from victory to victory as in the stately measures of the minuet; applauded and loved without break or reservation; remote, majestic and passionless as a god. There is never mention of years of utter hell, and even, as it is blandly assumed that he was born old and grave, the sad, ravaged face is looked upon as a sort of birthmark.

From the moment he reached Boston in July, 1775, Washington was put to work making bricks without straw, for the army that he found was an undisciplined rabble, lacking money, food, clothes, rifles and ammunition. During the eight months he sat helpless under the guns of Gage and Howe, while Congress screamed at him for his inaction, there were but thirty barrels of powder in the camp. As fast as he drilled the raw militia into some sort of shape, enlistments expired and the work had to be done all over again with new batches of unruly recruits.

Not until March did gallant Henry Knox sled down from Ticonderoga with ample munitions, and in a night Washington occupied Dorchester Heights, compelling Howe to quit Boston and take to his ships.

Only for a moment the clouds lifted. Marching down to New York, he watched Sir William Howe assemble thirty thousand trained soldiers on Staten

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Island, backed by the fleet of Admiral Lord Howe, and heard that England was hiring German mercenaries, twelve thousand from Hesse-Cassel alone.

Seeing the necessity of a victory, Washington drove his half-trained soldiers to the battle of Long Island, but the blunders of Israel Putnam not only lost the day but put the entire army in danger of annihilation. All that Howe had to do was to put the fleet between the Americans and the mainland, but a fog came up, as in some heroic legend, and under its blessed cover Washington whipped his men into small boats and regained the New York shore.

As he fell back to Harlem Heights and then to White Plains, whole regiments deserted and gave themselves up to open plundering. Officers quarreled over rank as dogs over bones; there was graft and corruption in connection with army supplies, and, as money came from the voluntary contributions of the states, funds could not be relied upon.

Congress, fearful that "military power might overbalance the civil," only permitted enlistments for four months, making demoralization a continuous process, and as if to make discipline impossible, no soldier could be punished without the consent of the state from which he came. The politicians also fancied themselves tacticians, and when Congress insisted that the Hudson River forts must be held, Washington had the agony of seeing them captured, together with two thousand men and valuable supplies.

December saw him fleeing across the frozen flats of New Jersey, hotly pursued by Cornwallis, while back in Westchester dawdled General Charles Lee with a large force. Day after day he was ordered to follow, but the arrogant, scheming soldier of fortune had the secret purpose of keeping himself strong until Wash-

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ington should be destroyed, and then, after striking some dramatic blow, succeeding to the chief command.

Horatio Gates, another English-born major-general appointed by Congress, entertained a similar ambition for himself, and there was never a moment when these knives of treachery were not at Washington's back.

The main army dwindled to three thousand, almost the whole of New Jersey turned Tory, and as Washington crossed the Delaware, sinking all boats left behind him, the British snapped at his heels.

Ordering his Hessians to wait at Trenton until the river froze, Cornwallis turned away from a foe that seemed absolutely helpless, and went back to New York for Christmas dinner with the Howes. Then it was that Washington resolved upon the stroke that moved Frederick the Great to such delighted admiration. Enlistments had expired again, but the men agreed to serve an additional six weeks for ten dollars, paid in hard money, and Robert Morris, who was to spend three of his last years in a debtors' prison, raised fifty thousand dollars on his personal note.

What need to tell again of that heroic crossing—ten hours in open boats amid floating, crashing ice—the nine-mile tramp through driving sleet and snow—the thunderbolt assault at dawn that captured nine hundred Hessians? Or the masterly strategy that waited calmly for the approach of Cornwallis, then slipped past him in the night to fall on Princeton?

But for the exhaustion of the men—they had not slept for thirty-six hours—Brunswick and the British supplies would have been captured, but even so, Washington retired to winter quarters at Morristown with the wild acclaim of an encouraged country ringing in his ears.

He himself suffered no illusions. The British fleet

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controlled the sea, and his clear eye saw that all the Howes had to do was to seize Boston, New York, Charleston and Philadelphia, and then sit tight while America strangled. Even should British stupidity continue to overlook this obvious strategy, a second deadly peril threatened. Burgoyne was marching down from Canada, and if Howe, sailing up the Hudson, joined forces with him it would give the British full control of the great river, cutting America in isolated halves.

Sending men and artillery to reinforce General Schuyler, though he could ill afford to spare either, together with explicit directions for the campaign against Burgoyne, Washington addressed himself to the despairing task of barring Howe's progress up the Hudson.

At this crisis in American affairs, there came the blessing of another British blunder, for Howe elected to capture Philadelphia before effecting a juncture with Burgoyne. Washington was more than content to let him have the city, but Congress was now in full cry against "Fabian tactics," lacking the wit to see either their genius or their necessity, and he was forced to give battle at the Brandywine.

Defeated, as he knew he would be, on the very heels of that defeat Washington lifted the ragged army in the grip of his own tremendous resolve and hurled it in a surprise attack on Howe's forces as they lay in Germantown. Again a fog fell, this time unkindly, for a confusion in troop movements lost the Americans a great victory.

Howe, nevertheless, was penned in Philadelphia, and soon from the north came news of Burgoyne's surrender. Gates, appointed to command at the last moment by the favoritism of Congress, received battle

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plans worked out by Washington and skilfully executed by the unfortunate Schuyler, but even so, the amazing incompetence of this strutting lackey almost invited ruin.

For thirty days he labored valiantly to let Burgoyne escape the trap that had been laid for him, and when fiery Benedict Arnold cried out against such cowardly fooling, he was ordered to his tent. At last Daniel Morgan's rifle men took matters in their own hands, and, as the issue hung in the balance, Arnold rushed upon the field and led the desperate charges that smashed British resistance and forced Burgoyne's surrender.

Congress, however, went mad in adulation of Gates; the dash and daring of the "Hero of Saratoga" were acclaimed as the qualities essential to American success, and politicians bemoaned the fact that he was not in chief command.

Meanwhile Washington, going into winter quarters at Valley Forge, was given neither money, food, clothing nor blankets. Shoeless men left bloody footprints in the snow; half-naked wretches huddled about fires through the bitter nights that they might not freeze in their coverless bunks, while starvation vied with smallpox in taking toll of human life.

Then it was that joy went out of George Washington's life forever; that laughter left his heart, never to return, and that sadness reset his face in those iron lines his portraits show. His own private fortune had been pledged to the limit; Robert Morris's exchequer was exhausted; the intrigues and criminal imbecilities of Congress defeated every hope and plan, and as he fell on his knees under the midnight sky, it was from a broken, bleeding heart that he cried to God.

More and more openly worked the forces of

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treachery. Lee, fortunately, had been removed from the scene by capture, but the unspeakable Gates offered full expression for congressional malignancy. John Hancock, who had hoped to be made commander-in-chief; John Adams, ever the victim of his mean jealousies, and many another gave aid to the Conway Cabal, and every violence of ugly detraction beat upon the unhappy man who sat watching his soldiers die at Valley Forge.

The conspiracy, of course, lasted no longer than the moment of its discovery, for from the army came a roar of anger, and John Cadwallader forced Conway to a duel and shot him down.

One comfort Washington had—the love of his soldiers—and there was strength too, in the comradeship of the loyal efficient officers that he had managed to gather around him in spite of political intrigue. Greene and Knox were his strong arms; young Alexander Hamilton, his military secretary, was a tower of strength; and from Europe had come La Fayette, Pulaski, Kosciuszko, De Kalb and Baron von Steuben, gallant and devoted.

Slowly the fearful winter wore away, and May brought the glad news that France was now an ally. With this threat against England's control of the sea, Howe was superseded by Sir Henry Clinton, and in June the new commander set about the business of leaving Philadelphia for New York.

Springing to the pursuit with furious energy, Washington trapped the British at Monmouth Court House and would have crushed it but for the treachery of Charles Lee, unhappily returned to his command by an exchange of prisoners. Night fell before Washington could remedy the confusion of conflicting orders, and Clinton escaped under cover of darkness.

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It was as if some malignant fate had determined that Washington's spirit should be broken. The French fleet, arriving in June, feinted half-heartedly at New York and Newport, and then D'Estaing sailed away to the West Indies. Clinton, taking courage, sent an army to capture Savannah and ravage Georgia, and in Pennsylvania and Northern New York the Tory Butlers and Johnsons urged their wild Indians to bloody massacres that did not spare women or babes. Sending La Fayette to France to beg more generous cooperation, Washington hurried to Philadelphia in an effort to force Congress to effective action.

Delusive hope! By now all men of character were in the field or busy in their various states, leaving politicians at the nation's helm. As Washington recorded in bitter words, he found only "idleness, dissipation and extravagance . . . party disputes and personal quarrels the great business of the day . . . accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money," and none to listen to him when he pointed out "that our affairs are in a more distressed, ruinous and deplorable condition than they have been since the commencement of the war."

The one bright spot in the spring of 1779 was the news of George Rogers Clark's brilliant campaign in the Northwest, his capture of Vincennes ending British rule in the Northwest. Everywhere else was darkness. Concentrating at West Point, Washington held the Hudson against Clinton, and Wayne's furious assault on Stony Point not only taught the British caution but also eased the pressure on ravaged Connecticut. In the South, however, D'Estaing raised new hopes only to dash them. Suddenly appearing off the Georgia coast, he combined with Lincoln to storm Savannah, but sailed away in the hour of triumph, leaving the Americans to defeat.

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Another winter saw the wretched army brought once more to the verge of dissolution. So cold it was that New York harbor froze, and at Morristown soldiers died by the hundreds of hunger and privation. Death and desertion reduced resistance to a mere shell, but Washington—begging flour from state to state, borrowing money by personal solicitation—poured the wine of his own fierce resolution into the veins of starving men and held a few thousands together. Moving like a corpse that rejected burial, the gaunt, haggard band staggered forth in the spring to take up the old task of holding the Hudson.

Messengers brought news of the fall of Charleston and the capture of Lincoln's army; Rochambeau came in July with five thousand men, but the supporting fleet met with delay, and inaction followed. Blow succeeded blow. Over Washington's protests Congress gave Gates chief command in South Carolina, and this egregious ass not only lost his army at Camden, but ran eighty miles without looking back.

In September, stung to madness by the insults and injustices of politicians, Benedict Arnold sold his honor for fifty thousand dollars and a general's commission in the British service. Washington had loved Arnold, and for the first time men saw him cry—great sobs that tore his heart—a David mourning Absalom.

As if to spare him nothing, winter was again an agony of cold and hunger. In January the Pennsylvania troops mutinied and marched on Congress, and only the prompt hangings of certain ringleaders prevented like action on the part of the New Jersey men. Checking disintegration by sheer force of will, Washington sent his beloved Greene down South, together with hard-bitted Daniel Morgan, Baron von Steuben, La Fayette and Light Horse Harry Lee, for

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he saw the southern states as the center of military operations.

Results were soon apparent, for Greene's masterly strategy turned every defeat into a victory, and at last Cornwallis was driven back into Virginia, and cornered at Yorktown.

Washington learned in May that the French fleet had sailed from Brest, and weariness fell from him as he prepared to strike. He had but four thousand men, instead of the thirty-seven thousand promised by Congress, but Rochambeau hurried to the Hudson with his five thousand, and plans were laid for an attack on New York.

In August, however, word came that Admiral de Grasse was sailing from San Domingo straight for Chesapeake Bay, and on the instant Washington grasped the chance of crushing Cornwallis. Again it was a question of money, and again Robert Morris raised twenty thousand dollars, borrowing the money from Rochambeau on his own personal responsibility. Masterly strategy deceived the British, and before Clinton awoke, the allied army was well past Philadelphia, and October saw the sword of Cornwallis offered in surrender.

The two years that followed were as filled with hardship and heartache as any that had gone before, for Congress and the states gaily assumed that Yorktown ended the war, and dismissed the army from their thoughts.

Soldiers continued to serve, out of their love for Washington, but as the dawn of 1783 saw peace a certainty, these scarred, impoverished veterans began to murmur. Where was the money due them? Were they to be kicked out to starve in the ashes of their ruined homes? And as Congress ignored their plight,

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Gates crept from obscurity, together with other mischief makers, and urged the men "not to sheathe your swords until you have obtained full and ample justice."

Not even his experience at Valley Forge was more bitter to George Washington than this hour, for he was in fullest sympathy with his soldiers, yet mutiny and anarchy could not be permitted to menace victory and independence. Facing the sullen gathering in the hope of winning them away from their angers, he saw before him those who were as dear as brothers, and tears filled his eyes. The head that he bared was no longer hazel, but white as snow, and it was with shaking hands that he fumbled for his steel-rimmed glasses. "You see," he said apologetically and with unpremeditated pathos, "I have grown not only gray but blind in your service."

There was no need for him to read his speech. Men crowded about him, sobbing, begging forgiveness as from a beloved father, and Gates and his crew were drummed from camp.

Nor did peace bring him rest. For eight years his shoulders had borne the full burden of a people's revolution; for eight years politicians had made a runway of his proud heart; and now the one passion left alive was to gain the quiet of Mount Vernon that his horses and hounds might let him forget the meannesses of men.

Yet when he saw the country plunging to ruin—states fighting, commerce dead, open talk of foreign alliances—conscience forced him to give months to the formation of a Constitution that would provide a central government with strength, power and recognized authorities. Branded as a fool and traitor for his part in this "infamous conspiracy against the

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liberties of a free people," he hurried back to Mount Vernon with the sole desire of hiding in its shade for the rest of his life, but when it came to choosing a president, the country knew him as the one possible selection.

Washington, loathing politics and politicians by reason of bitter experiences, received the news as though it were a death sentence. Writing to General Knox, his most loved friend, he said, "My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise."

The four years that followed were no less packed with drudgery and heartbreak than the Revolution itself, for it was a brand-new government that Washington had to fashion, a nation that he had to create, an inanimate Constitution that had to be given life. Indomitable, majestic, he moved irresistibly to his objectives, every one concerned with the confirmation of independence, the permanence of free institution, laying foundations that endure to-day, yet beset at every step by hate.

Prying eyes counted the cost of what he ate, and in the midst of great problems we find him rebuking his cook for spending two dollars on the first shad of the season. Even as he organized departments of government, and grappled with tremendous issues, he had to form rules of presidential etiquette, and lay down regulations for dinners and receptions.

Jefferson, drunk with the French Revolution, went about in dirty linen and dragging hose—handshaking and shoulder slapping—and politicians and people

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leaped to the theory that careless dress and boisterous familiarities were the only proofs of true democracy.

Even had Washington possessed less reverence for the high office his simplicity and dignity would have made him shrink from such vulgar charlatanism; and he was assailed as “monarchical” and accused of wanting to make himself a king. Yet when he announced intention not to accept reelection even his enemies joined in begging him to serve a second term; and, though his soul sickened at the prospect, he was forced to realize that his work was not yet done.

The continued opposition to every domestic policy seemed to plumb all possible depths of hate and bitterness, but it was as nothing compared to the wave of insane anger that swept the country when Washington refused to join the French Revolutionists in their war on England, Spain and Holland. Gripped by a species of ungovernable hysteria, people cried out against him as one who ought to be hanged, and even as they screamed with delight every time a new head fell in the Place de la Concorde, cursed the President who would not let America plunge into the bath of blood.

What must have hurt Washington most was that the frenzied state of public opinion made it impossible for him to receive the son of imprisoned La Fayette, and he had to care for the boy by stealth until the end of his term left him free to take him to his heart and home.

The Jay Treaty occasioned an even more terrible convulsion. This diplomatic bargain with Great Britain was absolutely necessary to America’s peace and prosperity, yet a dog would not have been stoned as was George Washington.

Even so, he could have had a third term for the taking—beneath surface froth there was still sanity

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and understanding in the country—but Washington felt that his release had come at last. He knew he had builded well, the state stood bedrocked in honor and integrity, and now that duty no longer called, now that his conscience freed him, he turned to Mount Vernon with a great gladness, pitifully eager for its peace. Public service had depleted his private resources—(during the war he had met crisis after crisis with his own private fortune, and neither as commander-in-chief nor as president had he taken one cent of salary), but by his own confession he had never felt so rich as when he turned his back on the capital and its politicians.

Abuse followed him, opposition papers announcing a “day of jubilee” that the man had gone “who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country”; that the name of Washington would no more “give currency to political iniquity, and legalize corruption”; and that the nation was finally rid of a traitor who had “cankered the principle of republicanism and jeopardized the very existence of public liberty.” He had “debauched the nation” and shown that “the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people”; and no less a person than James Monroe egged on Thomas Paine to vilest slander.

It did not matter, for what were a few more insults to one who had never known anything but public service? The woods soon shut out the taunts and screams of an ungrateful people, and while the joy of living was killed in him, and the old ardors dead, crushed under years of trial and heartache, the quiet of the fields was heavenly, and in content, at least, the Father of His Country waited for the end.

VII

THE "BRAT" WHO CLIMBED TO THE STARS

THREE men faced Alexander Hamilton in his quiet library—Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House, Senator James Monroe, and Venables, a Virginia Congressman—holding his ruin in their hands. And all three were enemies, leaders of the Jeffersonian pack that bayed him. Slowly, circumstantially, Muhlenberg presented the indictment. They had come into possession of certain documents that seemed to indicate a most improper connection between the Secretary of the Treasury and one Reynolds; the evidence was plain that money had passed at divers times, and Reynolds made explicit statement that these sums had been given to him by Hamilton for purposes of speculation upon advance information as to governmental policies. Despite the conclusiveness of the case, they had deemed it fairest to hear him before presenting the papers to President Washington.

Muhlenberg, grim Lutheran that he was, could not hide the pity in his eyes, but Monroe, Thomas Jefferson's most fanatical adherent, took no trouble to conceal his exultation. He had served with Hamilton throughout the war, and they had shared the horrors of Valley Forge, but memories of old comradeship lay buried under a weight of political hatred. Now was the Colossus of Federalism, this man who ground them daily beneath his contemptuous heel, to be dragged from the seats of the mighty.

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To save his honor as a public man, Hamilton was without other recourse than the jeopardy of his domestic happiness, yet for one of his fierce pride there was no choice. Calmly, lucidly, giving no sign of the shame and nausea that must have shaken him to his soul, the young Secretary of the Treasury laid bare a tragedy of human weakness such as has stained the careers of great men from the days of Cæsar. The year before he had met Mrs. Reynolds, posing at the time as a deserted wife, and with sufficient beauty to mask her innate vulgarity. Always a hopeless adolescent where women were concerned, finding in love affairs an emotional and intellectual stimulant, Hamilton yielded to her seductions, and there followed many nights when he crept through the back streets of Philadelphia to gain the lady's bedroom.

As Hamilton faced his three accusers there came from the lower floor the laughter of his children, the song of a wife that he loved truly for all of his lapses, and it was to this accompaniment that he stripped himself of every decent reticence. The husband had appeared in due time, as might have been expected,—after much breast beating and noisy declamation, consented to let one thousand dollars salve his outraged honor. The intrigue even continued for some months thereafter, punctuated by regular payments to the shameless Reynolds, only too happy to serve as watch dog for the amour.

Muhlenberg and Venables, as convinced as embarrassed, begged him to say no more, but Hamilton refused to rest content with less than absolute vindication. From his desk he produced letters and receipts, and when he had done, the three inquisitors expressed entire satisfaction with the manner in which he had

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cleansed his public honor, and after apologizing for a painful, even if unintended, intrusion into his private affairs, gave voluntary pledges of everlasting secrecy.

Five years went by—years that saw Hamilton and Jefferson locked in a death grapple of personal hatred and opposed ideals, savage hands ever at each other's throat, the destinies of a nation resting on the outcome of the struggle. Back from France came Minister Monroe, recalled by Washington for his many indiscretions, his dull soul filled with fury against Hamilton as the cause of his disgrace. Soon the country stirred to the charge that Alexander Hamilton, while Secretary of the Treasury, had indulged in secret and shameful speculation on the strength of his prior knowledge as to the government's intentions, using a man named Reynolds as his agent. A drunken scalawag, one Callender, printed the accusation, but behind him peered the curdled face of James Monroe, the only man in possession of the memoranda made that memorable evening in Hamilton's library.

There was shrewdness in the trick for all its shamelessness; Hamilton's one defense was full and public confession of a sordid scandal, and since this entailed the loss of private reputation, the breaking of a true wife's heart, Monroe was justified in assuming that he would sit silent while the poison worked. Hamilton, however, held his pride as an honest public servant above all other prides; better far that people should lose confidence in him rather than in officials, and with a superb selflessness he published every document in connection with the Reynolds affair. It was a bleeding heart that he took out of his breast and held to public view, yet only for one shamefaced moment was persecution stilled.

How they hated him, and yet no public figure, save
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Washington, was so adored. Men were either Alexander Hamilton's frenzied enemies or else his unasking followers. His flaming personality left no middle ground. From the day that he came to America from the West Indies, sent by charitable subscriptions to receive an education, genius set him apart from his fellows. A boy of twenty, serving a gun, even the reserved Washington was won to him at once, and made him his military secretary; generals received his counsel eagerly, and Congress cowered before the lash of his tongue and pen. Born out of wedlock, he moved as royally as a prince of the blood; fashioned with the exquisiteness of a Greek carving, his face was only saved from beauty by its strength; and that proud heiress, Betty Schuyler, had given him her hand in gladness.

An aristocrat to his finger tips, despising democracy as vulgar and disorderly, in the Constitutional Convention he had proposed an elective monarchy with precisely balanced powers to prevent despotism. The document, as framed, disgusted him with its consideration for the masses, but accepting it as "better than nothing," he had carried it to ratification. Once in the office of Secretary of Treasury, however, he set to work to bring about what the makers of the Constitution had feared to create—a supreme federal sovereignty, bulwarked by the great landowners and rich merchant class. The people? It was enough that they should be fed, housed and justly treated.

Laying firm hands upon the helm of government, he organized not only his own department but every other, seeming to grasp the intricacies of finance, administration and statecraft by some process of divination. Over frantic protests, he drove through

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his program for the rehabilitation of the national credit, forcing full recognition of the eighty million dollars that the war had cost, and when confronted by the “unconstitutionality” of his proposed National Bank, boldly evoked the doctrine of implied powers.

Thomas Jefferson, coming to be Secretary of State, fresh from five happy, colorful years in France, shuddered at these conditions that met his eyes. With all his soul he hated the idea of a “strong government”; his dream was a loose confederacy of jealous states, the federal control so barren of real power as to constitute no threat against his beloved Rights of Man. He heard Vice-President Adams, his chunky figure gay in fine satin, urge the wisdom of titles, and Washington’s custom of holding levees, instead of letting freeborn citizens run in and out of his office at will, seemed “an apish mimickry of kings.” There was no question as to his deadly sincerity, for in young manhood he had broken with his class by moving the House of Burgesses to abolish the laws of primogeniture and entail; he had also separated church and state in Virginia, and procured religious freedom—things for which he was cursed as an atheist to the day of his death.

From the moment that they faced each other in Washington’s Cabinet, the two men knew themselves doomed to deadly antagonism. Hamilton saw only the State; Jefferson saw only the Individual. Fierce and incessant were their wrangles, Hamilton deriding Jefferson as a crack-brained visionary, Jefferson attacking Hamilton as a monarchist seeking to pervert democratic institutions. Washington, pained by this bitter enmity, tormented by their quarrels, soon gave up attempt at reconciliation but out of his love and admiration for them both, refused to part with either.

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Giants they were, these two that now stripped for the grapple! Amazing men, and most amazing of all in their paradoxical contrasts! Hamilton, "the bastard brat of a Scotch pedlar," as envious John Adams liked to sneer, standing for aristocracy, scorning the masses as ignorant and incapable; Jefferson, born to wealth and petted by the Virginia oligarchy, master of a great estate and many slaves, yet holding democracy as his religion, possessed by a mystic faith in the righteousness of Common People, moving always in a Utopia where love and fraternity did away with the need for laws.

At every point it was as if the two antagonists were changelings. Hamilton, the nobody, an orator able to move jeering crowds to his will; Jefferson, the heir to great traditions, tongue-tied on the platform and fearful of debate; Hamilton, the commoner, an epitome of elegance in manner and deportment; Jefferson, the patrician, slovenly in attire and negligent in the formal courtesies; Hamilton, the monarchist, cordial, warm-hearted and irresistibly fascinating in public contacts; Jefferson, the ardent democrat, cold, reserved and aloof save over the table or about the fire with intimates.

Never was a contest so one-sided at the outset. Hamilton had clean-cut plans, Jefferson only words; the one created, the other protested; and defeat followed defeat. As far as Jefferson's congressional support was concerned in the Senate, Monroe had courage without brains, and in the House, frail, bandy-legged Madison had brains without force, with the result that every debate witnessed a fresh slaughter. When the French Revolutionaries declared war against England, iron-willed Hamilton held the United States to neutrality over Jefferson's bitter protests,

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and when he followed this by forcing the recall of Citizen Genet, harassed Jefferson retired from the Cabinet and sought the grateful shade of Monticello.

Hamilton's star now rode the heavens in undisputed glory. Twenty years before he had landed in Boston, a poor, friendless, nameless boy, and now he sat at the right hand of George Washington—master of the government's machinery, the country's most potent voice. The Whisky Rebellion raising its ugly threat of secession, he swept aside the Secretary of War, took the field himself and crushed it; when a people clamored for war against England, he beat down their angers, and brought about a treaty of commerce and amity. Resigning in 1795, compelled to the course by a burden of debt, he had the right to feel that his enemies were dust beneath his feet.

Jefferson, however, had not been idle. From Monticello he worked steadily at the organization of the forces of discontent and suspicion. Refusal to aid France, together with the Jay Treaty, played into his hands, and the election of 1796 found him vice-president, having come within two votes of defeating Adams. Once again the enemies were face to face; yet, even as the Great Dreamer rejoiced, fate intervened again.

France, idol of the Jeffersonians, ravaged our commerce, and it was not merely that our envoys were subjected to insult and humiliation; Talleyrand threatened instant war if we did not submit to blackmail. Against this sordid background, Pinckney's sublime reply, “Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute,” flamed in letters of fire. The demoralized Democrats were crushed under foot; Washington was called from his fields to captain an army of eighty thousand, and Hamilton named major-general and

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made second in command. Sedition laws scourged the land with whips of hate, and all who dared to lift the voice of protest or criticism were thrown into filthy cells, even Jefferson going in fear of his liberty.

Now as never before, Hamilton dreamed great dreams, his imagination, ever eagle-winged, visioning campaigns of conquest that would win him proud place with Cæsar and Cortes. Immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities he planned to seize Louisiana, Florida and Cuba, and then strike at Spain's control of South America, planting the Stars and Stripes on the high peaks of the Andes. Even more than these glories, war offered opportunity for the further centralization of power in the federal government, and it would give chance to destroy Jefferson and his rabble, stamping out the last vestige of democracy.

Again we witness the whims of fate! France, swallowing her belligerency, cooed like any dove, and the position of America's "army of defense," at first embarrassing, became absurd. Taxpayers began to grumble, and old John Adams, recovering from his emotional debauch, showed a strong inclination to the olive branch. Furiously, imperiously, Hamilton gave the order for a declaration of war, but the President planted stubborn feet, and on receiving word that France would welcome new envoys, swallowed pride that the country might have peace.

Entering the campaign of 1800, Hamilton must have felt the chill of fast approaching shadows. He hated Adams, and Adams hated him; as the result of a people's rage against the Alien and Sedition Laws, Jefferson marched at the head of an army instead of a corporal's guard, and Washington slept in his tomb at Mount Vernon, no longer able to help the man he loved as a son. Hamilton's one chance was to retain

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control of his own state of New York, and here he made the master blunder of underestimating Aaron Burr. This consummate politician, working like a mole, introduced money and machine methods into the haphazard politics of the time, and in the trial of strength, Hamilton went down to defeat.

Vigorous support of Adams might still have saved the day, but Hamilton was in no mood to view the situation sanely, and he sent forth secret orders for such manipulation of the electoral vote as should give a majority to Pinckney, the vice-presidential nominee. To further this plan, he penned a bitter pamphlet for private circulation, damning Adams as a pompous, inefficient, unreliable ass, but Burr procured a copy in some sly fashion, and the fat was in the fire. Even before this, the suspicious President had kicked the Hamiltonians out of his Cabinet, and now the towering structure of Federalism fell into ruins. The result was this vote—Jefferson, seventy-three; Burr, seventy-three; Adams, sixty-five; Pinckney, sixty-four,—throwing the election into the House.

Many and startling reversals of fortune had marked the duel between Hamilton and Jefferson, but Fate, incurably dramatic, had been holding her supreme effect for the closing act. The first ballot showed a deadlock, Jefferson lacking one state for the necessary choice, and suddenly Hamilton found himself raised from the abyss of defeat to a very height of dominance. He had but to give the word and Aaron Burr would take the Presidency.

Well was Hamilton entitled to let revenge sweep his heart in a great black flood. His true character, the purity of his patriotism, will ever stand attested by his course. "If there be a man in the world I ought to hate," he said, "it is Jefferson. With Burr I have

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always been personally well. But the public good must be paramount to every consideration."

Even while loathing Jefferson as an impractical idealist, Hamilton saw through to his honesty and nobility, just as his clear vision pierced Burr's smiling mask, and knew him to be a Cataline in ambition and consciencelessness. Jefferson, he felt, might not build but he would not destroy; Burr's dark soul appalled him. In one supreme assertion of leadership, he broke the tie in favor of his ancient enemy. Without one backward glance or grateful word, the Great Dreamer set his feet to the path of glory, climbing to his place among the immortals. For a tragic moment Hamilton looked about him at the wreck of his hopes, and then turned to the unliked tasks of private life.

Four years went by—years in which smiling, inscrutable Burr brooded over his wrongs and flung spider webs into far corners—years that saw Hamilton confirm his title as leader of the American bar. In 1804, facing Jefferson's enmity, and the certain knowledge that the Democrats meant to refuse him renomination, Burr announced himself as a candidate for the governorship of New York. The New England states, bitter against Virginia's office-holding oligarchy were talking openly of secession, and Burr, playing skilfully upon every string of passion and self-interest, had wormed himself into leadership of the movement.

Working with patient dexterity—buying, trading, cajoling, deceiving—Burr had success in his grasp when Hamilton took the field against him, striking terrific blows that bared secret purposes to the people's view. Burr, beaten by seven thousand votes, faced the future in desperation and despair, deserted by all, ringed by public distrust, buried in debt—all due to one man.



Hamilton refused to fire Buri, a dead shot, took steady aim

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There had been nothing personal in Hamilton's antagonism. He and Burr were of an age and had served together during the war; exteriorly, they were much alike—ardent, brilliant, fascinating—and each had taken frank pleasure in the society of the other. Delightful Theodosia Burr ran in and out of The Grange, loved by the Hamiltons, and Burr had never hesitated to ask loans of Hamilton when extravagance forced him to the wall. It was Burr, the politician, that Hamilton opposed, knowing him to be without any real love of country or ideals of public service, and discerning in him a stark, ruthless ambition that would stop at nothing.

Burr found his excuse for a challenge in certain expressions that Hamilton had used during the campaign—the real cause was his conviction that there was no longer room in the world for both him and Alexander Hamilton. At every step in his career this man had blocked the way, and the time had come when one or the other must die.

From the first Hamilton had known that the challenge would come—better than any one, he knew the deadly quality that coiled behind Burr's smiling eyes—and to his apprehensive friends he admitted the danger, but where public duty was concerned, he was ever without choice. Abhorring the custom of dueling, for only a short time before, his beloved son, Philip, had been shot down on the so-called field of honor, it was still the case that he accepted the inevitabilities of the situation, even as Burr. During the interval between the acceptance of the challenge and the encounter, the two men met with unabated cordiality; at the dinner of the Society of the Cincinnati, Hamilton sang his one song, *The Drum*, and Burr smiled appreciation.

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The July sun was already hot in the heavens as they crossed the Hudson and took their places on a grassy ledge beneath Weehawken Heights. Hamilton, knowing Burr to be a dead shot, nevertheless refused to have the hair-triggers set, and told his seconds that he did not mean to fire. At the word, Burr took steady aim and fired; Hamilton's pistol discharged as he fell, mortally wounded.

As if regretful of the favors heaped upon this "bastard brat of a Scotch pedlar," Fate scourged him at the last. He lived a whole day in a hell of pain, and Angelica, favorite of his daughters, went mad to see his agony.

VIII

HOUND OF THE HEATHEN

BLUFF Captain Bainbridge weighed anchor grudgingly enough, the errand bitter to his whole being, for he bore America's annual tribute to the Barbary pirates. Five years had we paid blackmail for the right to sail our merchant ships on the high seas, and every fighting man resented the *humiliation* of it. The Bashaw of Tripoli, the Bey of Tunis and the Emperor of Morocco, these three greeted him with no more than the usual insult, but the Dey of Algiers had chores to do.

"Take my ambassador," he ordered, "and carry him to Constantinople."

"Not I!" swore the furious Bainbridge with many a lusty oath.

"You render me tribute," cried the Dey, "and are my slave. Obey, or by the beard of the Prophet——"

It was sound reasoning, especially when backed by double-shotted guns, and Bainbridge took the swart envoy on board with such grace as he could muster. Some joy waited for him at the end, however, for while the Sultan had never heard of the United States, the stars on our flag appealed to his superstition, and he was pleased to give the young captain a *firman* that freed him from the *ignominy* of further ferry service.

The next year—1801—it was the Bashaw of Tripoli that gave rein to his arrogance. It had come to his ears that we had presented a frigate to the Algerines

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in addition to our tribute, and that the Tunisians were being given more money than he himself received. Furious at these indignities, he declared war, vowing to wipe our commerce from the seas and sell every sailor into slavery. Thomas Jefferson, forced to accept the challenge, found himself in poor shape for combat, as he had auctioned off the navy by way of showing the people that he had none of Alexander Hamilton's monarchical ideas.

Two years passed before a decent fleet could be gathered together, and no sooner had it reached the Tripolitan coast than the *Philadelphia* grounded on a rock and was captured with her crew. Woe indeed! To have lost the frigate was damage enough, but her possession by the Bashaw made disaster seem certain. Now sprang forward young Stephen Decatur—the Huguenot strain showing in handsome face and dark, brilliant eyes—offering to make his way into the harbor and blow up the *Philadelphia* where she lay at anchor.

Every man begged the privilege of volunteering, but only seventy-four could be taken, even this number straining the ketch that Decatur picked for his purpose. On the morning that the *Intrepid* came before Tripoli, a great storm blew, and for nine days the little band faced the double dangers of wreck and starvation. When the waves stilled at last, it was a battered boat that crawled into the harbor mouth, but neither leaks nor hunger had power to chill Decatur's blazing courage. Father and grandfather before him had sailed the seas in honor and daring, and love of country was still another clarion.

Never was venture more desperate. The *Philadelphia* itself carried forty-five guns, and lay moored under the very muzzles of ten strong land batteries

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and the cannon of the Bashaw's castle, while in the harbor were three cruisers, nineteen gunboats and two galleys, manned by the flower of Tripoli's fighting men.

Against this grim array Decatur had only the ketch's four small guns and the cutlasses of his men. In each heart, however, was not only passionate resolve to avenge America's many humiliations, but the love and faith that Decatur never failed to inspire.

Through the gathering dusk crept the *Intrepid*, the young commander lounging over the rail in casual talk with boyish Tom MacDonough, one day to win glory by his victory on Lake Champlain. Dressed in rough sea clothes, they seemed harmless fishermen, the volunteers pressing their bellies against the deck in the deep shadow of the bulwarks.

It was Decatur's purpose to run the ketch under the frigate's bows, but within fifty feet of the goal, there fell a dead and tragic calm. The voice of the watch, harsh with suspicion, now called to them to stand off, but the Italian pilot answered quickly with the glib story that they had lost their anchor, and might they run a warp to the Philadelphia, and ride by her for the night? Under cover of his gabble, a boat slipped to the forechains with a rope, and even as the startled Arab sounded the alarm, the *Intrepid* drew alongside, and Decatur and his men came leaping over the rail like wildcats.

Such was the fury of the attack that victory was a matter of minutes, half of the startled crew taking to the water.

For a moment Decatur thrilled to the thought of sailing the Philadelphia out of the harbor, but the danger of re-capture held him back, and racing over the dead that littered the deck, the youthful conquerors

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set fire to the doomed frigate in a score of places. Pointing the guns straight at the castle in the hope that their last volley might carry an American message, the signal for retreat found flames bursting through the hatches and licking at the rigging. Still the calm held, and it was with feverish haste that they pushed off and manned the ketch's sweeps, for at any second the fire might reach the *Philadelphia's* magazines.

This peril past, there was the gantlet of the batteries and the cruisers. In the glare of the burning vessel the *Intrepid* was a fair mark and every convulsive stagger was through a hail of lead: yet when they won the open sea at last—free of that hell of roar and shot—not a man had suffered mortal injury. And as they shouted their defiance, a column of flame shot to the sky, a mighty explosion shook earth and sea, and looking down from the shattered walls upon a wreck-strewn harbor, the Bashaw ordered lashes for the minister who had assured him that Americans were sheep, afraid to fight.

No less than Nelson led the world in praise, declaring it “the most bold and daring act of the age,” and Commodore Preble expressed the love and admiration of the fleet when he wrote the President asking that the young Lieutenant be promoted to post-captain. Every heart now burned with confidence and high resolve, and it was in a spirit of almost laughable assurance that the shabby, hodge-podge fleet came again before Tripoli. A frigate, three brigs, three schooners, six gunboats and two bombards, borrowed from the King of Naples—small wonder the Bashaw permitted himself a return to insolence.

The ships, drawing in as close as the reefs allowed, began exchanging fire with the shore batteries, and

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Decatur, proud in his new command, led a division of three gunboats to the harbor mouth. Out to meet him charged six of the enemy, all manned twice as heavily, and he saw straightway that his one chance was to come to close quarters.

Crying an order to unship the bowsprits and board, he urged his men to the oars; and locked in a death grip with the leading gunboat. Outnumbered two to one, and fighting in the hand to hand fashion that the Turks and Arabs were assumed to prefer, the Americans asked no quarter and gave none. Pikes, axes and cutlasses were the weapons—no room for pistols—and step by step Decatur and his men swept the deck.

Looking up from his own victory, he rejoiced at sight of gallant Trippe in possession of another gunboat, but anxiety seized him as he saw the craft commanded by his brother, James, coming slowly away from its grapple. All too soon an officer called the tragic news across the bloody water. Deceived by a feigned surrender, James had been shot through the head by the Turkish captain as he stepped on board.

It was as though the heart had been torn from Decatur's breast. James, the apple of his eye, his mother's ewe lamb that she had put in his care! There in the distance laughed the assassin, and with a shout that was half sob, Decatur ordered pursuit. What mattered it that the bulk of the crew were on the prize, leaving only ten men at his side?

The murderer, without attempt to hold his ground, retreated to the harbor and the protection of the batteries, but Decatur swept on nor halted until he felt the shock of the collision. Gaining the enemy's deck in one tigerish bound, closely followed by MacDonough and the gallant ten, he cut a way through the

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press of bodies until he stood face to face with the treacherous captain who had shot his brother down.

The Turk, a giant of a man, cut savagely with the boarding pike that he wielded as a broadsword, and Decatur, trying to sever the blade from the shaft, snapped his own cutlass at the hilt. Always swift in action as in decisions, he took the second thrust in the side, snapped the pike between arm and body, and gripping the Turk about the waist, back-heeled him for a heavy fall. An Arab, thrown free of the bloody whirl by some convulsion of the struggle, saw the plight of his commander, and aimed a fierce blow at Decatur's bared head with his yataghan.

Now steps forward Reuben James, humble seaman, to take his place among the heroes of the world. Brought to his knees by many gaping wounds, unable to lift his hacked arms, through the haze of his agony he saw the bright blade of the simitar started on the deadly downward stroke. Rising by a mighty effort, he managed to throw himself across Decatur's shoulders, offering his own devoted head to the blow that bit through hair and bone.*

Exerting superior strength, the Turk heaved loose and brought Decatur underneath. His left hand holding the throat, his right reached for the dagger in his sash. Roaring like some jungle beast at the moment of the kill, he raised the blade, but Decatur's steel fingers caught the wrist as it drove down. Only now did he remember the pistol that was in the pocket of his loose pantaloons. There was no time to draw and aim; blindly he groped for the trigger, cocked it, and

*Reuben James, glory be, recovered in due time, and when asked to name his own reward, scratched his scarred head and bashfully murmured, "If it's all the same to you, Cap'n, let somebody else give out the hammicks. It's a business I don't like."

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with a last despairing twist, shot through the cloth. The grip at his throat relaxed, the dagger dropped from a hand gone limp, and once again Decatur was on his feet.

The spectacle of that bloodsoaked figure, come from the dead, struck terror to the Tripolitans, even as it gave new inspiration to the Americans, and soon they trod a deck deserted by all save the dead and dying.

High and higher blazed the courage of Decatur and those he led. Three times within the week American gunboats and bombards went into the harbor for midnight attacks, drenching the town with grape and cannister until its demoralized inhabitants fled into the desert. Still the stone walls held and still the Bashaw would not sue for peace, knowing that the season of storms was near at hand. Again Decatur's thought turned to the little *Intrepid* and he suggested its use as a fire ship for the destruction of the Castle and the harbor shipping.

Ardent Somers begged command, and that this beloved friend, the comrade of his heart, might have his chance for glory, Decatur stepped aside. One hundred and fifty barrels of powder and a hundred bombs were packed in the ketch, all connected with fifteen minute fuses. Ten volunteers went with Somers, and two of the fastest rowboats in the fleet were towed along to bring them back—if they came back.

As darkness fell the *Intrepid* moved stealthily to the harbor mouth, following the path first blazed by Decatur. Every heart waited in sick suspense, for all knew Somers—knew his courage and resolution—knew that he would choose death to failure. Suddenly the roar of the land batteries told of his discovery, and

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suddenly the midnight sky blazed redly as an appalling explosion shook fleet and city. All the sad night through, boats hovered about the harbor mouth, praying that some survivor might come out of the monstrous blackness, but none returned, then or ever.

Somers, sighted long before he reached the desired spot, found himself surrounded by enemy craft. Surrender meant handing over the valuable store of powder and bombs—new prisoners for the dungeons—and without hesitation he lighted the fuses, blowing himself and his men to eternity together with the Tripolitan gunboats that swarmed for the capture.

Yet Somers and his men did not die in vain. The Bashaw, already stunned by Decatur's daring, was moved to a passionate desire for peace by this new evidence of American courage, and in time, a treaty was signed.

News of the exploits, carried up and down the Barbary coast, moved the corsairs to humility, and when Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers followed the Bashaw's intelligent example, it was in pride and glory that our ships returned to port.

Short-lived glory! Ephemeral pride! With the fatuity that Hamilton saw in him and hated, Jefferson dismantled the navy and turned our unprotected commerce over to the ravages of warring France and England. Each forbade neutral nations to trade with the other under threat of seizure and confiscation, and Jefferson's only answer was an embargo, keeping our ships in port and surrendering an export business of two hundred and fifty million dollars a year.

Jefferson, casting off unhappy burdens with undisguised relief, was succeeded by Madison, even more timorous, but by 1812 the mounting rage of the country forced him to draw the sword.

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The hearts of humiliated sailors, however, rose only to sink again, for the American Navy, with which they were expected to wage war against the great sea power of the world, consisted of five frigates, three brigs, three sloops and four schooners.

Decatur, with his usual clear-eyed courage, pointed out the impossibility of fighting as a squadron, and carried his idea that each ship should take to the sea singly, dealing such blows as they might until capture or destruction. Sailing the sea lanes in the United States, he rounded Madeira in October to find himself confronted by the *Macedonian*, finest of all British frigates.

Not in vain had Decatur trained his men through the weary months; their seamanship dazed the English, and their unerring gunnery turned the *Macedonian* into a shambles.

No less splendid was brave Isaac Hull's capture of the *Guerriere*, and slowly every American port filled with prizes, some compensation for many shameful defeats on land. Massing her squadrons, however, England barred the harbor mouths, penning the free lances hard and fast, and when Decatur did break loose, disaster attended. Slipping out of New York on the *President* in a night of snow and storm, a pilot's blunder put the ship on a bar off Sandy Hook.

Aside from injuries sustained, the delay proved costly, for dawn revealed four of the British blockading squadron, and flight was the one recourse.

All day the chase continued, but by late afternoon only the frigate *Endymion* was in sight, and Decatur swiftly turned his battered ship to give battle.

At eight o'clock the *Endymion* confessed defeat, drawing off from action, but the dismasted, wallowing *President* was in scarce better condition. Darkness

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was the one hope, but a full moon scattered the clouds, and soon the belated British ships came hurrying up, forming a ring of double-shotted guns. Seeing the futility of further resistance—a crippled vessel and half of his officers and gunners killed—Decatur signaled surrender. Even while they fought, peace had been signed in London.

Decatur's war career, however, was not doomed to end on such a note. The Barbary pirates, instigated by England, who assured them that America was no longer to be feared, broke their treaties early in the war, and were once more scourging the sea lanes. At the head of a squadron, Decatur sailed for the Barbary Coast in May, 1815, whipped Rais Hammida, the Algerine Grand Admiral, in a decisive battle, swept on to Algiers and forced the Dey to full reparation and an ironbound treaty.

The Bey of Tunis, secure behind impregnable defenses, tended his flowing beard with a tortoise shell comb set in diamonds, but when they told him it was Decatur, the beard lost importance and his capitulation was abject. Nor had Tripoli forgotten. Dungeons opened. "Give me every Christian captive," cried Decatur; and as he sailed to restore the poor wretches to their homes, the power of the Barbary pirates crushed, Europe hailed him as "the Bayard of the Seas," the "Champion of Christendom."

Loved and honored by his country as no man since Washington, happy in the devotion of a beautiful wife, Decatur settled down to a life of peace and repose. But almost on the instant a cloud came to shut him off from the sun. Back from Europe came Commodore James Barron, that commander of the *Chesapeake* who had been suspended in 1807 for having failed to fight his ship when insulted and attacked by *H. M. S.*

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Leopard. The suspension expired in 1813, but he had not returned to serve his country during the war, and now that he asked to re-enter the navy, Decatur opposed with all the force of his virile personality.

Decatur's stand was open, explicit and impersonal, taken as a high officer of the navy, but Barron chose to resent it as a direct insult.

Decatur had served under him as a lieutenant—by this former junior's height he measured the depths to which he himself had fallen—and out of his bitterness and despair, the broken man came to an almost maniacal hatred. A lengthy correspondence took place, curiously paralleling that between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. Like Burr, Barron pursued implacably. Like Hamilton, Decatur viewed dueling as a barbarism that settled nothing, yet gave it full obedience as part of the established social code. The two men met at last at Bladensburg, near Washington, and Decatur, so invincibly the Bayard, sacrificed every advantage that he might have taken.

"I do not desire his life," he had said to Bainbridge. "I mean to shoot him in the hip."

The two reports rang out as one; Barron fell with a ball through his right thigh; his bullet ripped Decatur's abdomen. The great Commodore had seen death too often to be afraid of it or not to know it.

"I am a dying man," he said simply. "Would that I had fallen in defense of my country."

IX

THE PATH OF EMPIRE

FATE, that incurable romanticist, never staged a more dramatic effect than when she yoked the mighty Corsican and a humble Shoshone squaw in the service of America's destiny. Napoleon forced us to make the Louisiana Purchase, and Sacajawea, the Bird Woman, helped to write our title to the Oregon territory in the blood that dripped from her rock-torn feet.

Few historians sing the glory of this obscure Indian girl, yet with a two-months-old baby at her breast she led Lewis and Clarke up the wild reaches of the Missouri and over saw-toothed ranges; when the white captains wandered hopelessly amid enormities of granite her unerring instinct found a way; when hostile Indians gathered to dispute the march of the staggering band, it was Sacajawea that trudged forward, holding her papoose high in token of peace and friendship; at a time when starvation threatened she took from tattered buckskins the store of food she had saved from her own pitiful ration.

The bond between Napoleon and the Bird Woman was forged on an April morning in 1803 when Robert Livingston and James Monroe faced France's ministers and offered two million dollars for New Orleans and West Florida that the United States might control the Mississippi's mouth. Even as they bargained the First Consul intervened with one of his characteristic bursts of decision.

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"It is the *whole* of Louisiana you must buy," he said. "That or nothing."

On the verge of war with England, he knew that he could not expect to hold his American possessions against the power of Great Britain's navy; far better to sell them, gaining much needed funds and at the same time strengthening a friendly nation. Livingston and Monroe, acting entirely on their own responsibility, made the purchase, paying fifteen million dollars for the vast stretch out of which we have carved Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Minnesota and nearly all of Louisiana, Kansas, Wyoming, Montana and Colorado.

The scene changes from the Tuilleries to an Indian village on the banks of the Missouri in what is now North Dakota. The Minnetarees, sweeping across the Montana plains some five years before, had killed and raided most successfully, and among the captives carried home was a little Shoshone girl. Well was she named Sacajawea, the Bird Woman—soft and round and sweet-voiced as any thrush—and Tousaint Charbonneau, a French trapper, bought her for a wife. Thus was her life whirled about in order to play its part in the great American drama.

To this village, in the fall of 1804, came Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, leading an expedition for the exploration of the unknown land. One was Thomas Jefferson's private secretary and the other a worthy brother of George Rogers Clark, and the forty-three men in their company had been picked for youth, strength and proved courage. They had set out from the Mississippi in May, as careless of hardship as of danger; poling and towing their three small boats against the Missouri's current, depending on their

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rifles for their food, gay and confident as though they sailed a summer lake instead of entering a strange and menacing country thick with peril.

Kaws, Otoes, Missouris, Sioux and Rickaras—these Indians had let them pass in peace, either won by presents or cowed by the shaggy young pathfinders—and now Mandans, Abnahaways and Minnetarees held out the hand of friendship. Winter quarters were pitched in a great cottonwood grove, warm huts built; buffalo humps and juicy elk steaks repaired the ravages of the one-thousand-six-hundred-mile river journey, and spring's coming found every man fat and strong as herd bulls. Thirteen went back to civilization from the Mandan villages, taking a boatload of specimens, trophies and various exhibits, but the addition of Sacajawea more than compensated for the loss.

Neither captain had prescience that she would prove their salvation time and again and that to the Bird Woman, more than all others, they would owe their chance to sail down the broad Columbia to the Pacific, carving their names in the marble of history. When Charbonneau, hired as an interpreter, announced that he meant to take his wife, Lewis and Clark feared that she could not stand the journey, so frail she seemed, and with a mite of a baby pulling at her breasts. Yet when steel-framed frontiersmen sank down in utter exhaustion, it was to be Sacajawea that would carry on.

The plains were thick with buffalo and elk, and great fish leaped high above the water as the pathfinders set forth again, eager for sight of the Shining Mountains that lay before them. Rowing sometimes, but poling and towing for the most part, they passed the Bad Lands, went by the mouth of the Yellowstone and came to a river that they called the Milk because

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of its white flow. With the rare good fortune that was to mark the expedition, not an Indian was seen, but grizzly bears prevented anything approaching boredom.

Hunters, walking the banks, took wild dives into the river to escape the ferocious beasts; the monsters attacked the night camps and even swam out to charge the boats, and such was their strength that one huge brute had eight balls through his body before falling dead at Lewis' very feet. Storms were no less a menace, flinging the little canoes like chips, and in one squall all the medical supplies would have been lost but for Sacajawea's courage and quickness.

They were now in a land that not even the most daring trapper had ever visited, and each new day increased their difficulties. The many forks of the river, the size of the tributary streams, brought doubts as to their course, and forced wearisome, dangerous explorations. Portages became more and more frequent, and as the men toiled over rocky stretches their way was thick with hissing, striking rattlesnakes. In one crowded day Lewis was charged by buffalo bulls in the forenoon, chased by a grizzly in the afternoon, only escaping by a leap into the river, and then waked the next morning to find a rattler coiled at his head.

Not until Lewis, scouting alone, came to the Great Falls on June thirteenth was he certain that they had held to the true Missouri. A great cheer must have burst from the voyageurs as they saw the long sweep of majestic cascades, but their admiration was short-lived, for a seventeen-mile portage had to be made. Rude frames, mounted on wheels cut from tree trunks, eased the burden of the canoes in some degree, but each of the thirteen days was still a horror of drudgery and suffering.

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Even as the naked, sweating men fainted under a burning sun, a sudden storm would scourge them with hailstones; the prickly pears tore their feet into bleeding ribbons; every thicket seemed to vomit roaring grizzlies and as they trudged a dry creek bed some cloudburst would turn it into a mill race. Once Sacajawea, encumbered by her baby, was saved from death by Clark's strong hand, the water tearing at her waist as he dragged her to a higher shelf.

Building additional canoes, the journey was resumed, every mile a fiercer fight against rocks and whirlpools; on through the Gates of the Rockies, that Cyclopean gorge where the Missouri tears its way through the mountain wall, pole and towline now in constant use. The men at the ropes could not walk the banks, covered by dense thickets, and stumbled along in the water, slipping, falling. Although they did not know it, their weary feet kicked shining gold, for fifty years later more than one hundred and fifty million dollars was taken from this very stretch of stream.

All were more dead than alive when they reached the Three Forks, where the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin (so named by Lewis and Clark) unite to form the Missouri. Here it was that Sacajawea had been captured by the Minnetarees, and here too was the hunting ground not only of the Shoshones, but also of the Crows, the Flatheads and the savage Blackfeet. Which tribe would be the first to see them, and what would be its attitude? These were tremendous questions, heavy with life and death, for everything depended upon Indian friendship. Canoes were no longer to be relied upon; they must have horses for the conquest of the mountains that rose before them; more than that, they stood in need of guides and food.

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Lewis, taking command of a vanguard, swung wide and wider circles in desperate search of Indians, fiercely eager to put an end to suspense, but it was not until August thirteenth, far up the Jefferson, that he came face to face with a hunting party. With the expedition's usual amazing luck, it was Shoshones that he met up with, not Blackfeet. Even so, the Indians were suspicious rather than friendly, and not until Clark arrived with the rest of the party did Lewis know whether it was to be peace or war. Sacajawea ended uncertainty, for Cameahwait, the Shoshone chief, proved to be her brother, and she soon inspired him with her own devotion to the white men.

It was this one turn of fortune that decided the fate of the Lewis and Clark adventure. The Shoshones gave them food and horses, without which the starving, footsore men would have had to confess defeat—aid that would not have been forthcoming but for the Bird Woman. And as the expedition reached the Bitterroot Valley—staggering with exhaustion—it was Sacajawea that gained the friendship of the Flatheads. More horses were secured from these Indians, and on September eleventh, the two captains were face to face with the stark menace of the Bitterroot Range.

Not in all the annals of human fortitude is there a more inspiring record than this mountain march of Lewis and Clark. Storms beat upon them, and the cold froze to the marrow; now they crawled sheer cliff sides, sinking their bleeding fingers into crevices, and now they climbed savage peaks where a false step meant death; they ate half-cooked horse meat; dysentery weakened them; there were times when they gave themselves up as lost, and when they came at last to the plains it was with the sobbing relief of men who wake from some ghastly nightmare.

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Nez Perces were camped in the pleasant Kamas prairie, and soft-voiced Sacajawea convinced them that the white men came as friends. As though they were blood brothers, the Indians fed and nursed the vomiting, emaciated Americans and guided them to the Clearwater that offered plain way to the Pacific. Rude canoes were fashioned, and on October seventh the pathfinders began the last leg of their long journey. They were soon to find that all was not the easy sailing that had been imagined, for frequent portages took heavy toll of strength, and the utter absence of game forced them to live on dogs that they bought from Indian tribes along the shore.

From the falls to the Dalles, the Columbia boils through a vast lava bed, frowning palisades narrowing the river and great fragments blocking and tormenting the channel. A long, hard portage won past the falls, but cliffs made this impossible at the Dalles, and with despairing bravery the captains gave their canoes to the rapids, "notwithstanding the horrid appearance of this agitated gut, swelling, boiling and whirling in every direction." The Indians, gathering to watch what seemed madness, gave a shout as the last boat reached smooth water in safety, greeting it as a sign that the white men were in the care of some Great Spirit. Another drudging portage past the Cascades, and at last the voyageurs were on the full bosom of the mighty stream.

Entering the river's mouth, sea winds and waves tossed the frail canoes until it seemed that all must perish; for six days they huddled in the rain waiting to round a point, and it was not until November fifteenth that they rowed past the future site of Astoria and, after further wandering, pitched their winter quarters on a cliff among the pines. Well were they

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entitled to rest their weary bones after a journey of 4,135 miles, the Homeric march that opened the half of a continent to settlement and added two stars to the flag. Captain Robert Gray had discovered the Columbia in 1792, naming it after his ship, but it was Lewis and Clark's explorations that confirmed our title to the territory out of which we shaped Washington and Oregon. Sacajawea, to whom so much of the credit was due, asked but one favor; she begged to be taken down to the ocean shore that she might see the great "Everywhere-Salt-Water."

Instead of rest, however, drudgery and suffering pressed still more heavily on the expedition. The rain came down in torrents; game spoiled before the exhausted hunters could get it back to camp; salt boiling was a slow, laborious process, and by the time the two captains finished their various scientific observations in late March, the sickening men were without food and also stripped bare of everything that could be used in barter. Captain Lewis parted with his uniform coat to secure a necessary canoe, and as the company started on its homeward journey they resembled traveling mountebanks more than the heroic vanguard of civilization. Clark performed with a burning glass in payment for nutritious roots, and Lewis vended "eye water" and a magic ointment, taking his fees in edible dogs.

Slowly, wretchedly, they ascended the Columbia, portaging past cascades, Dalles and falls, and in May came again to the lovely Kamas plain where old Chief Twisted Hair and his Nez Perces waited with their horses. June found the expedition aflame with impatience and, despite the warning of the Indians, the pathfinders marched away to the pass that led across the Bitterroot Range. All too late they realized that

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Twisted Hair had been right: snow choked the trails, storms froze and blinded them, and it was only "Lewis and Clark luck" that let them regain the shelter of the Nez Perce camp instead of perishing in the mountains. Even when they set out again, the snow was still deep enough to make every mile a peril, but at last they crossed over and stumbled down into the Missoula plain.

Here the expedition made its first important division; for time pressed and there was still much to do. Lewis, with nine men, was to strike out on a straight line for the Great Falls of the Missouri, proceeding from that point to the headwaters of Maria's River. Clark and his party were to go down the Jefferson to the Three Forks and then on to the Yellowstone for an exploration of that unknown stream.

Lewis, crossing the Divide, reached the Great Falls without mishap and, leaving six men to prepare the portage, started up Maria's River with only Drewyer and the two Fields brothers. Through a barren land, thick with savages, the four rode on—eating the grease pressed from tainted meat—only turning back at a point not far below the present Canadian line. Now luck deserted them, for out of the hills rode a war party of Blackfeet, cruel and treacherous. There was much specious talk all day and long into the night, but the white men were not thrown off their guard, and when the Indians snatched at their rifles in the early dawn, indomitable Reuben Fields stabbed one to the heart and Lewis shot another through the belly.

The Blackfeet fled to summon the rest of the tribe, and Lewis and his men, leaping to their horses, rode for their lives. Halting only when sheer exhaustion commanded, they covered one hundred and twelve miles in twenty-four hours, and, joining the portage

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party, were off down the Missouri that very day. They reached the Yellowstone on August seventh, but while waiting for Clark, near-sighted Cruzatte put a ball in Lewis' hip, mistaking him for an elk. However, lint was pushed into the hole and a "poultice of peruvian bark" ended what was a trifling matter to those men of iron.

Clark's journey was without dramatic incident. Guided by the unfailing Sacajawea, he crossed the Great Divide, followed the Jefferson to the Three Forks, and with the silent little Bird Woman still leading, climbed over the pass to which Bozeman's name has been unjustly given, and came to the Yellowstone. At his right hand, within easy distance, were all those wonders now embraced in the National Park, but he did not turn, and the glory of that discovery was left to humble John Colter.

Colter, a wild Kentuckian, pupil of Boone and Kenton, fell in love with the Montana country and, when the Mandan villages were reached, took the back trail despite the remonstrances of his captains. Trapping the wilderness streams with as much unconcern as though he walked a city street, he followed the Yellowstone to its headwaters, and was the first white man to rest startled eyes on that region of marvels. Again, while wandering with another rover by the name of Potts, the incredible Colter figured in a tremendous adventure that has all the color and appeal of some Norse saga.

As they pushed their canoe along a fork of the Jefferson, Blackfeet swarmed on the cliffs above them and gave the sign to pull to shore. Seeing the impossibility of resistance, Colter stepped out and surrendered, but Potts, preferring death to torture, fired his rifle into the huddle of Indians. On the in-

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stant a flight of arrows pierced him—"he was made a riddle of," reported Colter—and the stream took his body.

The Blackfeet, stripping Colter to the skin, were first minded to make him a target for their archery, but one chief insisted that better sport could be obtained by a chase. The captive was asked whether he could run, and Colter, with quick cunning, answered that he was a person entirely without swiftness and would much prefer to be shot at once rather than raced down like a crippled prairie wolf. Completely deceived, the gullible chief gave him a fair start on the broad plain, and at a signal the warriors sprang in pursuit.

As a matter of fact Colter had the speed of a deer, and love of life put wings to his feet. Six miles away were the wooded banks of the Jefferson, and he headed for this covert at a pace that dismayed the Indians. Prickly pears tore his feet, but at the end of the fourth mile he had distanced the baying pack except for one swift warrior who gained at every leap. Exerting himself to more furious effort, the panting fugitive burst a blood vessel and, feeling that the end had come, turned that he might meet death face to face. The Indian, no less exhausted, tripped as he threw his spear and Colter, snatching the weapon from the ground, drove it home to the redskin's heart.

Plunging on in obedience to some blind instinct—a staggering, crimson figure—he managed to reach the timber ahead of pursuit, and fell into the water. A beaver dam was near at hand, and with one last shuddering spurt he swam to its blessed concealment. Burying himself in the deepest part, only the tip of his nose exposed, he hid the long day through, the icy stream freezing his very bones, and not until darkness

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fell was he able to make his escape. Naked, bloodless, and with only roots to feed upon, Colter still refused to die, and after seven terrible days crawled into Lisa's station at the junction of the Bighorn and the Yellowstone—a corpse but for his indomitable eyes.

Clark, never dreaming of the great chance that he was missing, rode along the banks of the Yellowstone to where Billings now stands, and at this point he found trees enough to fashion two canoes.

The party came to the Missouri on August twelfth, and the plains rang to the joyous shout of men who had feared that they might not see each other again. Even the sick forgot their "biles and tumors" as the reunited band shot downstream, perils and hardship over and rich rewards to come.

At the Mandan villages, a pinprick in the vast prairies, they said good-by to Sacajawea and her papoose, standing lonely on the river bluff as the boats pushed out into the Missouri once again. Poor little Bird Woman! They did not leave her so much as a bead in token of common dangers and shared struggles. Joyously, triumphantly, the pathfinders sailed away to be petted and adored by a grateful people; Sacajawea remained in a strange land, among alien folk, with only memories to warm her lonely heart.

X

THE BELOVED GENIUS

THE sunken road of Ohain was not the greatest of Napoleon's blunders. Twice before Waterloo the dominion of the world was in his grasp, and twice he turned away. Robert Fulton offered him the submarine and torpedo, products of his inventive genius, and when these were rejected, came once again with the idea of operating boats by steam.

There is still in existence a quaint lithograph that shows the tall American, standing face to face with the Little Corporal, saying, "Great Man, if you will give me your support to put these plans into execution, you can have the most powerful navy in the world."

Fulton's lack of French must have been the trouble, for the Napoleon episode stands as his one failure in captivation. This son of a humble Irish immigrant, reared in a shabby Pennsylvania village, had all the beauty of a Greek god, and walked among men with larger distinction than any prince of the blood. No less than William Pitt and Thomas Jefferson were won to Fulton's will by the sheer magic of his personality, and Talleyrand, after talking with him, was almost moved to tears that one so delightful should be "quite mad." High and low alike felt the compulsion of his unquenchable enthusiasm and succumbed to his infinite charm.

At the age of seventeen—come from Lancaster to
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be a miniature painter in Philadelphia—we find young Fulton fathered by wise old Benjamin Franklin, and at twenty-one we see him in London, the protégé of Benjamin West, that great Quaker whose first brushes were made of hairs pulled from a cat's tail. Sir Joshua Reynolds and all the famous artists of the day took interest in the brilliant youth.

But at the hour when his pictures are hung in the Royal Academy, and when rich patrons gather to assure his future, lo and behold, he throws down his palette, and flings himself headlong into science and invention!

The Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Stanhope give him friendship and faith, and as ideas tumble over one another in his fertile mind, he invents a machine for sawing marble, another for spinning flax, and plans a thousand improvements in the building of aqueducts, bridges and canals. Samuel Taylor Coleridge sits at his feet, entranced, and Robert Owen, that great English social reformer who was to attempt Utopias in the United States, financed the irresistible American while he worked on a dredging machine that was to "make millions."

Unhappily, Christmas of 1796 found Fulton "reduced to half a crown," which, as he frankly stated in an appeal to Lord Stanhope, was indeed "an awkward sensation to a feeling Mind, which would devote every minute to Increase the Comforts of Mankind and Who on Looking Round, sees thousands nursed in the Lap of Fortune, grown to maturity, and now spending their Time in the endless Maze of idle dissipation."

Receiving the desired loan, he rebounds to the heights of optimism, and within a few weeks we find him writing to George Washington, excitedly outlining plans for a canal from Philadelphia to Lake Erie, re-

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fusing to consider profits less than a half million a year.

More and more the development of inland waterways obsessed him, and in 1797 he crossed the channel, afire with the idea of creating a canal system for France. On board the boat was the Duchesse de Gontaut, a great lady who was slipping back to Paris under an assumed name. At Calais she was arrested on suspicion of being a rich *émigrée*, and Fulton, distressed by her danger, rushed into the breach with the generous impetuosity that ever made him so dear and lovable. As the wife of an American citizen she ran no risk, so bowing low, he begged her hand in marriage. As it happened, however, the Duchesse had a husband already, but it was not until powerful friends came to the rescue that Fulton went his gay, optimistic way.

Arriving in Paris, Joel Barlow, the American patriot poet, whose *Vision of Columbus* had won much fame, took Fulton to his heart and home, and stormed the Tuilleries in his behalf. The Directory, however, fighting for its existence, was in no mood to talk of canals, and once again Fulton knew the "awkward sensation" of having nothing in his pockets but his hands. With his usual gay fertility of resource, he invented a machine for twisting rope, and when this did not fill his purse, worked out careful plans for a submarine boat and torpedoes.

Peace, not war, was his aim, for with all his heart he believed that his inventions would put an end to military navies, leaving the sea lanes open to the free and orderly commerce of the world. Again the Directory dismissed him as a nuisance, whereupon Fulton reaching for his neglected brushes, painted a lurid panorama that was the delight of Paris for

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fifteen years. With money at his command, he lost no time in building his beloved submarine, and August, 1801, found him in the basin at Havre.

The *Nautilus*, as Fulton called his boat, was a cockleshell twenty feet long and five feet wide, yet in this frail craft, absolutely unproved, the daring inventor sank beneath the surface and cruised about the ocean bed. Not only did he dive time and again, but once he voyaged seventy miles searching for English war ships upon which to try his torpedoes. As a consequence, Monge, the mathematician, and La Place, the astronomer, carried Fulton directly to Napoleon, and eventually ten thousand francs were authorized for further experiments at Brest in 1801.

Day after day the *Nautilus* submerged successfully, nor were the demonstrations with the torpedo any less convincing. The government placed a small sloop at Fulton's disposal, and sinking down to a depth of twenty-five feet, he loosed a torpedo that blew the craft into atoms "causing so great a concussion," reported the inventor, "that a column of Water, Smoke and fibres of the sloop were cast from eighty to one hundred feet in air." The committee, whether lacking vision themselves, or influenced by the bitter feeling of seamen against a "barbarous method of warfare," reported adversely, and the first of Napoleon's opportunities was lost.

As far back as his London days, Fulton had given much time and thought to the problem of steam navigation, and it was to this idea that he turned after his cruel disappointment with the *Nautilus*, fiercely determined to capture success. His way was thick with broken hearts and shattered dreams, for ever since James Watt's perfection of the steam engine, men had labored to link the idea to the propulsion of

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water craft. Strangely enough, three that had come close to the goal were Americans.

William Henry, a Lancaster gunsmith, launched a steamboat on Conestoga Creek in 1763, and went to his grave with the laughter of fools ringing in his ears. James Rumsey ran one on the Potomac in 1784 with George Washington as an interested on-looker, and failing to gain financial support in the United States, went to London where he died of heart-break after months of rebuff. John Fitch, by 1790, had a steamboat plying between Philadelphia and Trenton, but Americans refused to take the invention seriously, and French bankers were equally derisive. Journeying home again, working his way before the mast, he wandered about in rags, vainly begging support, and finally killed himself as an escape from wretchedness.

No whit depressed by this dreary record of failure, Fulton set to work with his usual fiery enthusiasm, fashioning toy models, a watch spring his engine and a pond his ocean. And between times, out of the love in his heart, he worked on a series of great drawings for Barlow's *Columbiad*, intending to have the epic published sumptuously out of the millions that his steamboat would earn. His experiments drained him of such money as had not been taken by the *Nautilus*, but even as poverty cramped his energy, Robert R. Livingstone came to France as America's minister plenipotentiary.

Paris adored him even as it had adored Benjamin Franklin, for never was there a more gallant gentleman. Brilliant member of the rich and powerful New York family, he had been one of the committee that drafted the Declaration of Independence—as chancellor of the state he had administered the first

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presidential oath to Washington—and like Fulton, he combined genius with rare personal charm. Livingstone himself had given years to the study of steam navigation, careless of derision, and on meeting Fulton, he gave him faith as well as friendship. In October, 1802, a partnership was formed, Livingstone advancing two thousand five hundred dollars, and as optimist inflamed optimist, they saw the rivers of the United States thick with steamboats.

For a dark moment it seemed as though Fulton were doomed to the despair that had engulfed Henry, Fitch and Rumsey. When the boat was completed, and on the very morning of its trial, the light hull broke under the machinery's weight, dropping the engine down to the river bed. For days, while Paris screamed with laughter, Fulton worked waist deep in the icy waters of the Seine, and finally the small craft rode the waves again. On August 9, 1803, in the presence of a vast assemblage, and with Mrs. Barlow praying for "poor, dear Toot's" success, the son of the Irish immigrant made his dream come true. For an hour and a half he moved up and down the river, the two paddle wheels churning the water at a furious rate, and his hired engine chugging nobly.

Napoleon, out of Paris at the time, had heard of Fulton's experiments, and wrote to the Department of Marine in July, saying, "The project of Citizen Fulton may change the face of the world. I desire you immediately to confide its examination to a commission of members chosen from among the different classes of the Institute. Try and let the whole matter be determined within a week, as I am impatient."

At that time he was preparing to renew his struggle for the mastery of the seas and the conquest of India—tremendous ambitions that rested entirely

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upon the creation of an invincible navy. Fulton's invention promised this invincibility, but scholar fools derided it, declaring that the motive power "was so feeble that a child's toy could hardly be put in motion by it."

Strangely enough, conservative England had the vision that France lacked, and secret messengers from London begged Fulton to cross the channel with his inventions. Accepting the invitation, he reached London on May 19, 1804, just seven days after the declaration of war between France and England.

Pitt, a genius himself, knew genius when he saw it, and from their first meeting he gave Fulton his confidence and belief, entering into a signed contract for the perfection of his submarine and torpedoes. Emphasis was put on these inventions for the reason that a great French fleet gathered at Boulogne for the invasion of England.

Fulton, who had come to regard Napoleon as a despot whose mad ambitions menaced the world, plunged into plans for the destruction of the French ships, but as at Brest, he ran against the bitter antagonism of sailors. The Lords of the Admiralty, loathing his inventions, refused to consider the submarine, and gave half-hearted aid in the matter of the torpedoes. Twice Fulton went into the harbor at Boulogne with his catamarans, and each time he was justified in blaming failure upon the manner in which attacks were handled.

A year passed, during which the inventor was left to cool his heels, and then an impassioned letter to Pitt forced the Admiralty into new action. Another attack on Boulogne failed miserably, and Fulton, desperate by now, begged the gift of some hulk that he might make a demonstration under Pitt's

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own eyes, proving that the fault was not in the torpedoes. Consent was given, and in Walmar Roads, with a clockwork torpedo containing one hundred and seventy pounds of powder, Fulton blew up a brig of two hundred tons.

Even as the inventor raised his humiliated head, the Earl of St. Vincent declared the general military sentiment when he told Fulton that "Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed, to encourage a mode of war which those who commanded the sea did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it." The Ministry, overborne, offered the American a fortune if he would consent to destroy his plans and think no more about them, but Fulton answered, "It has never been my intention to hide these inventions from the world on any consideration. On the contrary, it has ever been my intention to make them public as soon as may be consistent with strict justice to all with whom I am concerned. For myself, I have ever considered the interest of America, free commerce, the interest of mankind superior to all calculations of a pecuniary nature."

The British dealt generously with Fulton, nevertheless, allowing him seventy-five thousand dollars for salary and expenses, and out of this amount the warm-hearted genius spent five thousand dollars for the publication of Barlow's *Columbiad*, and bought two of Benjamin West's finest paintings to serve as the nucleus for a gallery of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. This done, he completed arrangements for the shipment of an engine from James Watt's factory for his new steamboat, and landed in New York in December, 1806, after an absence of twenty years from his native land.

One thing alone was never sufficient to occupy the
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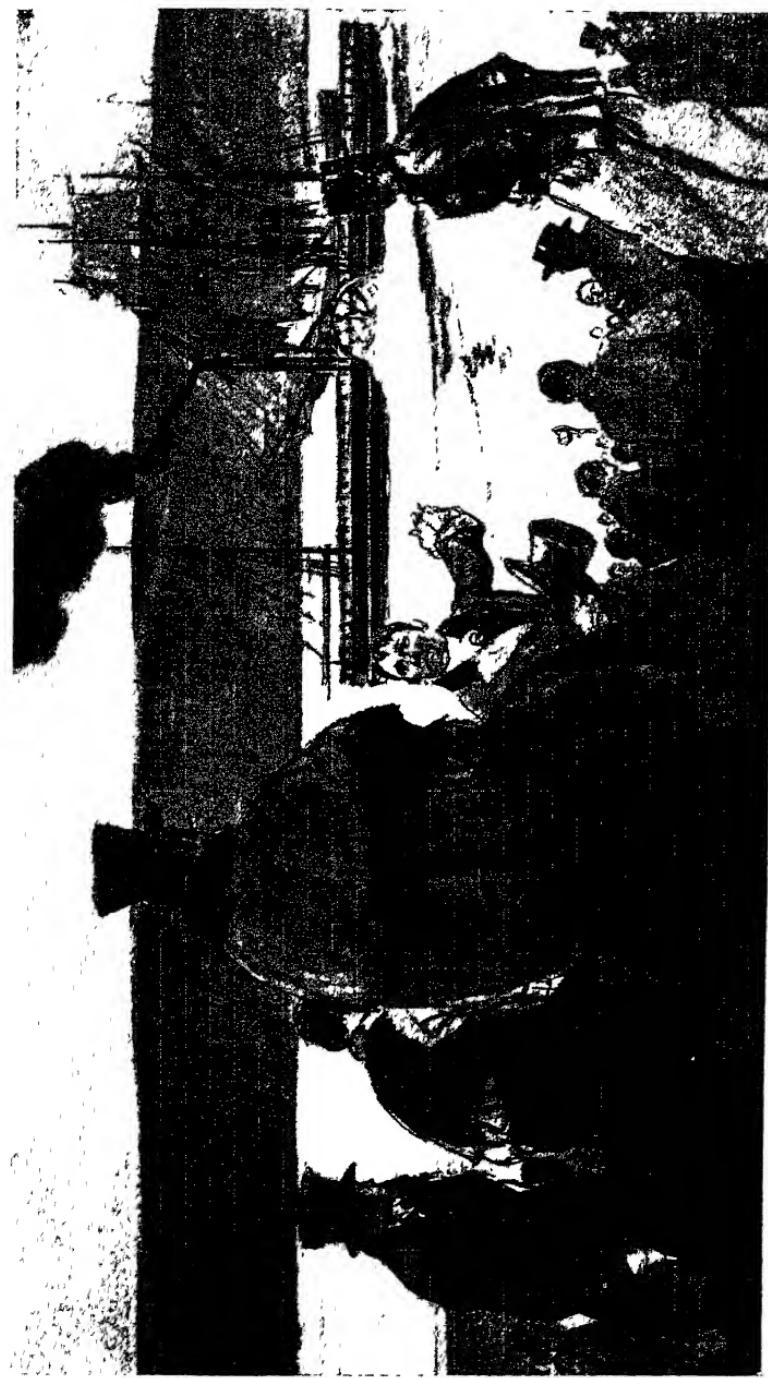
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mind of this amazing man. Even as he directed the building of the *Clermont*, named after Livingstone's country seat, Fulton raced to Washington and captivated Jefferson and Madison, later winning five thousand dollars from the government treasury for new experiments with his torpedoes. At the same time he poured forth letters and pamphlets begging the United States to realize the value of a great system of canals, and preached the gospel of free seas and free trade.

As the *Clermont* neared completion, he was harassed and thwarted by a lack of money. His own funds were exhausted, Livingstone, land poor, had reached the end of his cash resources, and Fulton ran from friend to friend for loans with which to finish the boat. Robert Lennox was one of ten men to subscribe one hundred dollars, but refused to let his name be put down because, "I shouldn't like the people who come after me to learn that I was such a dunce as to think that Fulton, or anybody else, ever could make a boat go with steam or wheels."

There was not only public derision to be fought against, but the malignancies of ignorance. Sailors, gaining the idea that Fulton's invention would destroy their means of livelihood, tried to wreck the boat even as the farmhands of a later period were to break up thrashing machines. Overcoming every obstacle by sheer force of will, Fulton drove forward, and at last the *Clermont* was ready for its test. Of the crowds that gathered on August 17, 1807, scarce one expected the ungainly craft to move, for according to one contemptuous comment, it looked like nothing except "a backwoods sawmill mounted on a scow and set on fire."

Fulton, balanced on the wobbly deck, paid no heed



The crowd roared with delight—then got fooled

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to the catcalls and jeers of the spectators, and gave the order to start in a proud, confident tone. Alas, the *Clermont* only shuddered violently, as with some terrible ague, and then fell into a cataleptic trance. A roar of delight went up from the crowd, but Fulton, white-faced and indomitable, tinkered successfully, and on a second attempt the boat moved upstream with such majesty as its squat proportions permitted.

Albany, one hundred and fifty miles away, was reached in thirty-two hours, and to the affrighted people of the countryside, the *Clermont* seemed "a monster moving on the waters, defying wind and tide, and breathing flames and smoke." Dry pine was the fuel, and as night fell, the crews of sailing ships "shrank beneath their decks from the terrible sight, and let their vessels run ashore, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the horrible monster which was marching on the tides, lighting its path by the fires which it vomited."

Where now were those that scoffed? The whole nation burst into applause; the New York Legislature confirmed and extended the Livingstone-Fulton monopoly of steam traffic on the Hudson; within two years the *Car of Neptune* was added to the Albany service, and the *Raritan* was plying between New York and Brunswick. The boats were vastly improved, and although the seven dollars fare to Albany was looked upon as "very high," the passenger lists constitute a directory of Old New York, containing such names as Jay, Rensalaer, Cruger, Duane, Schuyler, Van Tassel, Ten Eyck, Morris, Duer, Beekman, Bleecker, Brevoort, Pell, Vassar and Fish.

"As the Steam Boat has been fitted up in elegant style," read the regulations, "order is necessary to

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keep it so. It is not permitted for any person to lie down in a berth with their boots or shoes on, under a penalty of one dollar and a half, and half a dollar for every half hour they may offend against this rule."

How Fulton found the time to pay court will ever remain a mystery, but a few months after the successful launching of the *Clermont* he married the beautiful Harriet Livingstone, a cousin of the Chancellor, and her description of him may be taken as proof that she had been properly wooed: "He was a prince among men, as modest as he was great and as handsome as he was modest. His eyes were glorious with love and genius."

In 1811 we find Fulton ready to begin ferry services from New York to Brooklyn and New Jersey, having invented a double-ender steamer, also floating docks, and at the same time launching ships for traffic between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. It was at this period that he had the idea of the locomotive and railroad, but Livingstone refused to assist in the financing of the project, insisting that the cost would be prohibitive. What more natural than that the Neva and the Ganges, those colorful streams, should make appeal to Fulton's ardent imagination, and it is not at all surprising to find him preparing plans for the invasion of Russia and India.

The war of 1812, arousing Fulton's patriotism to the highest pitch, caused him to put all foreign ventures to one side, but it was not until 1814, when a British fleet menaced New York, that he was able to gain approval for a steam frigate carrying forty-four guns and equipped to fire red-hot shot. Ever since his immersion in the Seine, laboring to raise his sunken boat, the tireless inventor had suffered from lung trouble, and now overwork and constant exposure

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brought a return of the old complaint. He refused to abate his feverish intensity, racing daily from ship-yard to engine works. Worn out at last, he took to his bed and died on February 24, 1815, in the fiftieth year of his age.

The whole nation mourned him, but not all this genuineness of grief had power to change the government from the black ingratitude that is the im-memorial policy of republics. His steamboats had returned him little, for unscrupulous men doomed him to incessant litigation in defense of his patents, but the United States owed him one hundred thousand dollars, money due on the steam frigate and for ships commandeered during the war. Fulton died in the belief that this amount would be available for the support of his children, but not until 1846 was a relief bill passed by Congress. Even then no allowance was made for interest, and the debt itself was reduced to seventy-six thousand, three hundred dollars.

XI

OLD HICKORY

IT WAS IN 1780 that merciless Banastre Tarleton swept through the Carolinas with fire and sword, bringing his atrocities to a fit climax by the Waxhaw massacre, when one hundred and thirteen Americans were butchered and as many more left upon the ground, hacked and bullet-riddled.

Among the women who crept from cave and thicket to tend the wounded was the Widow Jackson. One son had died in defense of his country the year before, and in her ministering progress from body to body, she was followed by Andrew and Robert, the two boys that remained.

Fierce anger was mixed with the general horror, for the patriots had been engaged in a parley at the moment of attack, and the Spartan mother made no objection when her bantlings took service with Davie's wild partisans. Hard were the days that followed—Tory treachery aiding British arms—and then came a black morning when the youngsters were captured along with others in fierce fighting at Waxhaw church.

“Clean my boots!” rasped an officer, beckoning small Andrew Jackson to the menial task.

His face as red as his unruly hair, and his blue eyes burning, the thirteen-year-old boy proudly answered that he had been taken in fair fight, and demanded the treatment due a prisoner of war. With an oath, the Briton brought his sword down, but

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Andrew, throwing up his arm, escaped with no worse than a cut that scarred him for life. Tying their prisoners so fast that some of the buckskin thongs bit to the bone, the British carried them to Camden and threw them into stockaded pest-holes where they died like flies from starvation and smallpox.

The agonized mother, flinging herself at the feet of Lord Rawdon, brought about an exchange that gave her back her ewe lambs, but Robert died as they reached the humble cabin, and Andrew lay at death's door through weary weeks.

No sooner was the boy well than the heroic widow hurried to Charleston, where imprisoned relatives and friends suffered in the hulks; but yellow fever struck her down while she nursed the sick and wounded. Young Andrew, left alone in the world, could not even find her grave that he might sob out his aching heart upon it.

In the hour of this Waxhaw lad's travail, little Rachel Donelson set forth on the swift waters of the Holston as though to keep an appointment made in Heaven. Her father was one of the sturdy immigrants faring into the wilderness to found the settlement of Nashville, and as he gripped his long rifle at sight of painted figures slipping through the forest, his brown-skinned, fearless daughter took the helm.

When Jackson, by that time a successful lawyer, came to the Tennessee village, it was to this girl of the frontier that he gave his deathless love.

Elizabeth Jackson and Rachel Donelson—these two women were the great compelling forces in Andrew Jackson's life, molding it, driving it, owning it, until that gaunt body broke under the strain of exhausting passions. Loving the soil and the peace of his plantation, it was the memory of his mother's

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sufferings that sent him, so white-hot, against the British in 1812; that he might lift a slandered wife to heights far above her traducers was largely the cause of his entry into politics. At every point in his two terms as President of the United States, his deep and abiding adoration of these dead women is seen as a guiding influence more powerful than any other consideration.

What need to go tediously into the details of poor Rachel's tragedy? Marrying Louis Robards, an unpleasant young Kentuckian, she had left him because of his cruelties. Unable to force her return, he brought suit for divorce in far-off Virginia, and took pains to send word to Nashville that it had been granted.

Jackson, in love with the delightful, high-spirited girl, offered his hand, and the whole community rejoiced in the happiness of a popular pair too long kept apart. Two years passed and then, like a thunderbolt, came the news that Robards had filed another suit in Kentucky, assigning his wife's misconduct as the cause. The blackguard, taking advantage of the absence of communication, had purposely failed to complete the Virginia proceeding, and now crept forward to stain and shame the happiness of the Jacksons.

There was a re-marriage in 1794, but from that day Andrew Jackson walked in watchfulness—implacable, deadly—eye and ear keen to catch look or word that sought to soil his heart's dearest. Governor Sevier, brave enough to have been above such meanness, uttered an ugly sneer, and Jackson, failing to bring about a meeting on the field of honor, rode like a madman into the group of which Sevier made one, and trampled his enemy under foot. Neither was

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his duel with Charles Dickinson the manifestation of any inborn truculence, but natural resentment of vile gossip anent the circumstances of his marriage.

The meeting took place in Kentucky, a day's ride from Nashville, and Dickinson, an expert shot, boasted that he would put his bullet through Jackson's heart.

At the word, "Fire!" Dickinson's pistol roared through the forest glade, but while a flick of dust flew from Jackson's coat, the tall slender figure remained as straight as a ramrod.

Seeing that he had missed, the doomed man turned his face that he might not have to watch his opponent's weapon pull down to an aim as steady as the hills. A second that must have seemed eternity, then the report, and, with a bullet through his body, Dickinson fell to the ground, a dying man.

Not until they were well away from the field did his seconds notice that Jackson dripped blood in a steady stream, and upon examination they found that Dickinson's ball had buried itself in the breast, breaking two ribs near the heart. As one exclaimed his astonishment that he should have been able to take such careful aim while suffering so great a shock, Jackson's eyes burned with the cold light of Arctic ice. "Sir," he said, "I should have killed him had he shot me through the brain."

The real nature of the man—noble, generous—was shown by his street duel with Thomas Hart Benton and his brother Jesse. Jackson took a lead slug in the shoulder that bothered him to his death, yet the warm friendship which had formerly existed between the two men was resumed, and the great Missouri senator became his stoutest champion. But Benton once said to a friend, "God help me if it had been about Aunt Rachel."

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Jackson's furious hatred of Henry Clay sprang from the conviction that the Kentuckian was responsible for dragging Mrs. Jackson into the campaign, and when a friend argued that he should forgive Clay, having forgiven Benton, he answered, "There wasn't any poison on Benton's bullet. It was honest lead."

That Jackson accepted an election to the House of Representatives in 1796, and took a senator's seat the following year, was due in small degree to his own inclination. He wanted to lift Rachel, his beloved, to a position that would show his adoring pride. Within the year he resigned, and even his appointment as a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee had no power to keep him away from the woods and fields that his soul loved. The crowded year of 1812 found him at the Hermitage, a gentleman planter of forty-five, happy in his plantation, and still happier that he was through with public life.

On the moment that the United States declared war against Great Britain, however, it was as though his mother had called from her unmarked grave. Again he saw the mangled bodies of Buford's patriots. Again he felt the sharp pain of the British officer's blow, and springing from his retreat, he called for volunteers in a voice that shook the state.

More than two thousand responded, and gaining their acceptance by the government, Jackson marched for the Mississippi en route to New Orleans. Ordered back from Natchez and his men disbanded—for the danger of a southern invasion passed—the sudden war cry of the Creeks gave new opportunity for action.

Chief Weatherford and his tribe, inflamed by the British, menaced the whole Mississippi region, for not even the Iroquois were braver or more ruthless. It was with the screams of murdered women and children

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in their ears that Jackson and a hastily-assembled troop marched to Alabama, commencing a campaign unsurpassed in point of heroic and indomitable resolve. It was not merely physical obstacles that had to be overcome, although rivers and harsh mountain ranges provided them in plenty. Three states left Jackson to starve, and mutinous men became his foes as much as any Indian. Suffering from an open wound, ravaged by dysentery, forced to use acorns as food, and at times deserted by all save a faithful few, Jackson drove forward, and at last crushed and beaten Weatherford fell before him, begging peace.

He whipped the Creeks at Tallushatchee, covering the ground with their dead, and at Talladega his half-starved men won another great victory. But with food entirely gone by now, further advance was an impossibility. A vast rage swept the men, abandoned by the very people for whom they fought, but when the militia set out for home, Jackson awed them into submission with the rifles of the volunteers.

At another day it was the volunteers who tried to desert, but they in turn were beaten back by the militia, cajoled into new loyalty by "Old Hickory." All to no avail. The expected supplies were still delayed, and as he saw barefooted, starving men drop in their tracks from sheer weakness, Jackson gave the order for disbandment. At the last minute, however, his fierce tenacity rebelled against retreat, and he cried, "If only two men will remain with me, I will never abandon this post."

One hundred and nine stepped forward and, his determination fired anew, he faced the rest with a cocked musket in his hand and swore by "the immaculate God" to blow the first scoundrel into eternity who dared lift a foot. Again, when a majority of his

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men claimed that their enlistments had expired, he trained his artillery upon them, and drove them back to their quarters. It was a losing fight, however. Day by day his force dwindled. But in the hour of darkest despair, supplies and reinforcements arrived.

Leaping forward in January, 1814, he defeated the Creeks in two pitched battles and ended the war in March at Horse-shoe Bend on the Tallapoosa. Seven hundred Indians were killed in the bloody contest, among them the fiery Prophets who had promised victory, and broken Weatherford begged peace.

As a consequence of the Creek campaign, Jackson was made major-general in the regular army and charged with the protection of the Mississippi and its mouth. One swift survey of his problems, and then, with superb audacity, Old Hickory marched for the capture of Pensacola.

What did it matter that we were at peace with Spain? Jackson knew that the Spaniards had armed and inflamed the Creeks and that the British were using Pensacola as a base in preparation for an attack on New Orleans. Striking the Florida capital in his usual swift, relentless fashion, he sent English and Indians flying, and put everlasting fear in the hearts of the Spaniards.

Now came word that the British fleet was bearing down upon New Orleans, and, accompanied only by his riflemen, Old Hickory rushed to the rescue. Proclaiming martial law, for the city was a honeycomb of treason, Jackson set to work to build an army of defense, reaching out eagerly for friendly Indians, freed blacks, Creole volunteers, and even rejoicing in the aid of Jean Lafitte and his Baratarian pirates. Only two thousand men in all was he able to gather, yet with this motley crew, jabbering in every



The deadly fire of Jackson's raw troops mowed down the British veterans in windows

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tongue, he attacked the British on the night of their landing, and beat back three thousand trained Peninsular veterans.

On Christmas Day arrived General Sir Edward Pakenham, bringing reinforcements, and with the same stupid arrogance that had marked ill-fated Brad-dock sixty years before him, the new commander resolved upon a frontal attack that would sweep the wretched Indian fighters before it. On January eighth, secure behind the earthworks that Jackson had thrown up, the Americans met the charge with deadly rifle fire, mowing the British down in windrows as if with some giant scythe. The gallant Pakenham fell at the head of his troops, and when the British confessed defeat at the day's end, two thousand one hundred redcoats littered the battle field.

What mattered it that peace had already been declared, and that the politicians planned censure for Jackson's invasion of Spanish territory? The people loved him for a victory that had restored national pride in some degree, and rejoiced in his intrepidity.

Content in having avenged his dead mother, Jackson dragged his pain-racked bones back to the Hermitage, but in 1818 he was called to take command of the campaign against the Seminoles, and again he defied the law of nations in fierce pursuit of his objective. It was from the swamps of Florida that the Indians ravaged the American frontier, and, with contemptuous disregard of the boundary line, Jackson crossed into Spanish territory, burned the Indian towns, hanged their chiefs, and executed two British citizens chiefly responsible for the uprisings.

"Why not?" he cried. "My God would not have smiled on me had I punished the ignorant savages and spared the white men who set them on."

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Once more there was an attempt to censure him, Henry Clay leading the politicians, and again the people roared their approval of a headlong warrior that nothing turned aside. Tennessee made him senator in 1822, a great wave of popular enthusiasm swept him into the presidential campaign of 1824, and only by the narrowest margin did he miss the honor, the electoral votes standing ninety-nine for Jackson, eighty-four for John Quincy Adams, forty-one for Crawford and thirty-seven for Clay. There being no majority, the election went to the House of Representatives, where Clay threw his strength to Adams.

As the new President's first act was to make Clay his Secretary of State, a corrupt bargain was charged instantly, but it was not that; merely the last desperate attempt of the Old Order to retain power. Jackson stood for the masses, the disregarded commonalty of America, and the aristocratic class, reared in the oligarchic tradition, joined forces to sweep back this rising tide of passionate democracy, political differences forgotten in a common fear and hatred.

Jackson, painfully distrustful of his abilities, had not wanted to be a candidate, but now he threw himself into the capture of the presidency with all the ardor of his volcanic nature. The voice of the people had spoken; that voice had been mocked. Now was he moved "by an inflexible purpose to vindicate both his own right to the position, and the right of his fellow citizens to choose their Chief Executive without hindrance."

Not in all the history of American politics is there record of a viler campaign than that of 1828. Poor Rachel was made the great issue, and a thousand poisoned pens and tongues poured out a steady stream of slander and vulgarities that had the burn of some

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vile acid. Jackson put his love before her as a shield, but in the very hour that news came of her husband's overwhelming victory, Rachel's gentle heart broke of its pain.

Overturning precedent, Jackson swept every member of the opposition from office, a course that has been hailed as the inauguration of the spoils system. As a matter of fact, his motives were personal, not political. He wanted to destroy all those who had in any way contributed to the attack upon his dead wife. To him they were unclean creatures, and down to the smallest man he pursued them with relentless ferocity.

At every point his love of Elizabeth Jackson and Rachel Donelson is seen as the dominant factor in his life. General Eaton, his Secretary of War, had married Peggy O'Neal, the daughter of a tavern keeper, and in order to have an excuse for snobbishness Washington society circulated the lie of adulterous relations prior to the marriage. It was his own experience over again and not only did the President devote weeks and months to the complete establishment of Mrs. Eaton's innocence, but he brought every force of his iron will to beat down the social ostracism that the wives of Cabinet members had decreed.

It was a battle that made history. Martin Van Buren, the Secretary of State, happened to be a widower, but Calhoun suffered from a strong-minded, aristocratic wife. It cost him the Presidency, for Mrs. Calhoun's exclusiveness added fuel to Jackson's growing dislike of her husband, even as Van Buren's chivalric attitude toward Mrs. Eaton was at the bottom of the friendship that impelled Jackson to give him his powerful support in 1836.

In the President's approach to the great political issues of the day, the influence of his mother is plainly

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seen. Elizabeth Jackson was of the plain people, companioned from birth by poverty, and it was this that gave the son his passionate sympathy with the toiling, struggling masses of humanity.

Democracy had not been the intent of the Fathers—in framing the Constitution they gave the shadow, not the substance—and at the time Jackson ascended to the Presidency, all power was in the hands of privileged groups. Even Jefferson had not uprooted the oligarchic features of American life, for his purpose was to do good for the people, not to let the people do good for themselves.

Against these conditions the President hurled himself with the impetuous courage that had marked him as a soldier. No one dreamed that he would dare to lay impious hands upon the United States Bank, that great citadel of privilege, but Jackson saw it clearly as a vast monopoly that put loaded dice in the hands of a few, and he vetoed its rechartering as a first attack, and then withdrew the government's deposits to complete its ruin.

When Calhoun and South Carolina boldly set aside federal laws, threatening armed resistance and secession, can it be doubted that Andrew Jackson thrilled to the memory of his dead mother's hopes and sufferings? Freely, gladly, she had given two sons that America might win free from Old World tyranny, and following the dream of a great republic, had laid down her own life. Now that rude hands tore at the bonds of union, inviting chaos, was he to sit by, idle and acquiescent?

“The Federal Union! It must and shall be preserved.” This was Jackson's answer to Calhoun and his Nullifiers. “If a single drop of blood shall be shed there in defiance of the laws of the United States,” he

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said, "I will hang the first man I lay my hand on, engaged in such treasonable conduct, upon the first tree I can reach." It sufficed.

At the end of his second term he retired in gladness to the quiet of the Hermitage, and while he delivered a long and able farewell message, the integrity and selflessness of the man is best expressed in this letter to a friend:

"I returned home with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all my salary and most of the proceeds of my cotton crop; found everything out of repair; corn, and everything else for the use of my farm, to buy; having but one tract of land besides my homestead, which I have sold, and which has enabled me to begin the new year clear of debt, relying on our industry and economy to yield us a support, and trusting to a kind Providence for good seasons and a prosperous crop."

Simply, contentedly, he lived and worked his fields, spending a part of each day at the grave of his wife, until June 8, 1845, when the tempestuous spirit left the body that it had racked for so many crowded years. Some time before his death, admiring friends had offered him the sarcophagus of the Roman Emperor Severus, but he waved it away contemptuously, wanting nothing but to share the plain tomb of his beloved Rachel. And as the end drew near, he made clear his belief in a hereafter, but whispered, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there."

THE SHINING SWORD

To THAT wild Paris of 1804, when Napoleon killed so ruthlessly and fitted his head to an emperor's crown, came a young Venezuelan with many gold pieces and a great grief. His child wife had died the year before, even as the honeymoon was at its full, and youthful Simon Bolivar sought the dissipations of the French capital that he might numb the pain of a broken heart. More lavish than a Roman proconsul, careless of everything save forgetfulness, his imperial prodigalities set a thousand nights on fire, shaming Russian princes by their superior magnificence.

Suddenly those tense nerves snapped, and as he lay ill and more than ever unhappy, the literature of the American Revolution fell into his hands. The flaming sentences of the Declaration of Independence caught his soul and shook it loose from every selfishness; the story of Washington was a clarion call to high resolve and noble purpose. A visit to the United States strengthened his belief in democracy as the hope of humanity, and when he reached his native land again, patriotism was a passion that consumed him.

It was not only that Simon Bolivar, consecrated to great ideals, gave liberty and laws to Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, ending three centuries of Spanish rule. His was the hand that waked our own republic from its dream of isolation,

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and his the courage that fired Americans to hurl the grim phrases of the Monroe Doctrine against the insolent pretensions of Old World autocracy.

Strong in the faith that the Atlantic Ocean constituted an impassable barrier against the aggressions of European monarchies, James Monroe sat stunned as he watched the Holy Alliance prepare to send armies to South America for the subjugation of Spain's rebellious colonies, led by Bolivar from victory to victory.

England, no less alarmed, proposed concerted resistance; Jefferson and Madison, called upon for advice, urged immediate acceptance of the offer, and even as the timorous Monroe fussed and fidgeted, the clamor of a nation filled his flapping ears.

From the very first, Americans had followed Bolivar's campaigns with passionate interest, and now there was fierce anger that European despots should gather to strike him down, together with a wholesome fear of what might happen to the United States if the Holy Alliance gained a foothold in the Western Hemisphere. Whereupon Monroe and John Quincy Adams penned the historic message that closed the New World against further colonization by the Old, threatening war if Continental troops were sent to crush Bolivar and the democratic aspirations of his people.

Small wonder that the heart of America went out to Simon Bolivar, or that hundreds sailed to fight under his banner. There was a wealth of romantic appeal in the sight of this young aristocrat risking life and great estates to win freedom and justice for humbler souls, and imagination could not fail to be thrilled by spectacular marches that dared comparison with the strategy of Hannibal and Napoleon. His

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battle line was three thousand miles, intersected by three pathless Cordilleras, and the snow of every pass in the Andes knew the stain of his army's bleeding feet.

Bolivar's first chance for revolution came in 1808, when Napoleon put Joseph Bonaparte on the throne of Spain. Quick to realize that Spanish power was now an empty shell, the young patriot joined in a call to arms, and by 1811 the Venezuelan insurgents were sufficiently victorious to declare their independence. Even as they exulted, the tide of battle turned, and within the year their forces were scattered, their leaders in flight, and city gutters running with blood as the Spaniards raced from massacre to massacre.

Now it was that Bolivar showed the indomitable will, the deathless courage, that lifted him above the fluid souls of lesser men. Escaping to New Granada (now Colombia), he begged aid of a revolutionary group, and invaded Venezuela from the west, calling upon the people to rise and strike. They came in a flood, armed only with knives and home-made spears, but catching fire from Bolivar's unconquerable spirit, these rude levies beat down the veterans of Spain.

All of Bolivar's campaigns had the emotional quality of crusades. His addresses before each battle were war songs, and his proclamations rang with an epic passion that wrapped every man in the armor of invincibility. There were to be weary days when the only food was raw meat, put beneath saddles that the horse's sweat might salt it, yet when he burst into one of his inspiring chants, dying men came to life and fought like Cids.

Not all the adoration of plain people, however, could guard Bolivar against the treacheries of lieutenants, and from first to last he walked a lane of

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Benedict Arnolds. Even as he planned the future of Venezuela, laying the foundations of freedom, every bright promise was destroyed by envy and intrigue, and 1814 saw a whole population fleeing before the wrath of the victorious Spaniards. Women and children were in that ghastly hegira, and dying mothers threw their babes into mountain gorges rather than have them fall into the power of the human tigers that pursued.

A penniless fugitive in Jamaica, we find Bolivar charming a certain rich man, Brion, into an offer of ships and money; Pétion, the black President of Haiti, was no less enthralled by the magnetism and torrential eloquence of the indomitable Venezuelan, and in the spring of 1817 we find him renewing the revolution, sublimely confident. Yet not one ray of light shot through the darkness before him, for Ferdinand VII, returned to the throne, had sent ten thousand soldiers to South America, and offered a fortune for Bolivar's head.

This time, however, there was a new approach, for the Liberator put the seacoast and its cities behind him, and made a dash for the interior. There José Paez had gathered the wild plainsmen into guerrilla bands, and with the Orinoco as his base of operations, Bolivar cried a new challenge to the might of Spain. Defeats alternated with victories; one day he beat at the very gates of Caracas and the next saw him alone and hunted; twice he missed capture by a hair; unruly lieutenants defied his authority; and, forced to recognize the hopelessness of the Venezuelan campaign, Bolivar's genius marked New Granada as the one battle field where success might be won.

Not in all the annals of warfare is there any equal to this march of unrelieved horror, suffering and

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death. The rainy season had turned the endless stretch of grassy plain into an inland sea, and for weary weeks the half-clothed, half-starved men waded through water up to their waists, swimming rivers where alligators took deadly toll, and never knowing the comfort of a fire.

At last the dreaded Cordilleras rose before them, and now they froze, men falling to death as their numb fingers refused to take firm grip on mountain walls. Like crippled beasts they crawled across the Paramo de Pisba, a lofty desert swept by icy winds, barren of animal or vegetable life, more frightful than any of Dante's conceptions. Hundreds fell, never to rise again, and as the survivors staggered on, they beat each other with scourges that their blood might not congeal.

Bolivar, sharing every privation, flung these ambulant corpses against the Spaniards at Boyacá on August 7, 1819, winning a great and decisive victory. A triumphal entry into Bogotá and then the union of Venezuela, New Granada and Quito (now Ecuador), into one republic under the name of Colombia. Elected president by acclamation, Bolivar devoted 1820 to the stabilization of the new government—creating departments and drawing up a civil code—and then returned to Venezuela for one last Homeric battle in which he crushed Spanish power.

Forgotten now were the agonies of the Paramo de Pisba. From Panama came word of successful revolution, and only the South remained to be freed. Some months before, with his usual vision, Bolivar had sent José Sucre to Ecuador by sea, and he himself now prepared to join that dashing young general with an army of Colombians. Even to-day the boldest traveler shrinks from making the journey from Bogotá to



Like crippled beasts they crawled across the icy plateau

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Quito by land, for first there is a heart-breaking drop of nine thousand feet to the Magdalena valley, then a sheer climb to the crest of the Andes, after which comes a second descent of three thousand feet to the vales of Cauca.

Of three thousand men that set out on the march, only two thousand reached the plain of Bombona in April, 1822, but as at Boyacá, Bolívar's burning appeals—the call of a Highland chieftain to his clan—lifted the starved, wretched survivors to heights of valor.

All day the battle raged on the scarred slopes of the volcano of Pasto, but when a full moon climbed above the snowy peaks, the insurgents were masters of the field. Even so, their plight was desperate. Out-numbered, surrounded, Bolívar turned and twisted in vain attempt to escape, but as he planted his back against the mountain wall for a last stand, word came that Quito had fallen, and the disheartened Spaniards begged a truce.

Well for the Liberator that he had chosen Sucre for the southern mission. This great general, reaching Ecuador, found the revolutionists quarreling like street dogs over bones, and whipping the Spaniards was a far easier task than quieting the clash of mean ambitions. It was not until January, 1822, that he was able to set out for the conquest of Quito—a march worthy of Bolívar himself—for the way led across the summit of the Andes. Gaining the upland valleys, Sucre clawed along the sides of Cotopaxi, crawled through the lava beds of Pichincha in a midnight of storm, and from the heights above Quito struck the blow that ended Spanish rule in Ecuador.

It was this victory that saved Bolívar as he stood at bay in the mountains to the north. As one risen

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from the grave he entered Quito in triumph, walking under flower arches that proclaimed him "The Lightning of War and the Rainbow of Peace." The Republic of Colombia, creation of his courage and vision, was now free of the oppressor, and to brim his cup of joy, the United States braved the wrath of Spain and extended recognition. This was the dramatic hour selected by fate for his meeting with José San Martin, South America's other great man.

Not only had San Martin led the armies of Buenos Aires in successful rebellion, but sweeping across the Andes, had won the freedom of Chili in two fierce battles. Handing control of the republic to Bernardo O'Higgins, the Lion of the Andes now turned attention to Peru, Spain's stronghold.

Lord Cochrane, an Englishman driven from his own land, gathered a navy that swept Spanish vessels from the sea, and San Martin, attacking by land, was master of the seacoast by 1820. The Spaniards, however, held fast to the interior, and his visit to Bolivar was for the discussion of Peru's complete conquest.

Tragically enough, although naturally, these two tremendous personalities clashed at the outset. Bolivar, ever the aristocrat despite his passionate democracy, was imperious in argument, and the very self-confidence that gave him such driving force, also made him incapable of sharing command. San Martin, seeing that cooperation was an impossibility, put patriotism above pride, and agreed to return to Chili, leaving the Peruvian campaign entirely to Bolivar and his Colombians. Dearly indeed was the Liberator to pay for his blindness.

Various uprisings kept him in Ecuador for a year, and when he reached Callao he found the Spaniards victorious everywhere and the Peruvians torn by

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factional dissensions. So-called presidents littered the country, and even as he labored to restore unity, word came that the Holy Alliance had promised aid to Spain, and that armies would soon be on the seas for South America. Bolivar knew it as the death of hope, but as though the gates of heaven opened, Monroe's message shot light into the pit of his despair.

Flaming with all of his old energy, the Liberator rose superior to treachery and desertion; troops were begged from Chili and Buenos Aires; and, although fever dragged him to the grave's edge, he waved death away and led an army across the Andes. A pitiful army, ill-equipped and out-numbered by the trained veterans of Spain, but at Junin, on August 6, 1824, Bolivar cried to the men in the name of Boyacá and Bombona, poured the wine of his own fierce resolve into their weary veins, and night saw the bloody field in possession of the patriots.

The battle of Ayachuco, some months later, marked the end of struggle. Sucre, caught in a trap by vastly superior forces, rose to new heights of genius even as his soldiers raised new standards of valor. Stabbing their horses to banish every thought of flight, they gave themselves superbly to Sucre's dazzling strategy, and at the battle's end, two thousand Spaniards lay dead or dying, and La Serna, last viceroy to Peru, gave up his sword in token of unconditional surrender.

What an opportunity for Bolivar!

“Soldiers!” he cried, “South America is covered with the trophies of your bravery, but Aycucho, like Chimborazo, towers proudly over all. Colombians! Hundreds of victories lengthen your days to the end of the world.” With noble generosity he hailed Sucre as the “liberator of Peru,” “his right arm,” “the soul of the army,” and waved to him the golden laurel

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wreaths and jeweled gifts that an adoring people brought. And when Upper Peru declared itself an independent republic under the name of Bolivia, it was for Sucre that he asked the presidency.

These were his happiest times. Like the iron-framed Washington, Bolivar could ride all day and dance all night, and there were balls and laughter and flower-bearing maidens. Nor was Lima less joyous, for a frenzied congress made him president of Peru for life, and would have named him Emperor of the Andes but for his stern rebuke. "The soil of America," he cried with his usual inability to speak plain prose, "illumined by the flames of liberty, would devour thrones."

To him, at this time, through the medium of La Fayette, came a miniature of George Washington, containing a lock of the dead President's hair, and with tears the Liberator pressed it to his heart and blessed it as "the crown of human rewards." And as he sat there in the palace of Pizarro, looking across the sea to the United States, greater and more shining dreams possessed him.

Colombia, Peru and Bolivia—these countries would he unite in a firm confederation, and might it not be that Chili and the Argentine could be induced to see the value of union? Cuba and Jamaica—they must be freed—and what of Mexico?

Even as he dreamed of liberty in the room where once Pizarro planned autocracy, news came that brought him back to earth. Venezuela and Granada were at each other's throats, and Ecuador rioted in a fury of factionalism. With Colombia, love of his heart, tottering on the verge of disintegration, Bolivar put aside the presidency of Peru, gave the people his blessing, and sailed in September, 1826, never to return.

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However arrogantly traitors rebelled and blustered in his absence, not one ever dared meet Bolivar in a duel of eyes. Once again in Bogotá, the Liberator whipped trouble-makers into silence as though they had been schoolboys, and proceeding to Venezuela with scarce a body-guard, lashed Paez and his wild plainsmen into servile obedience. Then followed grinding months devoted to the restoration of order, the establishment of civil government, the wearisome details of finance and administration, yet not all his iron will and fierce energy could hold together a union that had in itself no elements of cohesion.

First Sucre arrived, a fugitive from the gratitude of Bolivia. Then, in 1828, came word that Peru, equally grateful, was cursing Bolivar as a despot, and sending troops to wage war against Colombia for the possession of the Ecuadorian seaboard. Wearily, but indomitably, the Liberator reached for the sword he had never thought to use again, and as once more he plunged down from Bogotá on the terrible march to Quito, in his heart must have been the despair of Sisyphus—rolling rocks up hill only to have them fall back on him.

The bare fact of the Liberator's presence chilled the rebels of Popayan, and by the time he reached Quito in March, 1829, gallant Sucre had whipped the Peruvians in two decisive battles, forcing them to sign a treaty of peace that defined boundaries. Even this good news had no power to lift Bolivar's black depression. Eighteen of his forty-six years had been scarred by every conceivable hardship, and now heart-break added to the drain of physical exhaustion.

From all quarters came word of revolt, led by men he had loved and honored, and every wind bore the curses of a strange and insensate hatred. Without

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strength, he fell victim to a wasting fever, and when he finally returned to Bogotá in January, 1830, for the opening of congress, he was a dead man but for his great, burning eyes. And as he sat, ringed about with faces that hid treachery under fawning, news arrived that Ecuador had seceded, and messengers brought word that Paez had declared the independence of Venezuela, threatening Bolívar with death if he dared return.

Once he would have gone to Caracas alone, and brought the ignorant plainsman to his knees, but now a sense of vast futility weighed him down. What was the use? Had there ever been use? San Martín and O'Higgins, stoned from the Chili that they had freed, were now in exile. Sucre, that chevalier *sans reproche*, had been driven from Bolivia in an outburst of obscene hatred.

Colombia begged him to accept a fifth term as president, for no plotter yet possessed sufficient strength to seize the office, but all that Bolívar wanted now was to be away from lies, treachery and ingratitude. Rejecting honors grown empty and distasteful, he left the capital, and alone, friendless, went down to Cartagena to the rest of a rented hut.

Of the great fortune that had been his, nothing remained; all had been offered up on the altar of liberty. Walking heights far above corruption, no unclean cent had soiled his fingers during the years he had administered the finances of five countries; above material considerations as above dishonor, he had refused to accept a salary, either as president or commander-in-chief, and he had steadfastly rejected the millions voted him by Colombia and Peru.

The sale of some family silver gave him a few hundreds, and in loneliness and poverty he watched

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scurvy politicians tear at the foundations of government. Venezuela, Ecuador and Peru buried his name under vile epithets, and as if fate meant to spare him nothing, Sucre, loved as a brother, was done to death by assassins. With a cry that tore his throat, Bolivar bowed his graying head, and begged for the end. On December 17, 1830—old and broken at forty-seven—his prayer was granted.

“I have ploughed the sea.” These were his last words.

XIII

THE PLAYBOY OF THE PLAINS

EVERY now and then, as if weary with the sameness of her pattern, Nature creates a human being compounded entirely of color, fire and fierce revolts, sending him into the world to blaze like a comet through the dullness of uniformity.

Such a man was Sam Houston: tremendous, Homeric—sinking from a governorship to the squalors of an Indian wigwam, rising again to the presidency of a republic—a Colossus in buckskin breeches and red blanket, a mountain peak in the plain; absurd in his naive theatricalisms, majestic with his high heart and eye of flame.

At thirteen we find him fleeing civilization for the wild life of the Cherokees—his one possession a dog-eared copy of the *Iliad*—roaring the full-mouthed challenges of Hector and Achilles as he tracked the deer or swaggered about his camp-fire. At twenty-one he is a private in the Creek campaign, following and adoring Andrew Jackson, a soul as bold and untamable as himself. At Tohopeka, where Chief Weatherford made his last stand, a barbed arrow bit deep into Houston's thigh. Forcing a comrade to pull it out, careless of the gush of blood, he led a second charge, only to receive two leaden slugs that shattered arm and shoulder.

Left on the field for dead, his giant frame threw off its hurts; well again, he proved a power in pacify-

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ing the savages; and there is record that he deeply angered punctilious Calhoun by appearing at the War Department in full Indian dress. Picturesque, dramatic, as colorful in oratory as any organ-voiced prophet of the tribes, the people took him to their hearts, and after two terms in Congress the governorship of Tennessee came to him in 1827 almost by acclamation.

Just thirty-four, the idol of his state and beloved by Andrew Jackson, even the presidency was not beyond Sam Houston's hopes, yet April of 1829 saw him resign his office, quit his bride of three months and walk the way of exile. No word ever escaped those tight-locked lips, but in time it became known that his wife had been forced into the marriage by her parents, and loved another. To one of Houston's intense, dramatic temperament the situation called for a gesture of magnitude, and he made it with a superb completeness that shames our shabby modern compromises.

Dropping his honors from him, he journeyed to Arkansas Territory, where the Cherokees had gone, and begged sanctuary from old Ooleteka, friend of his boyhood. Welcomed tenderly, he drew a blanket about his mighty shoulders, and with an eagle feather in his hair, joined the circle at the council fire, and was Co-lon-neh the Rover. If an actor, at least he never stepped out of his part, for regret wrung no whines from him. Only, as the days passed, he fell into drunkenness, and came at last to live with Talahina, a handsome half-breed.

A year slipped by, and then the plight of the wretched Indians stirred him from his melancholy. Robbed and oppressed by contractors and agents, the Cherokees were starving, and Houston went to Wash-

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ington on an errand of protest. Many rascals were kicked from office, but the system remained, and two years later he made the journey again in behalf of his adopted people. This time it was that Stanberry of Ohio impugned his honor in a congressional debate, for which Houston snatched away the coward's pistol and caned him within an inch of his life.

Congress screamed in defense of its right to black-guard citizens with impunity, but President Jackson was highly delighted. "A few more examples of this kind," he chuckled, "and members of Congress will learn to keep a civil tongue in their heads." Vainly he begged Houston to quit his savage life, but the "proscribed man" refused favors, knowing the attacks that would follow. Only one commission he accepted: to compose some ugly differences with the Comanches in Texas. Riding over the rolling plains, Houston entered a land as vast and heroic as his own vague aspirations.

It was in 1820 that Spain, hopeful of building an Anglo-Saxon barrier against Indian raids, gave great land grants to Moses Austin. Stephen, the son, came with three hundred families, gaunt, indomitable men and women driving ox-carts piled high with children, ploughs and household goods; more grants were given, the deadly rifles of the settlers beat back the savages, and slowly the desert blossomed into fields and orchards.

Mexico, winning independence, lapsed into despotism by 1830. Tyrannical laws crushed the Texans and ground them into the dust, but as they despaired Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna sprang forward in rebellion, demanding justice, democracy and a return to the Constitution. The Texans answered the call in gladness, won their battles gloriously, and when 1833

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saw Santa Anna in supreme power, the hopes of the colonists mounted to the heavens.

It was in this high mood that Houston found them. Many had known him in Tennessee, all were familiar with his romantic history, and the Texans begged him to become one of them and share in the brilliant promise of their future. Santa Anna had promised to lift the burden of unjust laws and make Texas a separate state in the Mexican Union, and not a cloud darkened their sky. Yet when Austin went to the City of Mexico to claim the redemption of these pledges, he was thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with the irons of a felon.

Santa Anna—liar, traitor, murderer, thief and drug fiend—had lost no time in establishing a dictatorship more cruel than that he overthrew. Blackmailing, pillaging, butchering, he scourged his wretched people until they rose in sheer desperation, whereupon the homicidal charlatan announced that the “perfidious Texans” were in revolt, aided by the “Colossus of the North,” and called upon all true patriots to put domestic differences to one side, and join him in defense of the beloved Fatherland.

As Texas was entirely peaceful, the colonists afraid to stir for fear of costing Austin his life, General Cos was sent to the Rio Grande to force an uprising.

Reaching Coahuila, Cos arrested the civil authorities, set up a military despotism, and made it known that Santa Anna and the main army were following to expel all settlers of Anglo-Saxon blood. As the unhappy Texans milled like restless cattle, a decision was made for them even as Lexington decided for the American colonists.

A detachment of Mexican troops tried to seize a

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small cannon belonging to the town of Gonzales, and the citizens whipped them back. Five hundred men rushed to the scene at once, and after winning two small battles, the impromptu army marched against San Antonio, stormed its walls, and after four days and nights of furious fighting, forced the surrender of Cos and thirteen hundred soldiers.

On November 1, 1835, in the midst of these excitements, a general consultation met at San Felipe de Austin, and after naming Henry Smith to head a provisional government, made Sam Houston commander-in-chief. John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, these and others have poisoned the wells of history by their infamous charges that Houston resigned as governor of Tennessee to enter Texas as Andrew Jackson's agent in promoting rebellion as part of a southern plot "to steal from a weaker neighbor a fine slice of land suitable for slave labor."

Lies without foundation! Even if Houston's unhappy years with the Cherokees did not afford sufficient answer, his course in the consultation offers additional refutation. Many hotheads favored an immediate declaration of independence, but Houston pointed out their weakness, showed the necessity of gaining the aid of Mexican liberals, and forced the adoption of a preamble that the colonists were taking arms "against the encroachment of military despots, and in defense of the republican principles of the Constitution of 1824."

Revolutions are not orderly processes at best, nor had the highly individualized lives of the Texans fitted them for cooperation.

Setting out for San Antonio in January, 1836, Houston ran into as lurid a drama of insubordination as reckless courage ever staged.

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From the United States had come several hundred volunteers—the New Orleans Grays, the Red Rovers of Alabama, the Kentucky Mustangs—and arriving at a time when no Mexican soldier remained on Texas soil, these high spirited youths, eager for adventure, were naturally open to any bold suggestion.

Doctor James Grant, a Scotchman owning huge estates in Parras, came forward at this moment with a plan for the invasion of Mexico, and every imagination caught fire. They would follow the footsteps of Cortes, and find the treasure tombs of the Montezumas. Captain Fannin and Colonel Johnson fancied themselves in the rôles of *conquistadores*, and without more ado, five hundred men marched away from San Antonio, even stripping it of medicines for the sick and wounded.

Houston was powerless to stem the madness, and to complicate matters still more, word came that the council had deposed Governor Smith, also that the Indian tribes threatened war. Houston, perforce, hastened north to use his great influence with the savages, and at the same time, make an attempt to bring order out of anarchy. Before leaving, however, he sent a reinforcement to the Alamo, but suggested immediate evacuation, for by now it was known that Santa Anna marched fast to “wipe out the shame” of Cos’s surrender.

His words were wasted, for the Texans, superbly contemptuous of Mexican valor, disdained retreat. Every man had been trained in the savage school of Indian warfare, and for leaders there were William Barrett Travis, that lithe, intrepid young giant of the red hair and blue eyes; Davy Crockett, whose boast it was that he had never been known to miss with Old Betsy; Bonham, the fiery South Carolinian; and tall, silent Colonel Bowie, as deadly as his terrible knife.

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Crossing the river to the Alamo, an abandoned mission, deeming it better suited to defense, the garrison jeered at Santa Anna's summons to surrender. Only one hundred and eighty-two men crouched behind the walls, and against them was an army of six thousand, yet a shout of defiance went up as the Mexican bands blared the *deguello*, a barbaric air signifying "no quarter." Escape was open to them up to the last, but they laughed their scorn of death, and for eleven days and nights repelled every assault. In the early dawn of March sixth the walls were carried by a final desperate charge, and the few remaining defenders died with corpses piled high about them.

Well indeed was Texas entitled to cry to the world, "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none." The bodies were piled on brushwood and burned, and Santa Anna modestly received congratulations upon having "bound his temples with laurels of unwithering fame."

Nor was this the full measure of Texan disaster. Doctor Grant's party, muddling around San Patricio with their mad project of invading Mexico, were captured, and a hundred men shot down, the luckless leader meeting death tied to the heels of a wild horse.

On March first, while the tragedy of the Alamo played to its grim conclusion, regularly-elected representatives gathered in the town of Washington, and after solemn recitation of wrongs, proclaimed Texas "a free, sovereign and independent republic."

There were less than fifty thousand people in Texas at the time, and it was a nation that they challenged, but they faced odds with the same iron courage that had made them masters of the wilderness.

Houston, restored to command, hurried to the

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relief of the Alamo, only to receive the news of its fall, and the ghastly details of the Grant massacre. Seeing that his one chance was to lure Santa Anna into the morasses of the interior, away from his supplies, Houston fell back to the Colorado River, and rushed couriers to Goliad, ordering Fannin to blow up the fort and join him at once.

Instead of that, the reckless captain scattered his men on wild-goose chases, handing them over to capture by the Mexicans, and not until six days had passed did he set out himself. Surrounded in the open prairie, he fought a day and a night, only surrendering when assured the treatment of prisoners of war.

General Urrea may have meant to keep his word, but there was a tiger quality in Santa Anna that demanded blood. By his orders the prisoners were gathered together at Goliad—all those gallant young adventurers who had entered Texas with such high hearts; and on the day they expected to be exchanged, Mexican troops opened fire, and three hundred and ninety were shot down like sheep. The wounded Fannin, saved to the last, begged not to be shot through the head, but bullets tore his face to pieces.

Terror swept Texas like a prairie fire. The American volunteers, from whom so much had been hoped, were wiped out; the best and bravest of the colonists lay dead and charred in the ruins of the Alamo, and with desperate intent to save his own, every Texan left the army to fight with his back against his menaced home.

Houston did not dare give battle except on his own terms, and accompanied by a few ragged hundreds, he fell back to the Brazos, begging and beseeching the council for food and supplies.

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All the money that he possessed for the campaign was two hundred dollars of his own private funds; there was little to eat, and no tents to protect against the rain; night after night the wretched company perched on saddles to keep dry, dozing miserably with their backs against trees.

Houston's one hope was that Santa Anna might be so insane as to pursue, and his faith was not misplaced, for when it came to displaying incompetence, the Dictator could always be depended upon. Scattering his army far and wide, the master mountebank plunged into the interior, vowing a war of extermination.

San Felipe de Austin and Harrisburg went up in flames, and as Houston still retreated, the rage of the people scourged him, and his own men threatened mutiny. Was he coward or fool that he refused to make a stand? Yet as he reported in a heart-broken letter, "What has been my situation? At Gonzales I had three hundred and seventy-four efficient men without supplies, not even powder, balls or arms. At the Colorado, seven hundred men without discipline. Two days since my effective force was five hundred and twenty-three men."

Closing his ears to taunts, beating his men down with a lion-like glare, he fell back to the San Jacinto, drawing Santa Anna on and on. This was the revolution, according to history, that was fought and financed by the men and money of the United States for the extension of slavery—this starving, desperate rabble racing before an army!

At last, when his rebellious men were about to depose him, Houston received word that Santa Anna, at the head of one thousand six hundred men, had crossed Vince's Bridge, entering a natural *cul de sac*

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formed by Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River. Behind him at Fort Bond the fool had left General Filisola and four thousand men.

It was the moment for which Houston had waited, and, with caution no longer a necessity, all that was hot and intense in that wild nature flamed to the surface. What though he had at his command only seven hundred and eighty-three men, worn to the bone by hardship? What though his artillery consisted of two small cannon—the gift of Cincinnati—with only broken horseshoes for ammunition? All that he saw was the throat of his foe.

Driving his scarecrows to the work of building rafts, he crossed the Bayou, sent "Deaf" Smith to cut Vince's Bridge, so that it might be a fight to the death, and ordered his solitary fife to sound the charge.

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?" was the only tune the fifer knew, but as the men leaped forward, Houston cried in his great, roaring voice, "Remember the Alamo!" and that cry had the inspiration of a thousand bugles.

There on that sunny afternoon of April 22, 1836, there was slaughter grim and terrible. Charging with a ferocity that swept the Mexicans into panic, the Texans threw away their rifles at the first fire, and came to close quarters with their long knives. By the time a white flag waved, six hundred and thirty of Santa Anna's men lay dead on the ground, two hundred and eight were wounded and seven hundred and thirty were grouped in abject surrender.

The following day the Dictator himself was captured as he wormed through the grass in peon dress. The shivering wretch could not control his hysteria until he had been given opium from his captured sup-

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plies, but something of his old assurance returned with the drug.

“You, sir,” he said with a grandiloquent flourish, “are born to no common destiny, for you have captured the Napoleon of the Western world.”

Houston, lying at the foot of a tree, his ankle shattered by a bullet, pierced the little murderer with a glare that froze his marrow. What of the Alamo and Goliad? What of their brothers that he had butchered in cold blood? Nevertheless, the Mexican murderer had surrendered as a prisoner of war, and Houston threw his own honor about the assassin as a shield.

Santa Anna, in solemn treaty, acknowledged the independence of Texas, recognized the Rio Grande as the boundary, and pledged himself to force the ratification of these agreements if permitted to return to Mexico.

On September first, Sam Houston, once Co-lon-neh the Rover, once the Big Drunk, was elected president of the Republic of Texas, and a year later there was a request for annexation to the United States. It was refused, and Houston, angry and chagrined, set himself to work to put foundations under the Texas air-castle. Organizing a financial system, building an army, creating a navy, sending his ministers to foreign courts, he walked the muddy lanes in his red blanket and dreamed great dreams.

Great Britain and France, hating the United States and eager for the cotton fields of Texas, offered offensive and defensive alliances; Coahuila, Tamaulipas and other North Mexico states sent agents proposing a Rio Grande confederacy; Houston knew that Mexican rule was a mere shadow in New Mexico and California, and the shining vision took shape of an

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empire stretching to the far Pacific. When he returned to the presidency in 1841, however, called back to bring order out of chaos, his clear mind was forced to recognize impossibilities.

Seven hundred miles of Texas frontier were exposed to Indian raids; six hundred miles of border to Mexican forays; and the cost of this burden of continual warfare was a burden too crushing to be borne.

When the United States agreed to annexation in 1845, the people of the Lone Star accepted with a feeling of relief, if not thankfulness.

Houston was sent to Washington as the first senator from the new state, wearing a blanket as in the days when President Jackson exclaimed, "Thank God, there is one man, at least, that the Almighty had the making of, not the tailor." Now and then he rose in his place and spoke words that bit to the very heart of the subject; but for the most part he whittled, bored and sickened by the incessant clack of soft-handed, mealy-mouthing politicians who only knew of life by hearsay.

Loved and venerated by every man, woman and child in Texas, no future seemed more assured, yet ruin and heartbreak were to be the portion of his latter years. Hating slavery—this man that history charges with being "head devil of the slave interests"—and loving the Union with an almost mystical passion, Houston fought with all his might to beat back the rising tide of secession. Leaving the Senate in 1859, after twelve years of service, he threw himself into the battle for his state, and ran for governor on an anti-secession platform. The whole force of public sentiment was arraigned against him, yet such was the magnetism of the man, that he was elected.

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Only for a while was San Jacinto remembered. In 1861, when Jefferson Davis called the South to a new allegiance, Texas answered with a wild shout. Houston refused to follow and they deposed him. Of a sudden he fell old. The wound received at Tohopeka reopened, and the ankle shattered at San Jacinto forced him to hobble with a crutch. Broken in spirit as well as health, lonely and very poor, he sat watching the fratricidal struggle with sick eyes, and there can be no doubt that he was glad when death closed them in 1863.

XIV

“OLD ROUGH AND READY”

SHORT-LEGGED, barrel-chested, bull-headed old Zachary Taylor, viewed casually, cut anything but a romantic figure, yet never was mortal man more the object of Fortune's infatuation. Famous statesmen and great soldiers were kicked aside that he might rise; whether in war or politics, his deficiencies and inefficiencies were transformed into shining virtues, and mistakes that would have ruined another became his stepping stones to glory.

The Mexican War, that lifted “Old Rough and Ready” from the shadows, was in itself a whirligig of crazy circumstances, an Alice-in-Blunderland adventure from start to finish. For nine years Texas had been a sovereign republic, her navy on the high seas, her ministers at foreign courts, admittedly the arbiter of her own destinies, yet when she asked and received admission to the Union in 1845, Mexico emitted furious screams and declared annexation an act of war.

James K. Polk, just entering office, viewed this bellicose front with amazement and downright alarm. It was not only that the United States lacked an army and a navy; war with England over Oregon seemed imminent, and France was suspected of moving slyly toward the acquisition of California.

Throwing pride to one side, therefore, the harassed President, working through confidential channels, gained Mexico's consent to receive a minister charged

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with the restoration of peace and good will, and John Slidell was hurried off on this errand of amity.

Slidell's instructions were explicit—the right of the United States to annex Texas could not be deemed a subject of discussion, and the Rio Grande must be accepted as a boundary—but he was empowered to pay Mexico five million dollars as a salve for her wounded feelings, and to offer twenty-five million dollars for California, if the province was up for sale. Owing to the outcry of Mexican politicians, however, President Herrera was forced to repudiate Slidell, yield to the war party and send General Paredes to the Rio Grande with six thousand men.

The worthy Paredes, instead of marching, used the troops to depose Herrera, charging that he sought "to avoid a necessary and glorious war," whereupon Polk ordered Slidell to beg negotiations with the new government.

By now the whole of Mexico was mad for war. England and France would undoubtedly furnish money and materials; the assistance of Latin America could surely be counted upon to defeat "the ever monstrous greed of the Colossus of the North;" European military experts ridiculed the Americans as undisciplined and untrained, "fit only for Indian fighting," and Mexico was impregnable by land and sea; a Mexican army of invasion could rely upon the support of two million slaves, and it would only be a matter of weeks before the Mexican flag floated above "the ancient palace of George Washington."

Drunk with vanity, Paredes sent Slidell out of the country on March 21, 1846, and hurried General Arista to the Rio Grande with these instructions: "It is indispensable that hostilities begin, yourself taking the initiative."

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Polk's defensive step was to send General Zachary Taylor into Texas with orders to “repel invasion, but at the same time to avoid any acts of aggression.” This grizzled old warrior, sixty-one years of age, happened to be in command of the Department of the Southwest, and with a sigh he left his shady porch, lumbering to Corpus Christi at the head of some one thousand five hundred men.

In March, 1846, with Slidell's rejection a certainty, and Mexican troops massing at the border, Taylor marched to the Rio Grande, pitching Fort Brown opposite Matamoros, and establishing a supply depot at Point Isabel, thirty miles away on the Gulf.

Here he emphasized his “essentially pacific purposes,” and tried hard to work out a truce until the two governments settled matters, but General Mejia spat insults; General Ampudia, who succeeded Mejia, was famous for having fried a captive's head, and had his reputation to live up to; and General Arista, arriving on April twenty-fourth to supersede Ampudia, was under explicit orders to start the war at once. Crossing the Rio Grande with one thousand six hundred cavalry, the obliging Arista captured Captain Thornton and a scouting party of sixty dragoons, killing several in the process, whereat General Taylor reluctantly reported, “Hostilities may now be considered as commenced.”

Zachary had the true frontiersman's contempt for “book soldiers.” About him were West Point graduates destined to become the great military scientists of their day—U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, George B. Meade, Joe Hooker, Braxton Bragg, Albert Sidney Johnston, and “Chickamauga” Thomas—but Taylor would have none of their advice. Brave as a lion himself, with him war was a matter of coming to

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grips and letting the best man win. At every point he blundered, and all that saved him was Arista's superior incompetence.

On May eighth, with two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight men, encumbered by his wagons, Taylor ran squarely into the Mexican army of six thousand at Palo Alto. His first idea was to "fight 'em with bay'nits," and only the pleas of his officers induced him to see the wisdom of using artillery. Arista, with his vastly superior force, might have won the day by a series of charges, but he foolishly chose to engage in an artillery duel, although the first exchange proved that his worn-out guns could not even carry to the American line. All afternoon he held his men as a stationary target for the deadly fire of Ringgold and Duncan, and as Ampudia circulated the report that Arista had betrayed them, the Mexicans broke and fled.

There was no pursuit. Taylor was busy with his wagons and his men were exhausted. By noon of May ninth Arista had taken a strong position in the heart of the chaparral at Resaca de la Palma, three miles nearer Matamoros.

Again the Mexicans fought like tigers, and again cowardly leadership lost the day for them. As at Palo Alto, Old Rough and Ready was in the heart of the conflict, cool as a cucumber in his flapping linen pantaloons and big straw hat; and when he roared, "Take them guns, an' by God, *keep 'em!*!" his men had the conviction that he would thrash them personally if they failed.

On the Mexican side, officers deserted at the critical moment as usual, the whole right wing crumbled, and Arista and Ampudia led a panic flight to the Rio Grande, where many drowned in crossing the river.

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Polk, receiving news of the capture of Thornton and his men, sent a message to Congress on May eleventh that cried, “Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory, and shed American blood upon the American soil. . . . War exists, and notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself.”

Congress voted fifty thousand men and ten million dollars, but along with these preparations Polk declared this promise to Mexico and to the world; “Whilst we intend to prosecute the war with vigor, both by land and by sea, we shall bear the olive branch in one hand, and the sword in the other; and whenever she will accept the former, we shall sheathe the latter.”

Meanwhile unhappy Mexico plunged still more wildly to her ruin. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma chilled the enthusiasm of England, France and Spain, and there was an end to hope of foreign assistance. Domestic dissension added to despair, for the drunken Paredes was thrown out of office by his own soldiers, and Santa Anna, exiled in 1845 for his incredible rapacities and corruptions, returned from Havana as “The Defender of the People.”

Gambling everything upon one great victory that would enable him to accept Polk’s peace proposals as “Yankee capitulation,” the Master Charlatan gathered a new army at San Luis Potosi, and set out in September to give battle to Taylor.

All this while Old Rough and Ready had sat idle in Matamoros, and it was not until August that he heaved his bulky figure from his favorite cracker box, and decided to proceed against Monterey. With a dislike of intelligent suggestion that amounted to mania, he refused to take siege guns, scorned the use

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of scouts, and, although fifteen thousand soldiers were now at hand, "guessed" that six thousand was "plenty."

He would have proved easy prey to the Mexican cavalry, but these rascals, instead of preparing ambushes, were busy pillaging their own people.

Monterey, with its strong walls and hill fortresses, was an almost impregnable position, but Taylor treated the whole affair as an "Injun fight," and was all for an instant and direct attack. Finally yielding to the entreaties of his officers, he ordered a flanking movement, and on Sunday afternoon, September twentieth, General Worth and two thousand men commenced a nightmare climb along the mountain sides.

Although the movement was in plain view, General Ampudia waited until Monday morning to launch an attack, but sending only half of the necessary number of men, the charge was beaten back with terrible loss.

Wading the swift Santa Catarina, fiery Worth attacked Federation Ridge from the rear, carrying the summit by four in the afternoon and capturing El Soldado. That night, under cover of a violent storm, he led his shivering soldiers against Independence Hill, deemed absolutely unassailable.

Clawing, pulling, hauling, straight up the sheer mountain wall the Americans made their bloody, laborious way and at dawn they fell upon the summit as though dropped from the clouds. By afternoon the Bishop's Palace was also in their hands.

Not one vestige of credit is to be taken away from these heroes, yet the fact remains that their success was due to pitifully inadequate garrisoning.

Returning to Taylor, the stubborn, wilful old man took the bit in his teeth after a day of inaction, and

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ordered an assault, telling Colonel Garland to “lead the head of your column off to the left, keepin’ well out of the enemy’s shot, an’ if you think you can take any of them little forts down there with the bay’nit, you better do it.”

When Garland fell back at last, most of his men were left behind; Bragg’s artillery proved helpless in the maze of lanes; supporting troops were mowed down; and even the bull voice of Old Rough and Ready, cheering his men on, could not avail against stone walls and murderous rifle fire. The whole attack fell into wildest confusion, and at five o’clock, retreat ended the day.

Doing nothing on Tuesday, by way of recuperating his energies, Taylor charged again on Wednesday, hurling his infantry against protected positions that proper artillery could have demolished without the loss of a man.

By three o’clock the Americans were within one square of the central plaza, Lieutenant U. S. Grant and Colonel Jefferson Davis playing heroes’ parts in the stubborn advance, when suddenly Taylor ordered a withdrawal.

Worth, waiting feverishly and vainly for some word, could not control himself at the noise of Wednesday’s battle and dashing down from the Bishop’s Palace, entered Monterey at the west just as Old Rough and Ready went out on the east.

Ampudia hurled his full strength against the new attack, but the wild Texans fought like unchained devils. Working their way from house to house, smashing walls with six-inch shells, the Americans were close to the plaza by nightfall.

Even so, Thursday’s dawn showed black and ominous. Ampudia still had seven thousand effec-

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tives, and the Americans were scattered in small groups. The Mexican general, however, now came forward with a white flag, requesting parley. A quick mind would have divined the panic behind the offer, but Old Rough and Ready not only permitted Ampudia to withdraw, exacting no paroles, but agreed to an eight weeks' armistice.

This was not the end of Taylor's antics, for in November he announced his theory of a purely defensive war. He would run a line from Parras to Tampico—eight hundred miles—hold Tamaulipas, Coahuila, and Nuevo Leon to pay indemnities, and put the burden of offense upon the Mexicans. Naturally enough, Polk and his advisers went sick with rage.

By now Old Rough and Ready was openly in the race for the Whig nomination, and with natural kindliness thoroughly curdled, fought the administration by every means in his power. When men were sent him, he sneered that there was nothing for them to do; if they were not sent, he cried that "Polk, Marcy and Company" were betraying him; every member of the Cabinet was a "meddler," a "rascal"; and daily he moaned about the conspiracy of "evil men."

For months General Winfield Scott had been urging the capture of Vera Cruz as the first movement in a march on the City of Mexico, and Polk, at his wits end, now gave consent. As the approach of the yellow fever season forced speed, it was decided to take eight thousand of Taylor's veterans, a necessity that Scott explained fully in a friendly letter.

Old Rough and Ready had insisted upon being allowed to wage a defensive campaign, and the nine thousand men left him were ample for his garrisons, but when this news came, he shook the heavens with

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his screams. Announcing his presidential candidacy, he called Scott a “humbug,” berated Polk, and, in flat violation of his orders not to risk an advance, marched off into the interior, angrily hunting the enemy. If he won, it would prove him a Napoleon, able to conquer in spite of betrayal; if he lost, blame would fall on the “evil men” who had stripped him of his troops. Taking only five thousand of his nine thousand men, he reached the valley of Agua Nueva by February 4, 1847, and sat down until such time as an idea came to him.

When Santa Anna learned that Taylor had left the fortifications of Saltillo and Monterey with only five thousand men, he burned candles on every altar in San Luis Potosi. At last the gods of chance smiled on him, and at the head of twenty-five thousand men, the Great Gambler set forth to win the victory that his tottering fortunes demanded. As he had failed to provide tents and supplies, death and desertion reduced the army to seventeen thousand by the time Agua Nueva was reached, and the survivors were weak from cold and hunger. Even so, he would have won had he charged at once, for Taylor was caught by surprise, but he wasted a day in flourishes and bombast.

At dawn on February twenty-second the two armies grappled in a struggle to the death. For the most part it was a battle of blunders—Santa Anna doing nothing that he should have done, and Taylor doing everything that he should not have done. But the courage of Old Rough and Ready turned the balance in favor of the Americans. Lolling on his horse as in a rocking chair, careless of the bullets that pierced his very clothes, his laconic “Give ‘em hell!” fired every soldier with a conviction of invincibility.

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Both sides were defeated when night fell, but while Old Rough and Ready still roared an undaunted challenge, Santa Anna's spirit was broken. Carrying some captured banners in order to claim a victory, the hysterical drug fiend slipped away under cover of darkness.

In the great gamble of the two generals, Santa Anna had lost a war and Taylor had won a presidency.

In the first days of the war, when enthusiasm ran high, the Whigs were as militant as any, but as war feeling died down in the idle months that followed Monterey, the whole party leaped forward in vicious attack. Controlled by the New England manufacturers, they hated Polk for his low tariff policy, and resolved upon his ruin.

At once the war against Mexico became a thing of evil and injustice.

Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, the two foremost candidates for the Whig nomination, vied with one another in swallowing both their honor and their records. As Secretary of State, Webster had conducted the correspondence in 1842 that affirmed the right of Texas to decide her own destiny, but now that Mexico was fighting because of annexation, he assailed Polk for having forced Mexico into war, and gravely declared him guilty of "an impeachable defense."

Clay, ignoring Polk's frantic efforts for peace, insisted that the President's aggressions had plunged the country into an unholy conflict.

Polk had not been the choice of his party, and had further offended in the matter of patronage, so that the Democrats gave him small support, and all the politicians were drawn together in a common bond of hatred when the President courageously vetoed an outrageous Rivers and Harbors Bill.

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Congress, meeting in December, presented the edifying spectacle of the House branding the war as “unnecessary and unconstitutional,” and then defeating a motion to withdraw troops by a vote of one hundred and thirty-seven to forty-one.

Taylor’s great victory at Buena Vista, followed by Scott’s capture of Vera Cruz and his epic march to the City of Mexico, put an end to these incredible meannesses.

Webster and Clay, caught in the web of their base obstructions, were thrown aside by the party leaders, and at the Whig convention in June, who should be nominated but Old Rough and Ready! What did it matter that he was a southerner, a slave-holder, and one who had stood steadfastly for the permanent retention of three Mexican states—Chihuahua, Coahuilla and Tamaulipas? The “unholy war” was now a “work of justice,” and the Whigs asked votes for Zachary Taylor as one who had given a new glory to the American flag.

Poor Polk, without a soul to speak in his defense, sank into oblivion, and as Clay, Webster and John Quincy Adams never took the trouble to retract their war lies, their orations have been handed down to us as history.

XV

THE GREAT GENTLEMAN

ALL glory to Hernando Cortes, the Great Captain, yet his conquest of Mexico was not more daring, more shot through with courage and sheer genius, than Winfield Scott's climb from Vera Cruz to the valley that glittered like a jewel amid the volcanic peaks eight thousand feet above.

Capturing the supposedly impregnable port, guarded by the frowning guns of San Juan Ulúa, Scott led an ill-equipped army of twelve thousand effectives against a population of seven millions—not the naked savages of Montezuma, ignorant of firearms and weakened by their superstitious awe of the Fair God, but a warrior people that had filled the world with loud boasts of military superiority.

Up through grim mountain gorges the bold leader marched, every pass a natural fortress; worming his painful way across chasms and through spiked chaparral for brilliant flank attacks; crushing superior numbers at Cerro Gordo by fierce frontal assaults; driving the enemy from stronghold after stronghold; and entering Puebla, the City of the Angels, in a high pride that took no account of rags and bare feet. A halt, an offer of the olive branch, and then that last fearless dash into the valley where towering Chapultepec looked down on an army of thirty thousand, crouched behind strong fortifications.

“Scott is lost!” cried the Duke of Wellington,
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turning away from his map. "He can not capture the City and he can not fall back on his base."

On plunged the Americans, adoring their leader, trusting him blindly; wading marshes that menacing fortresses might be turned; crawling across great lava beds in nights of storm; fighting hand to hand in the fierce struggles for breastworks; charging like tigers up the steep slope of Chapultepec, shot pouring down from above, mines beneath their feet; racing along narrow, gun-swept causeways to beat down the gates of the city; and treading the ancient Aztec capital as conquerors just seven months after the landing at Vera Cruz.

A tremendous achievement, rich in honor and glory, yet shamed in history by a series of those sinister fatalities that seemed to pursue Winfield Scott throughout his life.

Much has been made of the Admirable Crichton because he could speak many languages, compose brilliant verse, argue down learned men and handle a sword with the best. These things were only a few of Scott's accomplishments.

There was nothing that he could not do, from treading a measure to winning a war; from basting a fowl to writing a book. Six feet five inches tall, and strikingly handsome after the Olympian manner, more courtly than Lord Chesterfield, a Hannibal in strategy, as profound a diplomat as Talleyrand, as much the *chevalier sans peur sans reproche* as Bayard, Winfield Scott seemed born to dominate his day, taking unto himself any honor that met his fancy.

It was, however, as though the fates repented their favors in the very hour of bestowal and doomed him to defeat in every dear wish of his heart. In the course of a heroic life that stretched from 1812 to

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1866, enmity and intrigue mocked his ambitions; three times he was turned back from the presidency by men vastly his inferior in every respect; and the one consolation permitted him was to live and die a *gentleman*.

The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane were two of the three land engagements that saved America from utter humiliation in the War of 1812. Young Scott was the hero of both. And he wore the stars of a major-general at twenty-eight. Once he was captured, and as the Indians pressed close to see by what miracle he had escaped their bullets, we get the flavor of the man in this stately exclamation: "Off, villains! You shot like squaws."

The Black Hawk War left many festering bitternesses, but Scott's imperial presence awed Sacs, Foxes and Winnebagoes into submission, even as his justice won their friendship. When he awarded a medal to some chief, it was with an air that gave each savage a sense of ineffable favor and amazing honor.

The Seminole war of 1836 seemed an opportunity for new glory, but it was Scott's misfortune to have quarreled with Andrew Jackson nineteen years before. Old Hickory was never one to forget, and before Scott could launch his campaign the President removed him for no better reason than the peevish whine of a subordinate. A court of inquiry cleared Scott completely, but the great chance was lost, and his only joy was in watching General Jessup crown inefficiency by shameless treachery. Fierce, untamable Osceola, coming to the American camp under a flag of truce, was arrested and thrown in jail to die like a dog.

As tremendous as Jackson himself, Scott refused to stay down; great and splendid services continued to keep him before the people, as when he persuaded fifteen thousand Cherokees to give up their threatened

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recourse to arms and moved them peaceably to new homes west of the Mississippi. By every rule of fitness he should have been the Whig candidate for president in 1840, but the politicians feared his independence and high morality, and more than this, a *thinking* campaign was not wanted. Simple old William Henry Harrison was nominated, hard cider put on tap in the open streets, and the whole nation dragged into a drunken orgy.

So we come to the spring of 1846 when the country roared its enthusiasm over Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma where blundering Zachary Taylor had been fortunate enough to meet superior incompetency. It was not Old Rough and Ready that the Democrats feared, however, for he was looked on merely as a backwoodsman remote from politics. Scott was their bugbear. Already the Whig leaders had decided upon him as their candidate in 1848, and Polk shivered at the thought of giving a rival any chance of glory. Scott's request to lead an expedition to Vera Cruz was contemptuously refused, and skilled wits set about the business of reducing him in public estimation.

Never was there a man more susceptible to attack. The people's admiration for Scott had no base in real liking, for he lacked utterly the physical boisterousness and "easy-as-an-old-shoe" buncombe that have always been confused with democracy. Stately in his courtesy, ever the epitome of dignity, and as precisely elegant in his dress as in his manners, he impressed without appealing.

Slowly, subtly, his grand air was made to seem mere strutting, his dignity attacked as pompousness, his courtesy and elegances derided as conceit and affectation, and in a little while a giggling public joined in calling him "Old Fuss and Feathers."

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When he prepared careful plans of campaign, he was a "book soldier," "an old granny," and if he showed resentment at these constant attacks, it was disloyalty and insubordination. The Democrats made a thorough job of it, so complete, in fact, that the Whigs abandoned him as a candidate, and even his friends began to edge away.

In November, however, the elections went against the Democrats; Taylor, by turns sulky and domineering, dawdled in Monterey, doing nothing, and Polk and his advisers came to the sad realization that the war must be pushed and brought to an end if Democratic disaster was to be averted. Necessarily, Scott's intelligent suggestion of an attack upon Vera Cruz had to be adopted and after a feverish survey of the entire field, Scott himself had to be put in command. However, there was the comforting conviction that he had been "killed off" as a presidential possibility, and the hope that he might dim the glory of Old Rough and Ready, a candidate for the Whig nomination.

Free at last from the cords of the Lilliputians, Scott moved with speed and precision, and after well-nigh insuperable obstacles in the matter of transportation, supplies and munitions, came before Vera Cruz on March fifth with ten thousand men.

There was no time for a siege, as the season of the dread *vómito* was at hand, nor was there any large hope of success from an attack by sea. At dawn on the ninth, therefore, Scott began the work of landing his men at a point three miles from the city, and by midnight all were on shore without a single fatality.

Working under cover of darkness, heavy batteries were swung into position, and when a demand for surrender was refused on the twenty-second, bombardment began. For four days and nights a rain of lead

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beat down on San Juan Ulúa and the city, and at the end the white flag flew from the battlements.

All Mexico was stunned. Santa Anna, returning to his capital after the disastrous defeat at Buena Vista, fell into a frenzy that not even opium could soothe, denouncing the "shameful surrender" and bellowing to his people: "A sepulchre opens at your feet. Let it at least be covered with laurel." Forcing a huge "loan" from the church, and gathering a new army, the master mountebank hurried to check any further advance, confident that the Americans could be shot down like cattle in the mountain passes.

As for Scott, he was indeed between the devil and the deep sea. To stay in Vera Cruz was to have his men die like flies from yellow fever, but to penetrate the heart of the country seemed no less certain death. The bold way was ever Scott's way, and with one of his imperial gestures, he flung his defiance at the mountain wall, and on April twelfth set out to follow the footsteps of Cortes.

As the hot coastal plain fell behind, the Americans walked through scenes of ever-changing beauty, gay as larks. But at Cerro Gordo, there fell a heavy silence. On one side of the road were frowning precipices, on the other yawning chasms, and from the summits of two towering hills—La Atalaya and El Telegrafo—Santa Anna and an army of sixteen thousand commanded every approach.

Scott gave them back their confidence. As huge and granite-like as the mountains about him, he studied his plan of battle as though it were no more than a chess problem, finally deciding that the one chance was to turn Santa Anna's left and gain the Mexican rear. The Dictator had not troubled to guard this approach, insisting that not even a goat could

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reach him from that direction, but Captain Robert E. Lee and his engineers, scrambling through the night, found a way. On the seventeenth a whirlwind attack carried La Atalaya, and at dawn on the morning of the eighteenth, Scott ordered a charge against the height of El Telegrafo.

There were only a handful of Americans (scarce three hundred in that first staggering, exhausted detachment), and facing them were batteries and two thousand cavalry, but with reckless fury they leaped to the combat, bayonets leveled, waking the echoes with their yells.

The very madness of the thing was its success. Convinced that an army must be following, cowardly Santa Anna fled for his life, and Canalizo, "the Lion of Mexico," matched him in speed. The panic spread to the leaderless men, and by ten o'clock, General Scott, the tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, was embracing his commanders and comforting the wounded with praise of their heroism. Even with such a victory, Scott's plight was desperate. Three thousand prisoners had to be released because he could not guard them; the expiration of enlistments reduced his force to five thousand; the rainy season was coming on, and his supplies were running low.

Unlike Old Rough and Ready he did not whine and snarl about "abandonment and betrayal," though bitterness must have filled his heart, and it was with his usual gracious imperturbability that he ordered an advance, putting away all thought of retreat.

Puebla offered no resistance, for Santa Anna's flying soldiers had stopped long enough to tell of Yankee courage, and from the City of the Angels, Scott begged his government to rush the long-promised men and supplies.



Bugles sounded—the men set forth for “a party in the halls of the Montezumas”

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Reinforcements dribbled in with exasperating slowness, but by August he had ten thousand effectives, and feared to wait longer. Again the Mexicans were offered peace, but when they spat upon his olive branch, Scott's bugles sounded and a great cheer shook the ranks as the men set forth for "a party in the halls of the Montezumas." Then it was that Wellington cried "Scott is lost," for this little force, departing from their base, were charging an army of thirty thousand, strongly intrenched, and backed by a population of seven millions.

August twelfth saw them looking down on the Valley of Mexico, jeweled with gleaming lakes, the hill of Chapultepec standing in its center like some vast sentinel. Now was their way barred, for strong fortifications guarded every approach that seemed humanly possible, but Scott swept the scene with hawk eye, and then plunged his men into the marshes, wading twenty-seven long, wet miles to San Augustin, a suburb south of the city.

Once again the "accursed Yankees" had refused to conform to Santa Anna's plans, and the frantic Dictator was compelled to reorganize his entire scheme of defense. From San Augustin the one fair way to the city was the Acapulco road, and out of the conviction that Scott must choose this route, Santa Anna fortified San Antonio, and where the highway crossed the Churubusco River, made the convent of San Pablo over into a fort, and put men and guns at the bridge-head.

As at Cerro Gordo, Scott sent invaluable young Captain Lee on an errand of reconnaissance, and he reported that a way could be made across the pedregal, a bleak, terrible stretch of lava vomited from Mount Ajusco some seven thousand years before. Under

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cover of darkness the movement was carried out on the nineteenth—a furious storm making every step a stumble—and by midnight four thousand two hundred Americans were gathered at the hamlet of San Geronimo, well in the rear of General Valencia, an incompetent sot who fancied himself a Cæsar. Captain Lee, feeling his way back across the pedregal, carried the news to Scott and arranged for a frontal attack at dawn.

At three o'clock a whispered order went down the line, and after four hours of exhausting struggle through wind and rain, up a boulder-strewn ravine, firm ground was gained. A moment for breath and then a charge that had the fury of a spear thrust!

In seventeen minutes by the watch the Battle of Contreras was over and the Mexicans were in flight, leaving seven hundred dead, and Santa Anna, coming up with belated reinforcements, met only a stream of fugitives.

Scott, grasping the situation with his usual genius, followed the stroke by racing his men to Churubusco, but here he met Mexican valor at its best. Charge after charge was driven back, time after time it seemed that the Americans must confess defeat, but at last a flanking movement won the bridge-head, and only the convent kept up the battle.

Even when the last gun was out of commission, and not a cartridge remained, the heroic garrison refused to ask quarter, and it was an American who waved his handkerchief to stop the useless slaughter. Of Santa Anna's army of thirty thousand, less than twenty thousand followed the crazed Dictator into the city that night.

Facing a demoralized enemy, the "halls of the Montezumas" were Scott's for the taking, but when

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an armistice was asked, he put glory aside in the interests of peace. For eleven days it seemed as if the war would be brought to an end, but on September sixth, Santa Anna brought discussions to an abrupt close.

He knew that peace meant his own elimination; he knew also that Scott's army had been reduced to eight thousand effectives, and that his supplies were running low; working secretly under cover of the armistice, the Dictator had strengthened fortifications and welded a new army, and with these advantages exciting him, the half-crazy drug fiend determined to risk a last throw of the dice. The people were called upon to exterminate the vile invaders, and on every hand, insane national vanity regained its normal inflammation.

As a matter of fact, Mexican confidence had firm ground, for annihilation of the little army of invaders would have been certain had Scott been less of a soldier and Santa Anna less of a craven and fool.

Serene, stately, dispensing his morning salutations with all the effect of decorations, the great American commander thought carefully and then struck boldly. Deceiving Santa Anna by feints against the southern gates, on the morning of September eighth he launched an attack upon Casa Mata and El Molino del Rey, two strong positions, and won them both after a day of furious fighting. Even so, it was a dear-bought victory, and with forces reduced to seven thousand, Scott sat long into the night, weighing the decision that might well mean defeat and extermination.

Two approaches to the city presented themselves, one from the south, the other from the west. Chapultepec guarded the latter, and confiding in the strength of this fortress, Santa Anna occupied himself with protecting the southern gateways.

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Again Scott refused to conform to the Dictator's ideas of how a battle should be conducted, and after feinting at the southern portals, threw his little army against Chapultepec on the morning of the twelfth. All day his guns rained lead upon the summit, but that night, when decision was made to storm at dawn, the venture was so desperate that Scott asked for volunteers.

Two hours of heavy cannonading preceded the assault, and then Worth's and Pillow's divisions sprang forward, charging through the great cypress grove that had shaded Montezuma, careless of the shot that tore their ranks, carrying redoubts and stopping only at the walls. The promised scaling ladders were not on hand, and there were minutes of sick suspense, for every inch of the ground was known to be mined. The mines failed to explode, however, the ladders arrived at last, and with a wild shout the height was carried.

Racing along the causeways that led to the city, the Americans flung themselves against the gates with resistless fury. U. S. Grant, "Stonewall" Jackson, Lee, Pickett, Longstreet, Beauregard, McClellan—all to face one another as foes at a later day—were joined in that plunging attack, wading ditches through deadly fire, burrowing from house to house, fighting hand to hand on housetops.

To Scott the night was one of gloom as well as glory. The day's fighting had reduced his effectives to five thousand, and Santa Anna still had twelve thousand men and the people of the city. The Dictator, however, was without stomach for further fighting, and after calling upon the gods to witness his own courage and devotion, slipped away to Guadalupe with his battered troops.

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At dawn the city council came with a white flag, and Scott, pausing only to array himself in full uniform, rode to the palace and took formal possession of the "halls of the Montezumas."

A treaty of peace, signed February 2, 1848, gave the United States clear title to Texas, upper California and New Mexico, and in return for amicable acceptance of American ownership, the Mexicans were given a total of twenty million, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars in cash.

The terms were generous beyond expectation. Texas had won her own independence, and for nine years had made good her sovereign claims to the Rio Grande as a boundary. As for California and New Mexico, Mexican rule had been but a shadow in either province, both surrendering to American arms in 1846 with scarce a struggle. As for the war, it had been forced by Mexico herself, and three separate times she had refused Polk's offer of peace—once after Monterey, again after Cerro Gordo, and the third time after Contreras and Churubusco.

Europe had no other idea than that the United States would keep Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas, since Mexico could pay no indemnity. Instead of that, we turned back the three states, surrendered the seven ports that our navy occupied, and gave the defeated foe a princely sum for her rehabilitation and good will.

During the negotiations Scott restored order to the distracted country by wise, benevolent administration, but all the while knives were at his back. General Pillow, a prize marplot, kept busy with his intrigues, and when Scott took steps to scotch the conspiracy of lies, he was relieved of command by Polk's orders—"turned out as an old horse to die," cried Robert E.

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Lee in the bitterness of his spirit. Pillow, Worth and Duncan, the arrested officers, were restored to commands and honors without a trial, while Scott was dragged through a humiliating "inquiry" by subordinates.

A wave of generous emotion swept the United States, calling a halt on the persecution, but like most public enthusiasms, it was short-lived. The Whigs rallied to Zachary Taylor as their standard bearer, and naturally took pains that praise of Scott should not dim the glory of Old Rough and Ready. Again, in 1852, when he was given the Whig nomination and victory seemed certain, envious Fillmore and sulking Webster "bolted" the ticket, and he was beaten—humiliatingly beaten—by Franklin Pierce, famous only for having served under Scott in Mexico.

Through it all he remained the Great Gentleman, suffering defeat, abuse, treachery and betrayal without a lowering of his proud crest, without abatement of his stately courtesy. It was his wish to have died before his country flamed into fratricidal strife, but the grief was not spared him. Yet when the Civil War came, he set himself to the defense of the Union with much of his old fire. But he was now seventy-five. The hardships of campaigns and old wounds were beginning to tell on even his iron frame, and in October of 1861 he was forced to admit his infirmities.

It was his dear wish to pass the high command to Lee, best loved and most admired of all the many that had served under him—but the Virginian sadly declared that he must follow his state.

One gracious act sweetened these bitter days. The morning after Scott's retirement, Abraham Lincoln, accompanied by the Cabinet, came to the bedside of the failing giant, and in behalf of the nation the President voiced a people's gratitude for a life of service.

XVI

A ROCKET IN THE WEST

IT WAS the tragedy of John Charles Fremont to have been born in the nineteenth century with all of its rules and restraints, its stolid emphasis on precision, efficiency and conformity. Had he lived several hundred years earlier, when Incas and Aztecs waited to be stripped of red gold and flaming jewels, he would have ruffled it with Cortes and Pizarro, for there was that in his soul that made for conquest and high adventure.

Small wonder lovely Jessie Benton loved him from the moment she first met him, and learned to adore him when he came to her father's house with wise old Jean Nicollet, bringing thrilling stories of that vast, unknown stretch between the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri. As slim and dark as his wandering French father, tempestuous of eye and hair, Fremont had sailed South American waters and lived in the tents of the Cherokees, and his words dripped color as he told of prairie fires and buffalo hunts in the far Dakotas. The schoolgirl listened and put her heart between his hands.

Imperious Thomas H. Benton, that great Missouri senator, stormed furiously at news of the attachment, and the picturesque young lieutenant of the Topographical Engineers was hurried off to the Des Moines River on some pretext. But separation proved of no avail. When Fremont returned in 1841 the seventeen-

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year-old thrush and the hawk of twenty-seven slipped away to a chapel and were made man and wife, beginning a love story that was to last for fifty years without a break in its dear devotion.

Whatever bitterness Senator Benton may have felt was soon swept aside by the march of events. England and the United States were at swords' points over Oregon, and the far-visioned Missourian stood at the head of a Senate group resolved to hold the disputed territory to the last inch of the American claim. What better way than to fill the land with settlers, willing to fight for the soil their ploughs had turned? To this end an expedition was planned that would blaze the trail with scientific exactitude, and when Nicollet fell ill it was to young Fremont that they turned for leadership.

The first dash in 1842 was little more than a test of his mettle. And his mettle rang true. To South Pass, in the heart of the Wyoming mountains, he made his way, plunged deep into the Wind River Range, climbed the highest peak and gave it his name, and then journeyed back to St. Louis in four months, bearing maps and data that gave the first accurate information of the country. Famous Kit Carson was with him on the trip (the two had met on the Missouri River boat) and the friendship formed was to last through life.

In May of 1843 Fremont set forth on a second journey, this time to go from South Pass to the Columbia River, thus completing his survey of the Oregon Trail and the western half of the continent. In Colorado he connected with Carson again, and together they tramped the present site of Denver, rode through the Garden of the Gods, drank deep at Manitou Springs, followed the windings of the Cache

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le Poudre, and once again, at South Pass swung south to see the miracle of the Great Salt Lake. Jim Bridger had found this inland sea as far back as 1826, and Ashley and Bonneville had looked upon it, but Fremont was never one to let facts prevent a dramatic gesture, and from a high point he gave faithful imitation of Balboa discovering the Pacific.

The trip to the Columbia was full of hardship, but without important incident, and with their task discharged, the party naturally prepared for an easy homeward journey. From Senator Benton, however, Fremont had received certain instructions that went far beyond any government order.

California, no less than Oregon, was of large interest to the expansionists, for all knew Mexico ownership to be a shadow, and England and France were both suspected of designs upon the long sweep of Pacific Coast. Fremont's task was to spy out the land, and with scarce a halt at Fort Vancouver, he swung off through Oregon and down into Nevada, reaching the present site of Reno in early December.

Before him stretched the great wall of the Sierras, their summits lost to sight in the gray storm clouds. Common sense commanded that camp be pitched until the spring, for while five American parties had crossed the range, these journeys had been made in summer, and even Carson saw nothing but death in a winter crossing. Fremont, always nervous, impatient and headlong, ever willing to leap before looking, crushed all protest and drove his ill-equipped expedition forward into the ice and snow.

The weeks that followed were weeks of hell—nights of such bitter cold that sleep was impossible, days when the wretched men froze as they dug roads with shovels and mauls. Horses slipped to death.

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Two of the voyageurs went stark mad from suffering. Fremont himself came near to death in an icy river but was saved by Carson's swift plunge. Starvation was only averted by the gift of pine nuts from stray Indians, found in snow-buried huts, and when the ragged band staggered into Sutter's Fort on March eighth they were as men come back from the grave.

For fifteen days they stayed with good-hearted, chuckle-headed Sutter—a rustic emperor with his strong stockades and Indian army—Fremont gathering information as to the political situation. Then the wanderers rode away, down the long, lovely sweep of the San Joaquin valley, crossing the range through Tehechapi Pass, and dropping swiftly into the barren horrors of the Mojave Desert.

Northeasterly they marched, harassed by Indians, tormented by thirst, passing through Nevada into Utah, and resting for a while at Mountain Meadows, that tragic oasis where Mormons and Indians were to massacre a Missouri caravan in 1857. Then they swung through bleak, unknown Utah and Colorado ranges, and returned to St. Louis after fourteen months of unbroken hardship.

Fremont's report, as vivid as Othello's accounts of "moving accidents by field and flood, of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," thrilled the nation, and people rejoiced in this new hero who met every pictorial demand.

Events now moved swiftly and dramatically. Mexico, accepting the annexation of Texas as an act of war, flamed into passionate belligerence, and Benton and the western senators were more than ever convinced that California hung like a ripe plum. The prime necessity was to have a bold man on the ground, and, under pretense of another surveying expedition, Fremont was hurried to the Pacific Coast.

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Now was life to the adventurer's taste. With a red handkerchief about his head, Delaware Indians for a bodyguard, and Kit Carson and some sixty frontiersmen, armed to the teeth, as his army, the Pathfinder raced across the desert and came to Fort Sutter once again in December, 1845, his black eyes blazing like torches at thought of gambling for an empire.

At the time, California's white population of ten thousand was confined to a fifty-mile strip along the coast. Monterey and Los Angeles, each with less than one thousand five hundred people, were the principal towns, and there were no courts, no mails, no agriculture and no government. Mexican rule was not even a shadow, and two local chiefs, Pio Pico and José Castro, quarreled fiercely over control of the custom receipts.

Both, however, accepted foreign intervention as an inescapable fact, Pico declaring openly in favor of a British protectorate, while Castro leaned to the French.

Swaggering down the San Joaquin Valley, Fremont's "scientific expedition" gave victorious battle to "upward of a hundred" Indians, whereupon Castro took quick alarm and ordered him out of the country. The Pathfinder's answer was to fortify Gavilan peak, near Monterey, fling the American flag to the breeze, and issue a resounding proclamation to the effect that he would resist expulsion to the death. Castro's artillery, however, chilled this martial spirit, and under cover of darkness the Americans rode north, poking around Mount Shasta rather aimlessly, and pitching camp at Klamath Meadows along in early May.

A night attack by Indians cost the lives of three

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men, and not even Kit Carson's savage reprisals daunted the savages, for Fremont's return to the Sacramento was a running fight. By now he had learned of the failure of Polk's peace negotiations, and the news that Pico and Castro meant to expel all American settlers added to his conviction that the time had come to strike. British war vessels were in California waters, and any day might come the announcement of a British protectorate.

On June fourteenth, therefore, thirty-three Americans rode into the plaza of Sonoma and informed General Vallejo and his drowsy garrison that they were prisoners. A young lady's petticoat, purchased for one dollar, was turned over to an American of artistic bent, who went to work at once with lamp-black and pokeberry juice, producing a flag on which a somewhat surprised grizzly bear faced a large and very lopsided star.

Meanwhile Commodore Sloat, in charge of the American squadron, had been cruising off Mazatlan, pathetically waiting for exact news. Word of Palo Alto came to him on June fifth, and he sailed to Monterey, still undecided, for he was under instructions to avoid anything "which could be construed as an act of aggression." Larkin, consul at Monterey, advised against the strong hand, convinced that the Mexicans could be induced to make an amicable transfer of their allegiance. But even as negotiations were under way, down from the north came tidings of Sonoma's capture and the new Bear Flag.

The fat was in the fire, for Castro and Pico put differences aside, joined forces and emitted an immense quantity of bellicose oratory. Sloat, receiving the report that Admiral Sir George Seymour and the British squadron were on the way, and convinced that



Fremont—daring and irresponsible

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Fremont *must* have had the government's authorization for his actions, now threw hesitancy to one side, and took possession of California in the name of the United States.

Fremont arrived soon after, raising a great dust, for his Indians and frontiersmen had been reinforced by a goodly number of settlers, all in love with a leader as daring and irresponsible as themselves.

Poor Sloat came close to an apoplectic seizure when he found that the Pathfinder was without any sort of governmental authority for his warlike acts, but even as he wrangled and reproached, Commodore Stockton, cocksure and arrogant, succeeded him.

A peaceful conquest disgusted Stockton no less than Fremont, and without more ado the two birds of a feather flew away in search of the Mexicans, uttering wild cries. Pico and Castro, alarmed by these evidences of a violent intention, disappeared as if by magic. And to add to their chagrin, Larkin and a friend took possession of Los Angeles before the warrior pair could come up with their bands, troops, and artillery.

With much pomp and circumstance, Stockton appointed Fremont military governor of the new territory, and Kit Carson was hurried off to Washington with the news of conquest. This done, the war lords rode north, leaving Lieutenant Gillespie on guard with fifty men.

All might have gone well at that, however, had Stockton's laws been less Draconian or if Gillespie had used common sense in enforcing them. Hounded by rules and regulations wherever they turned, the Mexicans took a lesson from the humble worm, and, turning with considerable spirit, recaptured Los Angeles. Captain Mervine, sent down by Stockton to

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quell the revolt, arrived without artillery and the lone cannon of the Mexicans beat him back with some loss. Hearing of this reverse, the gallant Commodore sailed straight on to San Diego, and Fremont, turning back at Monterey, rushed north in search of men and horses.

Meanwhile Kit Carson, riding east in happy ignorance, met General Stephen Kearny, who, having conquered New Mexico without a shot, was now marching to take over California. Upon learning that this chore had already been done, and that the land was at peace, Kearny sent back two hundred of his men, and rode on with scarce more than an escort.

As they toiled through the Mojave Desert, word reached them of the revolt, and Kearny, bitterly regretting his absent dragoons, rushed a messenger to Stockton begging aid. About forty men reached him at a point forty miles from San Diego on December fifth, and the gray dawn of the next morning saw quite a respectable battle. The Americans had eighteen killed and thirteen wounded, and only fresh reinforcements enabled the battered survivors to reach San Diego. Now over-cautious, Stockton wanted to wait for news of Fremont, but the driving Kearny urged a march on Los Angeles, and as the Californians were tired of fighting, the novelty having worn off, the town was won on January tenth without great difficulty.

Speculation as to Fremont's whereabouts were soon set at rest. After spending two pleasant months on the Sacramento, finally collecting some four hundred mounted men, the Pathfinder rode down San Joaquin Valley, now his favorite bridle path, and by stopping a week at Santa Barbara, managed to reach the vicinity of Los Angeles on the very day that Kearny and Stockton took possession. This was

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gloomy news for one who had been planning siege and assault, but Fremont was never one to remain non-plussed. On January thirteenth he mounted his swiftest charger and dashed to Cahuenga where the remnants of California's "army" sat smoking cigarettes and wondering whether their sentence would be hard labor or the more merciful one of death. Leaping from his steed, the Pathfinder took upon himself the business of making a treaty, and soon the amazed Californians found themselves gravely consenting to terms that gave them life, liberty, property, freedom of movement, and every imaginable privilege.

Realizing the unwise-dom of a quarrel, Stockton and Kearny recognized the treaty. Nevertheless, unpleasant consequences flowed from the incident. Heretofore Kearny had not asserted the authority vested in him by the Secretary of War, but now, convinced of Fremont's utter irresponsibility and Stockton's unfitness, he stepped forward as commander-in-chief of *all* the American forces in California. The Commodore dissented furiously, and Fremont, choosing to defy his own superior, gaily continued to exercise his functions as governor by virtue of Stockton's appointment.

Great happiness was his for a while. The Mexican "army" came over to him in a body, as admiring and devoted as his own Delaware Indians, and there were many gratifying reports of insurrections to justify dramatic journeys. Once he rode the miles from Los Angeles to Monterey in four days, driving remounts before him, and lassoing a fresh steed every twenty miles.

On April first, however, word came from Washington that confirmed General Kearny's authority in every particular, and out of Fremont's defiance came his arrest and trial. A court-martial, held in January,

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1848, found him guilty of mutiny, disobedience, and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and fixed the penalty as dismissal from the army. President Polk, duly mindful of Senator Benton's power, remitted the sentence, but Fremont, furious at the finding, refused to accept the pardon, and quit the service in a rage.

As a matter of fact, he had doubtless tired of the army anyway, for routine and discipline were ever distasteful to him, and by resigning he served his own inclination even while donning a martyr's crown. Wandering was the thing he loved, and the fall of 1848 saw him setting forth for the West again, employing his own and Senator Benton's money to find a practicable route for a transcontinental railroad from St. Louis to the coast.

For all his romantic posturing, his almost juvenile love of the dramatic, no braver man than Fremont ever lived. Danger drew him, hardship and suffering were without power to appall, and it was with a sense of escape that he turned his back on civilization, and plunged into the bleak fastnesses of the Rockies.

Starting out from Pueblo in late November, Fremont crossed the Wet Mountains, found a pass through the saw-toothed peaks of the Sangre de Christo, and, after traversing the San Luis Valley, came to the foot of the mighty San Juan range in December. The boldest of his company shrank from the terrible climb, but Fremont was ever one who felt delay like a wound, and he shamed them forward by his own high courage.

One poor wretch froze in his tracks, but his desperate companions dared not stop to bury him, staggering forward like men in the grip of a nightmare. Leaving the spent, half-frozen wrecks to wait

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on the banks of the Rio Grande, steel-framed Fremont and four of the strongest men set out to find a settlement, and after traveling another one hundred and sixty miles, came to Taos where Kit Carson rushed the work of gathering supplies. The relief expedition, however, was of no avail to ten men, dead of cold and starvation.

His pathfinding brought to a bitter end, Fremont raced on to California by the quickest route, learning of the gold discovery on the way. A Mexican grant that he had bought in 1847 proved rich in the precious mineral, but money was never of large concern to him, and politics claimed most of his interests. California made him one of her first senators, but he drew the short term, unluckily, and was defeated for re-election in 1851 by reason of his violent anti-slavery views. It was at this time that the government ordered three lines of survey "for overland travel and the prospective railroad route," but even as Fremont counted upon the honor of leading one of the expeditions, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis humiliated him by a brusque refusal.

Justly enraged, the Pathfinder drew upon his own funds for an independent expedition, and the late summer of 1853 saw him setting off from the banks of the Missouri, attended by the usual Delaware chiefs and picturesque plainsmen that always rallied to his call. Through Colorado and to Green River in Utah he followed the trail of Captain Gunnison, but from then on he was in new country, faced by the Wasatch range, as vast and terrible as the Sierras or the San Juan.

Never was Fremont closer to death than in the weeks that followed. The mules died of the frightful cold, and the men walked barefoot. Food failed and

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they boiled cactus spines. Out of the madness of suffering came muttered talk of cannibalism, and the Pathfinder drew his pistol with threat to kill. A pass was found at last. A solitary settlement saved their lives when hope had been surrendered, and when they reached California in May, 1854, it was to learn that the world had given them up for dead.

A year in Washington, presenting plans and reports, and then we find Fremont in the thick of the slavery fight, leading with such fire and passion that the new Republican party named him as its standard bearer in 1856. Beaten by Buchanan—the last victory of the slave interests—Fremont returned to California where the title to his grant was being attacked. Winning his fight, and possessed of a great property that seemed bound to make him many times a millionaire, his lack of business brains worked steadily to disaster, and 1860 saw everything swept away.

Fremont's star, so long a flame in the heavens, was now setting. Appointed a major-general at the outbreak of the Civil War, and given command of the Western Department, one of his first acts was to issue an emancipation proclamation. Lincoln annulled it quickly and soon thereafter the Pathfinder found himself removed to a purely military command in the East. Surrounded by a foreign legion, made up of Hungarians for the most part, he cut a brave, picturesque figure as always. But the fortunes of war went against him, and when General Pope was put over him he asked to be relieved from further duty.

There was a moment in 1864 when he thought to run against Lincoln as the candidate of the radical Republicans, but his following was too pitifully small. Then there came the presidency of the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railway, with its promise of renewed

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glory, but this wildcat venture exploded, and he was stripped of everything, even to his Hudson River home. Returning to California, there too he found himself homeless, for the government had seized his twelve-acre tract for a fort, nor was he ever granted compensation.

In 1878 the powers flung him the governorship of Arizona as a sort of pension, but after four years he was forced back into a world that had grown away from him—a world in which all the paths had been found, and poverty added to the sad conviction that he had lived too long.

In 1890, now seventy-seven years old, he crossed the continent, riding over the steel rails of which he had dreamed during many weary marches, and in Washington, where he was but a name, begged restoration to his rank of major-general in order that his old age might not be penniless.

Not cold nor hunger nor hardship had ever had power to break that proud spirit, but the humiliation of this begging errand struck him to the heart, and he was without strength to throw off a sudden illness, the brave, gallant, questing soul sinking quietly to the rest it had never known in life.

There was much talk of monuments and mausoleums, but after five humiliating months of dwindling enthusiasm Jessie Benton raised eyes from which the radiance had gone forever. "Lay him in the open," she said, "for the snows to fall upon. It was what he knew in life."

XVII

INCREDIBLE KIT CARSON

Down out of the snow-capped Rockies rode the trappers—shaggy men, eagle-eyed and with the swift, soft steps of panthers, driving pack horses loaded with the winter's catch of furs—gathering joyously for their annual summer rendezvous with the traders.

From the Cache le Poudre, the Big Horn, the Snake, the Yellowstone and the upper waters of the Missouri, they poured into a fair meadow that blossomed on the banks of the Green, waking the echoes with shots and yells. Many had not heard human voices for months; there were old friends to meet and dead friends to mourn; around the campfires at night would be soul-filling gossip of mountain and plain, and races, wrestling and shooting matches to give interest to the days.

Americans, English, French, Canadians and many queer mixed breeds pitched their buffalo-skin shelters by the shining water, skylarking like children before drifting back into the solitudes for another year of hardship and peril. A strange, wild race, hating the civilization they had fled from, yet bringing civilization nearer with every path they found, every trail they blazed; conquering the great sweep of Golden West, yet barred from any share in the reward by their own invincible nomadism, and doomed to pass along with the buffalo and the beaver.

Gaiety and friendship marked the annual rendezvous for the most part, but now and then a bully

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swaggered in, eager to win a reputation for himself by blow and brawl. Such a one was Shunan, a gigantic cross-breed from the Far North, evil enough when sober and a devil in his cups.

For a while his boasts were endured, and then an American stepped forward—a man so small that he did not reach to Shunan's shoulder, so slender that his body was scarce broader than Shunan's massive leg. His long brown hair was as fine as a woman's, the gray eyes soft and mild, and soft and mild was his voice as he told the bully to stop his noise and insults.

“An' what might your name be, little rooster?” sneered Shunan.

“Kit Carson,” came the answer in the same low-pitched, pleasant tone.

“*You Kit Carson!*” Shunan screamed with laughter. “Why, all I need for your case is a willow switch.”

The duel arranged was after the fashion most popular among the deadly men of the frontier—a charge on horseback at one hundred yards, each to carry the weapon that best suited his fancy. Shunan chose the rifle and Carson picked his pistol.

Down the course the riders thundered. Like a flash Shunan's rifle leaped to his shoulder, but even as his finger pressed the trigger Carson fired without seeming to aim. His ball shattered the right forearm, just as it could have pierced the heart had he wished, and from the ground the sobered braggart thanked his generous foe for the gift of a life.

There were many incredible men who roamed that savage stretch between the Missouri and the Sierras in the days when the West was a wilderness—Jim Bridger, as ruthless and cunning as any painted Indian; Peg Leg Smith who beat off a war party

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single-handed, and then amputated his bullet-mangled foot with a hunting knife; Joe Walker, able to whip a grizzly bear with his naked hands. But of all that amazing company Kit Carson will ever remain the most incredible.

Almost womanish in appearance, even primitive Bridger was not his equal when it came to enduring cold, hunger and fatigue; so gentle in manner that strangers thought him cowardly, yet deadly as a king cobra when occasion demanded; poor always as far as money went, yet turning away in disgust from the greeds of the California gold rush; uneducated, unlettered, knowing only the waste places and their barbarisms, yet ever living cleanly and holding fast to certain instinctive refinements.

It was in the fall of 1826, when he was but eighteen, that Kit Carson left his Missouri home to go with some vagrant traders on the journey to far Santa Fe. All thought him too puny for the terrible march. But when thirst tormented, he alone made no whimper. When others weakened, he gave them courage. And on the day a man shattered his hand while fooling with a rifle, it was the girl-faced lad that had the iron nerve to operate without other instruments than a hunting knife, a small saw and a red-hot iron for cauterization.

It was as if the boy had at last found the thing that he had been waiting for all his life. Leaving his party at Santa Fe, Kit went north by himself, driving a pack mule before him, with only his rifle to furnish protection and food, but sublimely happy.

Somewhere and somehow he fell in with a lone Spaniard and this solitary trapper took the wanderer into his cabin for the winter, teaching him all that he knew of wood and stream, drawing maps at night on the dirt floor, and drilling him in Spanish, the lad

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grasping the language with the same facility that was to give him French and a half-dozen Indian tongues at a later time.

Starting back home in the spring, Kit met a party of traders on the way, and leaped at the chance to act as guide and interpreter. Once again in Santa Fe, he joined another band and traveled clear to El Paso, which was then in the State of Chihuahua, crossing the dreaded Jornada del Muerto. But he did not like Mexico or the Mexicans, and the winter season found him back in the Taos country, trapping along its swift streams. Always, however, the unknown drew him as a magnet, and when the winds blew warm he cast his lot with some rovers who had heard great tales of California rivers black to the very brim with beaver.

It was in the days when the old Spanish missions still flourished, and at San Gabriel and San Fernando the adventurers saw hills and plains covered with horses, cattle, and sheep; glowing gardens, great vineyards and white-clad monks moving like kings through fields where a thousand Indians worked for the greater glory of the Lord. A golden land, an Eden, but a few weeks exhausted its charm for the driving Americans, and they turned to the north, following the San Joaquin Valley to the upper reaches of the Sacramento.

On every hill burned the signal-fires of the Indians, and when it was seen that the savages meant war Carson urged the wisdom of a bold stroke that would instill a wholesome fear. Picking a handful of the best rifle men, he fell on an Indian village in the night, wiping it out. Then, following with the tenacity of a hound, he gave successful battle to the broken remnants of the tribe in a mountain gorge.

Trapping in peace, the Americans went from

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stream to stream, and when they returned to Santa Fe in the spring of 1830, the sale of furs gave them twenty-four thousand dollars to divide.

Now it was the North that called Kit Carson, and winter found him in the Wyoming country, pierced by the bitter mountain winds, buffeted by terrific blizzards, but happy to be in a new land. Again the Indians hovered near both night and day, hopeful of picking off a straggler or stealing a bunch of horses, and again young Carson was selected to lead one of those fierce reprisals in which the trappers delighted.

For forty miles he followed the trail of the thieves, and coming to their camp in the dead of night, crept like a snake to where the stolen ponies were tethered, and brought them off without waking a redskin.

Kit's companions were eager to be away, for the Indians out-numbered them ten to one, but Carson insisted that this very fact made boldness imperative.

"They will follow us in the morning," he said, "and have us at their mercy. We must weaken them while surprise gives us the advantage."

Putting his men behind rocks and trees, he gave his battle yell, and as the startled savages leaped from sleep, twelve rifles cracked. All through the night and well beyond the dawn the struggle waged, but finally the Crows retreated.

Sometimes with a party, oftentimes with only two or three chosen companions, Carson roamed the north, always in love with virgin trails, photographing passes and streams with the eye of a born geographer.

It was now that he came to know Jim Bridger, wildest of all that wild crew, for he had been among the first to fight the Indians for mastery of the land, and the mountain life had stripped him down to stark elemental instincts. The two companioned it on many

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a lonely hunting trip, fought back to back against the Indians, and came to friendship such as civilization never knows.

Of all the savages that held the West against the advance of the white men, the Blackfeet were the most dreaded, for their courage was backed by tenacity and cunning. Lords of the Montana country, they stood as a challenge to the trappers. Tiring of the Wyoming region, Carson now decided to match himself against the fierce, implacable rulers of the north.

From the first day the march was a battle, and as they fought the trappers from dawn to dark the Blackfeet amply justified their reputation for ferocity and daring. The end came in a furious encounter where the Americans were compelled to confess defeat.

Carson, leaving his tree to save a comrade, received a bullet in the shoulder that smashed bone and sinew, and, with their leader wounded, the trappers fell back in sullen retreat.

The next winter saw Carson following the path of Lewis and Clark from the Three Forks of the Missouri, and the crossing of the Bitter Root Range was attended by much the same privations that befell the earlier expedition. The cold froze their marrow, food gave out, and only hot blood drawn from the veins of their mules sustained life. Yet before Carson was well recovered from this terrible experience, he was back in the Yellowstone country at the head of one hundred men, determined to settle the question of mastery with the Blackfeet.

Not Waterloo itself was more bitterly contested than the all-day battle that gave victory to the whites. Although outnumbered ten to one, Carson bewildered the Indians by his strategy, forcing them to charge

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over exposed ground where the unerring rifles of the trappers took toll. From a near-by hill the Blackfeet women cried encouragement, but night saw the beaten, shattered tribe in flight.

As the victors came to the rendezvous that summer, six hundred throats acclaimed them, and Kit Carson's fame rang from the Rockies to the Sierras.

Father De Smet, greatest of all Indian missionaries, was among those that gathered on the banks of the Green that year, and it is interesting to speculate upon the meeting of the heroic priest and the no less heroic Carson, the one consecrated to the service of the red man, the other dedicated to his destruction.

Sir William Stuart, an English nobleman, had also drifted to the rendezvous and the proof of Carson's quality is that both missionary and titled Briton were proud to call him friend.

A season in the Navajo country, far to the south; a spring jaunt with Jim Bridger through the unexplored stretch between the Laramie and the Sweetwater; another wild rendezvous where Carson outshot and outraced them all, and then a fresh foray into the land of the Blackfeet. Undiscouraged, indomitable, the Indians gathered for battle, but as before were compelled to confess defeat after the bravest of their chiefs had fallen.

A return engagement the following winter was less fortunate for Carson and his comrades. By now the Blackfeet had learned the futility of pitched battles, and waged war more cunningly, ambushing the trappers in mountain gorges, harassing them on the march, and wearing them out by never letting them rest. Beaten by this strategy, the whites were forced to cross the Bitter Root Range and find refuge among the friendly Flatheads.

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It was Carson's wish to follow the Columbia to the sea, as Lewis and Clark had done, but it was Hudson Bay country, and reluctantly enough he fell back to the rendezvous on the Green.

To the trappers' bitter disappointment, they found that the bottom had dropped out of the price of furs. Fashion, so contemptuously disregarded by these wild men, now took revenge, for silk hats had come to be the rage in Europe, and beaver head-pieces were out of style.

Carson, always keen-visioned, saw it as the end of profits in trapping, and following the swift rush of the Arkansas as it tore through the mountains, came to Fort Bent in Colorado, and asked for the position of hunter. Having traveled almost every foot of the country between the Missouri and the Pacific, between the Snake River and the Gila, he was now willing to rest for a while in one spot.

Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches, respecting him as a gallant foe, made Carson their friend and counselor, and not only did he promote better relations with the whites, but settled many tribal disputes that would have led to bloody wars.

An Indian girl caught his eye while on one of these peace-making trips, about the first woman that had ever entered his life, and he married her with bell and candle, a rare occurrence for that day, mourning her sincerely when she died soon after the birth of a daughter.

Suddenly deciding that a frontier fort was no place for a little girl, Carson set out with a fur caravan for St. Louis in the early spring of 1842, his first touch with civilization in sixteen years. Even so, ten days was all that he could stand of it, and after putting the child in a school, he took steamer for the voyage up

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the Missouri. John Charles Fremont was on board, proceeding on the first of those reckless expeditions that were to earn him the title of Pathfinder. Never was he luckier than in his meeting with Kit Carson.

It was not only that the frontiersman was the greatest Indian fighter of his day—a Hannibal of the plains—and that he had hunted and trapped over every foot of the country that Fremont was setting out to chart and map. There was an indomitable quality in Carson that took no account of danger and hardship, joined with a cool caution that avoided every unnecessary peril. But for Kit Carson it is to be doubted if the impatient, foolhardy Fremont would have won through on any of his expeditions, for when his presence was lacking on the fourth journey, the Pathfinder led his men to death and failure.

Fremont's first dash to South Pass was little more than a saunter for Carson, and he must have chuckled to himself as the dramatic leader "discovered" peaks and passes that were as familiar to him as his own door-step in Taos. Yet there is ample evidence that he came to have a great affection for the ardent John Charles, so gallant and picturesque, guiding him and humoring him as one would a beloved child, and effacing himself at every point that glory might not be divided.

The second Fremont expedition—that crazy dash down from the Oregon country into Nevada, and then the starved, frozen stumble across the Sierras in the dead of winter—was saved from disaster by Carson alone, and when the Pathfinder marched through Colorado again in 1845, on his way to gamble for an empire, it was to Kit Carson that he sent his swiftest messengers, demanding the fulfillment of his pledge to come at any call.

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Leaving his home in Taos, where there was now a new wife and baby children, the devoted Kit answered the summons, and throughout the wild, harum-scarum conquest of California, rode at Fremont's side, captain of the "army" in every Indian fight, and suave, adroit interpreter in every conference with the Californians.

When the land was presumed to be at peace, his one request was that he might carry the despatches east, eager for sight of his family, but before he could reach Taos, he met General Kearny and turned again to act as a guide through the burning, Indian-scorched sands of the Mohave.

He saved Kearny just as he had saved Fremont so many times, for when they were surrounded by Mexicans, it was Carson who crawled on his belly through cactus and prickly pear, wriggling like a snake from shadow to shadow, winning past campfire and sentries, and then toiling forty miles on bare, bleeding feet to bring aid from San Diego. In March, 1847, he had his reward, for Kearny sent him to Washington with despatches, giving him the chance for a short visit with his family.

President and Congress joined in lionizing the famous frontiersman whose daring had thrilled the East for so many years, and there were many compliments upon his simple dignity. It was as a lieutenant in the Rifle Corps that he rode back across the continent to Monterey, and there was a winter of military duty well discharged, for his was the task to guard passes and keep the Indians in hand.

In the spring he started off again on the long journey to Washington with despatches, but on reaching Santa Fe, learned that the politicians of the Senate had refused to confirm his appointment.

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“Don’t go on,” urged his friends. “They’ve kicked you out, Kit. Let ‘em get somebody else to do their dangerous work.”

Carson’s answer might well have served as his epitaph. “No,” he said, “this is a service for my country, and it doesn’t matter whether I do it as an officer in the army or a plainsman. The big thing is to *do it.*”

The Comanches were on the war-path at the time, racing the short-grass country with a message of death for every white, and Kit was forced to swing wide of the established trails, riding further and further into the arid stretches of the north. When he reached Fort Leavenworth, edging down from Nebraska, his iron frame was wasted to a shadow.

Back in the lovely Rayado Valley near Taos, where he had bought a ranch, he thought to know peace and rest, but when the Apaches went blood-mad, killing and torturing men, women and children, it was to Kit Carson that the people turned. More cunning than the Indians and equally tireless, he scourged them across the desert sands, harried them through the mountain fastnesses, and drove them to hide in the sun-baked rocks along with the rattlesnakes.

In 1853 he pushed six thousand sheep across the plains to California, where the gold hunters fêted him as a hero and patron saint, but when old companions offered to share their claims, telling of wealth to be had for the taking, he shook his head and rode back to his valley, away from the greeds of men.

Now and then he went far into the North for a hunting expedition with old friends, but no more were there the gay wild gatherings on the banks of the Green, and each year brought news of the death and disappearance of those he had known and loved.

INCREDIBLE KIT CARSON

Having done more than any other man to bring the great stretch of the West into the Union, it was indeed fitting that Carson's life should have ended in defense of that Union. At the outbreak of the Civil War he received appointment as a colonel of volunteers, and in the uniform of his country rode the passes and trails that he had once traveled in moccasins and beaded buckskin. Four years of hard service took heavy toll of a constitution already strained by a life that had never known ease, and the end of the war found him with an incurable disease of the heart.

Three years he lived, long enough to let him see the completion of the railroad that linked the Atlantic and the Pacific, and as he watched steel rails run where once he had hunted the buffalo and fought the grizzly bear, he murmured to himself, "There is no more West," and rode back home to die.

XVIII

THE PROMISED LAND

HUNTED out of Illinois like so many wild beasts of the forest, the Mormons left their fair city of Nauvoo with its shaded streets and shining temple, and fled before the hate of their fellowmen.

Crossing the Mississippi, straight into the setting sun they drove their ox teams, indomitably persuaded that somewhere beyond the arid, burning stretch of desert they would find a Promised Land rich in peace and rest against the rage of the wicked. A hegira as vast and pathetic as that of the Israelitic tribes when Moses led them out of Egypt, and no less marked by simplicity of faith and high courage.

Nineteen years had passed since that day in 1830 when young Joseph Smith startled the citizens of Palmyra, New York, with his story of the Hill of Cumorah and the great Gold Plates, and few of these years had been without suffering and persecution.

Having known "Joe" throughout his ragged, worthless boyhood, hard-headed men refused to believe that God had picked him out as His prophet. They jeered at his specific accounts of the visits of the angel Moroni and scoffed at the magical eye-glasses, called Urim and Thummim after the mysterious Old Testament high priest symbols and providentially found for the translation of the plates; and when the Book of Mormon appeared in print, establishing a brand-new religion, people gave vent to fierce anger against the "blasphemers."

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The wholesale removal of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to Kirtland, Ohio, promised well for a while, and as missionaries traveled the Eastern States and Europe, sending back a steady stream of converts, the huge, dynamic Prophet tossed his yellow mane, and dreamed great dreams of the kingdom, the power and the glory.

In bursts of Old Testament oratory he declared that the councils of the ungodly would be confounded, and all unbelievers cast into the lion's mouth, aye, even upon the horns of the unicorn. Short-lived prosperity, for dreams have ever been poor building material when unaccompanied by practicality, and of a sudden Joseph Smith's towering structure fell with a crash.

By night there was a flight to Missouri, but although plainly indicated as the New Zion by divine revelation, it proved anything but a refuge. The Missourians did not like the Mormons, nor was it any passive distaste, for mobs fell into the habit of tarring and feathering, and at the last crops were destroyed, homes burned, and it was only by the narrowest margin that the Prophet and his Apostles escaped death before a militia firing squad.

Back across the Mississippi fled the unhappy Saints, founding Nauvoo the Beautiful on the river bank fifty miles or so from Quincy.

Once again there was the promise of happiness, for Mormon missionaries labored hugely in England, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, sending back thousands of converts, and by 1844 Nauvoo had a population of about twelve thousand, scorning Chicago with its pitiful four thousand.

Tithes filled the coffers of the church, industry and energy wrung rich returns from the fertile soil, and

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such was the increase in wealth and power that even Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas begged the Prophet's favor.

Out of it all came Joseph Smith's decision to run for president. A tragic blunder, for the people of Illinois had been viewing Mormonism's growth with angry alarm, and public opinion flamed into fury when the Prophet wrecked opposition newspapers, suppressed free speech and declared martial law, ruling despotically by means of the Nauvoo Legion, a military body of his own organization.

The end came when a mob burst into the Carthage jail, where Smith lay awaiting trial for riot and treason, shooting down the Prophet and his brother, Hyrum, and pumping bullets into the bodies long after life had left.

For a while the bereaved Saints struggled manfully against the rising tide of hate, but confessing defeat at last, they gave up the fight in the spring of 1846, and for the next few months streamed across the Mississippi into the unknown. Scourged, hunted and homeless, it was still the case that a sublime confidence shone in every face, for at their head rode a heavy-set man of forty-five, red of hair and gray of eye, a jut of short chin whiskers accentuating the thrust of an under jaw that had the look of granite.

Brigham Young had been a poor hardworking painter and glazier at the time of his conversion to Mormonism, remarkable only for thrift, industry and common sense. Perhaps it was this very practicality, the intense realism of the man, that made him accept the new faith that took every one of God's words in absolute literalness, scorning attempt to treat them figuratively.

It is equally characteristic of his solid, steadfast

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nature, that, once having made his choice of a religion, he cleared his heart and mind of doubts and fears. It was nothing to him that he was never vouchsafed sight of the Golden Plates, nor the Urim and Thummim, and he bowed his massive head in matter-of-fact acceptance of each and every revelation that Joseph Smith reported.

From the very first the new convert proved a tower of strength, furnishing the hard sense, shrewd judgment and administrative ability that the Prophet lacked. It was Brigham Young who first saw the necessity of evangelization, and it was largely through his powerful, compelling personality that English, Scotch, Dutch and Scandinavians were induced to turn their possessions into money and sail for America to live under the rule of the Prophet, Seer and Revelator. Ranking member of the Apostles at the time of Joseph Smith's death, Brigham Young succeeded to leadership, and as he led his homeless, desperate people into the West, it was as though the stark challenge of the unknown developed deep-lying, long-hidden instincts of mastery.

A tremendous creature, a great man, judged by the standards of any time or race. Where Lewis and Clark and Fremont had only blazed trails, the "Lion of the Lord," as his devout followers called him, built cities and reared states, facing nature in her most savage aspects and beating her to his will. A true empire builder he was, yet barred from true place and proper consideration by reason of living too late.

Had he fought the desert in the day when the Twelve Tribes roamed the wilderness—each bearded, fire-eyed leader followed by a procession of wives and concubines—all would have been well, but the nineteenth century shrank away in bitter prejudice from

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Brigham Young's twenty-five helpmates, and his polygamy has ever been a cloud between him and his rightful place in the sun.

As the Mormons set forth into the land of sand and sage-brush, not Moses himself was more the autocrat than this middle-aged painter and glazier who faced the frontier with as much assurance as though his whole life had not been spent in towns.

He picked the camps and pitched them. Under his watchful eye the wagons were lowered from bluff to river bed. If there was a sick horse to be treated or a watch to be swapped, it was Brigham Young who prescribed the remedy and approved the trade. At his stern command men and women calmed their petty disagreements and surrendered their selfishnesses. When storms beat down their rude shelters, baring the wretched exiles to the wrath of the skies, he blew upon the dying fires of courage until they blazed again.

Reaching the present site of Council Bluffs in mid-summer, for the oxen could only make six miles a day, Brigham Young decided upon a permanent encampment and entered into amicable arrangement with the Indians for the use of the land.

Seeds were planted, and under his direction, cabins were built, home manufactures started, and trades taught, so that by the time the cold wind blew it was a self-contained community that faced the winter in comfort and confidence.

These things done, the indomitable leader picked some one hundred and fifty men from the company, and set out again in the April of 1847, bidding his people wait until he should have found Zion.

Off across the parched land they rode, and as methodically as though it were a mere painting job, Brigham Young parleyed with hostile Indians, located

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water holes, fought prairie fires, sent men to hunt the buffalo and antelope, kicked rattlesnakes out of the way as part of the day's work, laid his hands on the sick and "rebuked" the disease, and never raised his voice except when irritated by "joking, nonsense, profane language, trifling conversation and loud laughter." In his possession was one of John Charles Fremont's maps, and this he followed faithfully until the Wind River loomed high above him, and there came the necessity of a choice between the California and Oregon trails.

At the entrance to South Pass, the party met, among others, those two famous frontiersmen, Jim Bridger and Peg Leg Smith, who told in detail of the country that lay ahead, drawing maps in the sand of trails and fords, and sitting far into the night to satisfy Brigham Young's eager curiosity about the Great Salt Lake. Both took alarm at this eager enthusiasm, and enlarged upon the terrors of the desert, urging a settlement somewhere in the lovely sweep of Pacific Coast country, but the far-visioned leader had already made up his mind.

Large-scale colonization in California or Oregon would be well enough for a time, but when people began to pour in from the East, he foresaw a renewal of the hate and persecution that had already driven the Mormons from Ohio, Missouri and Illinois.

Far better suited to his needs were the barren solitudes of the harsh, forbidding Utah country, for they promised isolation until such time as strength could be gathered. Nor was it only the case that ragging unbelievers would be locked out by the bleak mountain ranges and burning plain; the Saints themselves would be locked in, and held to faith and discipline by sheer force of iron circumstances.

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In late July the exiles wearily climbed a peak that looked down upon the Great Salt Lake, and as they saw the yellow desert, guarded on every side by the Oquirrh and Wasatch ranges, they threw their hands to heaven in a great gesture, and Brigham Young declared it to be Zion. He was sick, sick almost unto death, but with the stubborn resolution that never failed him, he drove his people to ploughing and planting, building and ditching, and drew up the plans for a city of broad streets and pleasant homes, built about a temple lot of "forty acres adorned with trees and ponds."

Work well under way, he set out again through the blazing heat on the return journey to Council Bluffs, and in May of 1848 he led his thousands across the prairies into the Promised Land, calming their apprehensions by simple assurance that this dreary desert should be made to blossom as the rose.

The country was divided into Stakes of Zion, each stake into wards, and over each ward was a bishop, reporting to Brigham Young on the lives and very thoughts of each man and woman, so that at all times the most remote settler was under the president's eye.

As fixed and rugged as the mountain crags about him, Brigham Young had need of strength, for the state that he built was at first without other foundations than his own shoulders.

Even as he planned vast irrigation schemes, huge cooperative enterprises and public works for the prevention of unemployment and poverty, so did he settle personal quarrels, advise as to marriage, trade and profession, lay down rules of personal conduct, prescribe the proper clothing to be worn, draw up laws, plan an educational system and administer each individual life completely and continuously.

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He even told his people when to laugh and when to play, taking personal direction of balls and parties, and ordering amateur theatricals. When he built a great theater, feeling that Mormon existence needed more color, there was a room off the stage where he sat after each performance and administered praise and rebukes. The elder Sothern, Adelaide Neilson, Lawrence Barrett, John McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Frances Marion Bates, and all the other great actors of their day were brought to Salt Lake, and each and every one enjoyed the experience of listening to Brigham Young's frank estimate of their ability.

A great cooperative community was his goal—the will and initiative of the individual subordinated to the commonweal—and his success will ever stand as a proof of his greatness. Where Joseph Smith had never been able to enforce his tithing system, Brigham Young established it as an undeviating rule of daily life, and as money poured into the coffers of the church, the funds were used for cooperative ventures of every kind that put the people in still larger dependence upon the state.

The California gold rush of 1849 put the masterful patriarch to the test, for through his domain swept the frantic throngs that shouted wild tales of incredible wealth to be picked up from the ground. But Brigham Young wrapped his mighty arms about his people, holding them fast against temptation, keeping them to their fields even when grasshopper plagues left bare the land, and the sun beat down like some implacable enemy. It is to be admitted, of course, that he used threats of hell-fire freely, promising deserters eternal damnation, but, when all is said and done, the thing that held the Mormons was Brigham Young's mighty will.

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When the territory of Utah was organized in 1850, more than eleven thousand people were in its borders, and President Fillmore was compelled of necessity to make Brigham Young the governor.

Now was the golden age of Mormonism, for its missionaries traveled the world, and each year saw the arrival of thousands of converts, bringing new acreage under cultivation and adding tithes that gave the church still greater wealth. Now was the new faith powerful enough to stand against the world, and in this belief President Young made public proclamation of polygamy as a tenet and practise of the Church.

As far back as 1843 Joseph Smith had claimed to have received the revelation authorizing plural marriage. At the time of his death he had twenty-seven wives. But it had been deemed wise to keep the matter a secret from the outside world.

Brigham Young himself was eight times a husband before leaving Nauvoo, and ever since then polygamy had been explained and enjoined upon all Mormons, so that secrecy became increasingly difficult as well as irksome and humiliating.

Publicity aroused a certain indignation throughout the United States, but it was not until 1856 that the storm broke, for Fremont joined polygamy with slavery as his issues in the presidential campaign, branding both institutions as vile and barbarous.

As a consequence, pious James Buchanan found himself faced by an outraged public opinion when he came into the presidency, and was forced to remove Brigham Young from office, appointing a new governor and a brand-new lot of federal officials.

No whit awed, the Mormons shouted a message of defiance, Young declaring that only the Lord Almighty had power to remove him, and Buchanan, compelled to

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accept the challenge, sent General Albert Sidney Johnston into Utah at the head of one thousand five hundred soldiers.

Young's answer was the bold sort of gesture that might have been expected of him. He burned the prairie before Johnston's march, destroyed the two forts where he had planned to camp, and ordered thirty thousand people out of Salt Lake City into the deserts of the south. Without one word of protest men and women left their homes, driving wagons loaded with household goods and children, journeying into the wilderness even as they had left Nauvoo eleven years before, and all that remained behind were men with matches, under order to fire the city at sight of the invaders.

It was a gallant gesture, well calculated to excite admiration, but its effect was destroyed by the Mountain Meadows massacre. Never was anything more horrible and damnable, for the wagon trains of Arkansas immigrants were butchered with a cold-blooded ferocity that would have shamed Apaches. They surrendered to John D. Lee and his fellow Mormons after a four days' battle, receiving assurances that their lives would be spared, and all but seventeen babies were shot down like dogs.

Small wonder that Brigham Young cried out in rage and anguish against the criminal blunder of his subordinates, but Lee had only practised what the elders preached, and it became a necessity to throw the powerful protection of the church about the murderers. Not until 1876 was Lee found guilty and shot on the scene of his crime.

What saved the Mormons was the exigencies of partisan politics in the United States. The Republicans, eager to destroy Buchanan and the Democratic

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party, brushed the Mountain Meadows massacre to one side as the work of Indians, and started a passionate attack on the government for persecuting a brave people.

Noble Mormons! Poor Buchanan, deserted in an undertaking that had been forced upon him by public opinion, was compelled to compromise, and troops were withdrawn from Utah on Brigham Young's bland assurance that he stood ready at all times to obey any just law and to give support to any honest official, himself being the one judge of honesty and justice.

The Civil War, with its tremendous preoccupations, wiped the Mormons from people's thoughts, and once again working with a free hand, the masterful president turned his attention to various evidences of revolt that had manifested themselves as a consequence of domestic disorder.

One Joseph Morris presumed to set himself up as a Messiah, and Young's soldiers, capturing the stronghold after a three days' battle, shot down Morris and various associates, a stern lesson that was not without its effect, for Messianic pretensions were noticeable by their absence from that time on.

With the ending of the Civil War, however, public attention once again centered itself upon the Mormons and their polygamous practises, and from every pulpit thundered denunciations against Utah as a collection of Sodoms and Gomorrahs. Weird tales of secret vilenesses spread, the land shuddered at accounts of the murderous activities of Brigham Young's Destroying Angels, and McKee Rankin won fame and fortune with his play, *The Danites*, a blood-and-thunder drama built around the All Seeing Eye of Utah.

It was cried through the country that Brigham Young had twenty-five wives and fifty-six children,

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and when he married Ann Eliza Webb in 1868—the groom sixty-six and the bride twenty-four—indignation flamed to such a pitch that the federal authorities went to work and some time later indicted the old president for lascivious conduct.

Bill Hickman, claiming to have been Brigham Young's Destroying Angel, wrote his confessions at this time and an indictment for murder was also returned. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, refused to approve the practise of handpicking non-Mormon jurors to consider Mormon cases, and the president was never brought to trial.

Against the public opinion of the United States and the whole force of government, Brigham Young maintained a proud, unlowered crest, as rugged and impregnable as any Wasatch peak or Oquirrh crag. More than any mere passion of religious conviction hardened his gray eye and stiffened that jutting under jaw. When the people of the United States had feared the desert, shrinking from its terrors, he had pitched the tents of his people amid the sands. By the iron of his will and the sweat of his soul he had founded cities and a brand new civilization in the wilderness; all was of his own creation, and by the God of Moses, Abraham and Isaac, he would hold for his people what he had won for his people.

The Edmunds Act of 1882, punishing polygamous practises by fine and imprisonment, filled the jails with Mormons and sent their leaders flying to secret mountain haunts. In 1890 President Wilford Woodruff was to issue a proclamation ordering polygamy's discontinuance, and urging all Mormons to bow before the law of the land, but until the day of his death, Brigham Young beat down the attack of the outside world, massive and unafraid as a great herd bull.

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When he breathed his last on August 29, 1877, he looked out upon a people strong and safe behind the walls that his genius and courage had builded, and it was with unbowed head that he went before his Lord.

XIX

NANCY HANKS' BOY

THE cabin that shiftless Thomas Lincoln built in the Indiana wilderness was without floor or windows, and inclosed on three sides only, the front left open, save for some flapping skins, to the wind and snows of winter. From his hard cold pallet, the boy Abraham could see the immensity of the heavens, watch helpless trees bend before the storm, and hear the howl of wild beasts as they padded the forest aisles. He was but nine when his mother died, life leaving the poor, work-worn body as if ashamed to stay longer in such a shabby tenement, and his hands helped to make the rude coffin and dig the hole in the ground.

It was these early years that scarred the sensitive soul of Abraham Lincoln, and set his face in lines of tragedy. It was always as if his sad eyes looked down upon that most miserable of graves, as if his heart chilled again to the cold and loneliness of those black nights, the days of drudgery and hopelessness.

He longed for learning with an instinctive passion and to the gallery of painful memories were added the evenings that he toiled over dog-eared books by the light of pine knots, or laboriously fashioned letters with charcoal on the wooden fire shovel.

They were experiences that gave him kinship with the beaten and driven of the world, but they gave him also a sense of defeat, burdening him with a dreadful melancholy that often plunged into a state of mind

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where self-destruction seemed the one escape. If he laughed at the tragedy of life, it was only that he might bear it.

A rail splitter, a riverman, a storekeeper, a deputy surveyor—not one of these ventures of his first manhood held sufficient success to lift the pall of disbelief in his ability, and when he entered politics it was without other idea than the capitalization of his one proved asset, a genius for inspiring trust and liking.

There may have been a touch of pity in the regard of his neighbors, for the gaunt, shambling figure and wistful face gave an impression of utter unfitness for the competitive struggle, but there was also sincere affection, for he had about him a mysterious quality that went straight to the hearts of people.

Various years in the Illinois Legislature were followed by a term in Congress, but his opposition to the Mexican War curdled public sentiment, and when he finally stepped out of office all of his old doubts and fears returned with crushing force.

How could he, the once unlettered rail splitter, a homely figure of fun, dare to hope for more than the mercies of life? Dejectedly, almost despairingly, he took up his humble law practise, torn between his inability to charge poor people for his services and the necessity of providing for wife and children, together with the aid demanded by a mortgage-ridden father.

All this while Stephen Douglas, four years Lincoln's junior, had been mounting to the heights in an unbroken series of triumphant leaps. Secretary of Illinois, judge of the Supreme Court, a congressman, a senator, blazing through the political firmament like a comet, what wonder that poor Lincoln murmured, "With me the race of ambition has been a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success."

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And now in 1854, needing only the larger favor of the South to give him the Democratic nomination for the presidency, Douglas smashed the Missouri Compromise, creating the territories of Nebraska and Kansas with power in the people to admit slavery if they chose.

Save for a few fanatics, such as Garrison and Sumner, the North had accepted slavery as a settled fact, asking only that it be kept south of the line fixed in 1820, but with this agreement violated—with the evil institution turned loose to roam at will—there came anger and fierce indignation.

The news, reaching Springfield, was a clarion that called Abraham Lincoln from his dejection and humility. As if some spring had been released, his soul rose above its fears and defeats, and as if it had only been waiting for a higher call than selfish ambition, the genius of the man began to flame.

As a riverman, standing beside the slave blocks in New Orleans, he had loathed the infamous traffic in human beings. But with clearer vision than any other of his time, he saw beyond the pathos of slavery and grasped its menace to the permanence of the Union. "I tell you, Dickey," he cried to his roommate after a sleepless night, "this nation can not exist half-slave and half-free."

The dreams of Jefferson had not come true in full measure, but in union Lincoln ever beheld the hope of humanity, and with the deep passions of his nature aroused at last, he sprang forward to do battle with the dangers that threatened.

In speeches that thrilled by their truth and power, he attacked Douglas, and when the new Republican party held its first convention in 1856, he left the Whigs forever, and made common cause with those

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who branded the Kansas-Nebraska Bill as “a covenant with death, an agreement with hell.”

There came the Dred Scott Decision, with Chief Justice Taney holding that slaves were property, protected by the Constitution, and that Congress was without power to exclude slavery from territory acquired subsequent to the formation of the national government.

Douglas broke with Buchanan over the President’s attempt to force the admission of Kansas as a slave state, and returned to Illinois to ask re-election. Because of his brave stand, Seward and Greeley and other Republican leaders urged that he should not be opposed, but Lincoln refused to heed these feverish suggestions, and took the field to fight for the Senate seat. He knew that Douglas’ stand had not been based upon any conviction as to the evil of slavery, knew also that his reelection meant no more than a truce, a compromise, and with iron determination set out to lay the deeper issues bare.

He was beaten, but in the defeat there was none of the old hopelessness. At Freeport he had compelled Douglas to admit that the people of a territory had the right to exclude slavery, a flat repudiation of the Dred Scott Decision, and with that uncanny ability to fathom the future, Lincoln knew that he had destroyed Douglas as a victorious candidate in 1860. As for himself, certain tremendous phrases had flung loose from his speeches and were finding lodgment in the hearts of men. “A house divided against itself can not stand,” and “No man is good enough to govern another without the other’s consent” made plain people everywhere look to the uncouth Illinois lawyer as a leader.

Seward, a mighty figure, seemed certain of the Re-

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publican nomination, with brilliant Salmon P. Chase a second choice, yet when the convention met in Chicago, Abraham Lincoln was named on the third ballot.

How the high gods must have laughed! Seward, the man who was to put free institutions in peril by his invariable willingness to compromise, was thrust aside as "too radical," and Lincoln, with principles bed-rocked in the granite of an unyielding faith, was chosen for his greater pliability.

As Lincoln had foreseen, the South refused to forgive Douglas for his Freeport doctrine, and out of the Democratic convention came three tickets, an insane division of strength. Lincoln won, but his vote—1,866,452 against 2,815,617 for Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell—proved him the choice of a minority, and straightway six southern states followed the example of South Carolina in seceding from the Union. Once he might have felt a vast wonder and pride in his elevation to the great office, but now the certainty of hate and bloodshed made him turn to his God with a prayer for strength.

In Washington he found a loneliness as sad as those nights when he stared through the flapping skins into the black Indiana woods.

The powerful commercial interests did not want war. Foolish Greeley preached the necessity of compromise. Seward and other powerful leaders were seeking to evade the issue. Only Lincoln, shrinking in anguish from the horrors that loomed, faced the situation and realized it as one that had to be met.

Out in Missouri the egregious Fremont proclaimed the emancipation of slaves, and when Lincoln, appreciating both its illegality and its bad effect upon wavering Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, revoked the order, a cry of rage went up from the abolitionists.

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“How long,” piped James Russell Lowell, who had urged Americans to desert during the Mexican War, “how long are we to save Kentucky and lose our self-respect?”

Radicals clamored for Lincoln’s impeachment, and Greeley hounded with vindictive fanaticism, drawing from the President this simple declaration of purpose: “My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery.”

Edwin M. Stanton, a Democrat, had led in the business of abuse and insult, and even when Lincoln called him to be Secretary of War, eager for his honesty and force, the arrogant, irascible man persisted in his contempt and use of bitter epithets. It was not only that McClellan richly earned the title of the “Virginia Creeper” by his excessive caution; at all times he failed in appreciation of the President’s protective friendship. It was Lincoln who waited on McClellan, and the “Little Napoleon,” bored by what he deemed an impertinent curiosity as to his plans, finally sent down word one night that he was “too tired” to be bothered.

Charles Sumner, the Boston Brahman, proud of his learning, his three languages, his European intimates, his London clothes and white spats, whipped a Senate group to daily attack; and high-headed, irresponsible Mrs. Lincoln went out of her way to heap social favors on this sneering, jibing enemy of her husband. Delegations of ministers invaded the White House regularly to instruct harassed Lincoln as to the “will of God,” hectoring him as though he were a schoolboy; and to add to his heart-break, Willie, his little son, died of a fever.

Nowhere was there a helping hand that reached out. Emancipation, with him, was a thing second only

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to the preservation of the Union, yet his way was thick with obstacles.

To declare all slaves free was an impossibility, for there were always the Border States to consider, nor was it in Lincoln's heart to ruin the South, for he looked on slavery as the sin of a whole nation. Gradual and compensated emancipation was what he planned and hoped for, but Congress bared its teeth in an ugly snarl, and would have none of it. On January 1, 1863, therefore, he signed the proclamation that gave freedom to all slaves in the seceding states, frankly recognizing it as a war measure.

Abuse redoubled, for the radicals attacked him for not proclaiming universal emancipation, and the others abused him for his defiance of the Constitution.

Hooker followed Burnside, Pope and McClellan, and proved no more of a match for the genius of Lee and Jackson. After bloody Fredericksburg the unhappy President had bowed his head and cried, "If there is a man out of perdition who suffers more than I do, I pity him."

Now when the news of Chancellorsville came to him, it seemed that he could stand no more, yet always by some miracle he found new wells of fortitude to draw on. Added to all were the ceaseless streams of wretched fathers and mothers, begging the lives of sons about to be shot for desertion or some failure of military duty, and night and day he sent his telegrams of pardon and reprieve, perhaps the one joy that came to him.

What isolated him most was that he refused to turn his heart over to hate. He did not call the Confederates "rebels," or curdle his soul with plans of punishment and revenge; all he wanted was to get the seceding states back into the Union, letting forgive-

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ness follow peace. In his message of December 8, 1863, he offered amnesty to all who would take oath "to support, protect and defend" the Constitution, and his reconstruction policy, exemplified in the state governments of Louisiana and Arkansas, was frankly designed to restore the old status of the Confederate States without attempt to penalize them for their attempt to break the bonds of union.

Like so many wolves the congressional group sprang to the attack, arrogant Sumner in the Senate, and crippled Thaddeus Stevens, half-crazed by pain, malice and fanaticism, screaming his opposition in the House. Vituperative "Old Ben" Wade and acrid Henry Winter Davis followed close behind, and the President was made to understand that reconstruction was none of his concern, being a matter entirely within the jurisdiction of the legislative branch. The bill that they drew up was barren of mercy, harsh and cruel in every provision, and Lincoln turned away in disgust when it came to his desk for signature.

The way of hate was so much the easiest way. At the time the bill reached him—July, 1864—he had just been renominated with the irrepressible Fremont running as the candidate of the radical Republicans, threatening to divide party strength. All that he needed to do was to put away the tendernesses of fraternity, joining Sumner, Wade and Stevens in their devil dancing, and factional discord would have disappeared at once. It was not even a temptation to that steadfast soul, and although his worn face may have taken on an added grayness, he refused to sign the bill, and bowed his head to new storms of vile abuse.

Wade and Davis issued a manifesto, attacking not only his ability as an executive, but likewise his hon-

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esty and his honor. In his very Cabinet the sneaking Chase planned treachery and betrayal. And in September the Democrats nominated McClellan on a platform that contained these words: "That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war . . . justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities."

Greeley, whose genius consisted principally in the impassioned advocacy of every wrong and stupid course, reiterated the accusation of failure, moaned daily about "our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country," accused Lincoln of prolonging the war for "his own evil purposes," and demanded peace in order to avoid "new rivers of human blood."

Another faction talked seriously of putting Lincoln aside, and drafting Grant to take his place; and always Sumner, Wade and Stevens berated and reviled him for not prosecuting the war with greater savagery.

He felt himself a beaten man, deserted by the people and crucified by the politicians. But when Sherman's successes in the South turned the tide of public opinion—when the elections resulted so overwhelmingly in his favor—there was no word of exultation, only a new affirmation of his love and compassion—not hate nor revenge, but the finer, dearer task of "binding up the nation's wounds," facing peace "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

Fast and faster events rushed to the end. In late March, the President went down the river to City Point where Grant was preparing for a final thrust at Lee's staggering army. Victory was plainly in sight, but as the Union forces attacked in a last assault on

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Petersburg, Lincoln's weary eyes seemed to follow every bullet that found its mark—brothers killing brothers—and all night long he walked the deck of his steamer in an agony of pain. Even when word came of the evacuation of Richmond, his joy was poisoned by the sight of Confederate prisoners, ragged, starving, and tears were in his eyes as he murmured, "Poor fellows! Poor fellows!"

It was in this spirit that he faced the peace. Speaking to a great crowd before the White House on the evening of April eleventh—his last public utterance—he took his stand against any and all programs of vindictiveness. What he wanted, what he meant to do, was to bring the seceded states back into their "proper practical relation to the Union." He did not propose to bother with the "mere pernicious abstraction" as to whether these states had been out of the Union. "Finding themselves at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad."

Better than any one he knew that such a position might well mean his own political destruction. Already the venomous congressional group had defeated a proposal to recognize the state government of Louisiana, and Stevens was openly regarding Lincoln as a traitor. They intended to treat the Confederate States as conquered provinces, lying at the mercy of the victor, and in their hearts was the full determination to put the beaten South under the heels of the manumitted blacks, Sumner boldly proclaiming that the ex-slaves were far better equipped to form and operate a republican form of government than their old masters.

Theirs was the power. The soldiers themselves were without rancor, for they had only respect for a foe that had fought valiantly in defense of a cause

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they believed to be just, but at their backs were the millions of stay-at-homes, meanly concerned with irritations attendant upon material losses, and the clamant politicians, eager to regain prestige by noisy ferocities and base appeals to the savagery that lies in the mud at the bottom of human character.

A little later Andrew Johnson was to be impeached for daring to follow the Lincoln policy, and in four years Ulysses S. Grant himself was to be beaten to the will of Congress in reconstruction measures.

Lincoln knew, yet the certain knowledge was without power to compel a single selfish thought. He was not a churchman, only a humble follower of Jesus Christ, trying to live the Sermon on the Mount, and in the life of the Savior he found no word of hatred and vengefulness. On the morning of Good Friday he sat with his Cabinet and told them his hope of a speedy reconciliation unmarred by angers and resentments, and at the close he confided a dream that had visited his sleep the night before. In this dream he had been in a singular and indescribable vessel, moving swiftly and irresistibly toward a dark and indefinite shore.

That very night crazy John Wilkes Booth crept into the box at Ford's Theater and shot him down, and by one of fate's savage ironies, those who watched him die were men that had fought and derided him, Charles Sumner monopolizing the place at the head of the bed, dramatizing his tears.

Yet what did it matter? A weary soul knew rest at last, and the blood that dripped from his wound gave the flag a new glory, Christ's words a new message. Hate was to run its brutal course for many a sad and terrible year, but in the end a day dawned when a reunited nation knelt to the memory of the "rail splitter," the South joining with the North in appreciation of his faith and love and justice.

XX

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

THE outbreak of the Civil War found Ulysses S. Grant a humble clerk in Galena, Illinois, so cowed and beaten by the struggle with life that he was pathetically grateful for the eight hundred dollars a year that his more successful brothers flung him.

Looking up from an abyss of failure to where the sun shone high above, he saw the friends of his youth called to high command by North and South—Lee, McClellan, Jackson, Sherman, the two Johnstons, Thomas, Longstreet, Buell, Beauregard, Pickett, Rosecrans—men who had been his mates at West Point or else his companions in arms under Taylor and Scott in Mexico. As they rushed forward to grasp their chance of glory, admired and honored, the broken Grant drew back still deeper into the shadow, sick with the humiliation of his own shabby obscurity.

It was not even the case that his descent had been attended by any dignity; everything about it was mean and sordid. Awkward and tongue-tied, never a reader, lacking the social graces and without taste for sport, the unhappy, debt-ridden young lieutenant possessed no resources to fight the monotonous round of garrison duty that followed the high excitement of the Mexican campaign. As a consequence, he fell into intemperate habits, and there came the bitter day in 1854 when he resigned his commission rather than face the charge of drunkenness that was about to be brought against him.

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What followed was the drudging life of a day laborer. Settling on an eighty-acre tract near St. Louis, the gift of his father-in-law, the disgraced soldier tried to earn a living for his wife and children by peddling grain and cord-wood. But even in this he was a failure.

A brief adventure in the real-estate business added to his reputation for incompetency, and it was in frank acceptance of defeat that he threw himself upon the charity of shrewd old Jesse Grant, now a successful tanner. Given a clerkship, he sank into the petty routine with a sigh of relief, retaining no larger ambition in life than to win an increase in his meager pay and perhaps ultimately become a partner in the business.

Fort Sumter set fire to Galena along with the rest of the North, but it was only when raw recruits milled in wild confusion that some one remembered the small, round-shouldered clerk who trudged the streets in a frayed army coat.

Rescued from his office stool, Grant proved a good drill-master, but politicians seized the commissions, and it was still as a private citizen that he trailed to Springfield in the wake of the companies. A three-dollar-a-day job in the adjutant-general's department was gratefully accepted and, this work finished, he slumped back to Galena, dumbly resigned to his shabby lot.

At this point it is as if Destiny, looking about for instruments with which to work her will, gave imperious orders for Grant's elevation. Governor Yates, undoubtedly sick of clamoring politicians, suddenly bethought himself of the silent, unasking little drill-master with a Mexican War record; in mid-June Grant received his appointment as a colonel of volunteers.

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Assigned to a colorless, uneventful round of police duty in Missouri, he lapsed into obscurity again, yet August saw him made a brigadier-general, a promotion that astounded him even more than it did his fellows. The Galena congressman, like Yates, had grown sick of noisy ineffectives, and when Lincoln asked for recommendations, competent, conscientious Grant shot into his mind.

These things done, Destiny turned away for the moment, leaving Grant to prove his mettle against the forces of contempt, dislike and persecution. "I will not serve under a drunkard," cried the angry Prentiss, voicing the bitterness of other officers, and Major-General John Charles Fremont, as reckless and irresponsible as in the days of the Bear Flag, checked his subordinate's rising energy at every turn.

Even when Lincoln removed the Pathfinder from his high command, the change advantaged Grant but little, for Halleck, new head of the Department of the West, was an enemy from the first.

Grant's virtual dismissal from the army was a disgrace that Halleck refused to forget, and this dis-taste was accentuated by Grant's personal uncouthness, taciturnity and open disdain for books on tactics. On every occasion the "leather clerk" was snubbed, left to cool his heels in anterooms, or curtly informed that when his advice was wished it would be asked for.

The Confederate line, reaching from Cumberland Gap to the Mississippi, had been stretched by Albert Sidney Johnston until it was weak at vital points, and in spite of repeated insults Grant continued to urge the feasibility of an attack on Fort Henry and Fort Donelson.

Not until February, 1862, however, was the cau-

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tious Halleck badgered into consent, and with the spring of a tiger Grant captured Fort Henry and dashed on to Donelson where General Pillow lay behind strong intrenchments.

Desperate was the undertaking, but Grant had fought side by side with Pillow in Mexico, and his low estimate was sustained by events, for the Confederate commander gave battle for one day only, leaving Simon B. Buckner to arrange a surrender. It was in response to a request for an armistice that Grant returned his famous answer, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender," and as a result fifteen thousand southerners laid down their arms, and the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers were open to the Union forces.

Overnight the shabby Brigadier-General, but the year before a broken, dispirited clerk, became the hero of a nation. Sick of defeats, retreats and delays, the North took victor and victory to its heart, and Lincoln expressed the will of the Union when he made Grant a major-general of volunteers.

Nothing seemed more certain than that his place in the sun was fixed, for success lifted the dead weight of failure from his soul, and the shock of battle burst through the sluggish indolence that had buried his natural genius. Yet the very hour of his triumph saw him returned to the shadows, for even as he planned another and bolder campaign, Halleck invented pretexts to relieve him from active duty, actually threatening him with arrest.

For a dark while the fate of Grant and the Union hung by a hair, for McClellan, deceived by false reports, gave full assent to the proceedings, but Halleck's malice lacked courage, and Grant was finally restored to high command.

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Still the shadows clustered, black with disgrace, for in April came the bloody field of Shiloh, bringing such storms of hate and execration that it did not seem possible for Grant to retain heart or hope or rank. What did it matter that the campaign against Corinth was entirely Halleck's, and that Grant's sole fault was in reaching the rendezvous ahead of Buell?

Dashing Albert Sidney Johnston, refusing to await attack, slipped out of Corinth with forty thousand men and, marching swiftly through the forests, struck the unsuspecting Grant with resistless fury.

Night saw the Union forces beaten and demoralized, but Johnston fell while leading a charge, and Beauregard, assuming command, suspended hostilities, overruling the impassioned protests of Bragg and other officers. The halt permitted Buell to reach the field with thirty-seven thousand men, and the Confederates withdrew, retreating without sustained pursuit.

When Grant reported the loss of twelve thousand men, a wave of unreasoning anger swept the North. People and press screamed that he had let himself be surprised because of drunkenness, cursing him as a "butcher," and Senator Harlan of Iowa expressed popular passion when he declared that "those who continue Grant in an active command will carry on their skirts the blood of thousands of their slaughtered countrymen."

Powerful delegations visited the White House, demanding the disgrace of an "incompetent commander," but Lincoln shook his head, making answer, "I can't spare this man. He fights."

Even so, humiliation was not averted, for Halleck's hatred took advantage of public clamor, and Grant was sent to his tent without larger occupation than

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finger twiddling. As he sat alone, unmerited disgrace biting deep into his soul, something of the old hopelessness must have returned, bringing a resolve to quit the army and its mean persecutions, and this he would have done but for the intervention of William T. Sherman.

On the surface, no two men ever had less in common than fiery, explosive Sherman, as volatile as he was dynamic, and inarticulate, unemotional Grant, yet their hearts came together from the first, and only death broke the wonderful friendship.

With all the force of his ardent nature, Sherman beat at Grant's determination, and in July, fortunately enough, ponderous Halleck was called to Washington to be general-in-chief.

As second in command, Grant took charge of the armies of the West, and began to prepare to deliver a long-planned blow against Vicksburg. He himself was to march by land, with Sherman floating down the Mississippi from Memphis.

The campaign looked well enough on paper, but Van Dorn burned the supply depot at Holly Springs, and Nathan Bedford Forrest destroyed some sixty-odd miles of communication. Three weeks passed before discomfited Grant could establish contact with Memphis, and then only to learn that Sherman had been beaten back with heavy loss.

A poor beginning for 1863, nor was it bettered by three more futile attacks, all delivered from different angles and all repulsed. Here again, however, we have a manifestation of Destiny's continued interest in the silent, buffeted soldier who was to save the Union. Charles A. Dana happened to be at Grant's side throughout the Vicksburg campaign, and had the vision to see through the dull exterior down to the

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indomitable, inflexible spirit that lay beneath. As politicians clamored for Grant's removal (he was denounced as a failure right up to the day of success) Dana wrote daily letters to Lincoln insisting upon Grant's essential greatness.

What need to tell in detail of this faith's amazing justification? There is no more shining chapter in history than the passage of the Mississippi on April thirtieth, the iron thrust into the heart of the enemy's country, with five great victories as a crown of daring, all ending in that tremendous morning of July fourth when thirty-seven thousand Confederate soldiers laid down their arms in full surrender.

The same voices that had cursed Grant as a "butcher" now hailed him as a savior; Lincoln made him a major-general in the regular army; Stanton created the Division of the Mississippi, putting the new idol in supreme command; and Fortune, as if repenting her malice, gave him immediate and larger opportunity for glory.

Proceeding to Chattanooga, where Rosecrans lay under the threat of Confederate armies massed on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Grant surveyed the ground with characteristic imperturbability, and laid out his usual careful plan of battle.

A month he waited, for what he had in mind was a crushing blow, and not until November twenty-third, when he had assembled sixty thousand men, did he give the word to attack.

Three days the struggle raged above the clouds, but Grant was not to be denied, and before the furious assaults of Sherman, Thomas and Hooker, defeated Bragg led his men in disorderly retreat.

Small wonder that the people of the North contrasted these victorious campaigns with the series of

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tragic reverses that had attended Union arms in the East. By March, 1862, McClellan had assembled and trained an army of two hundred and forty thousand, four times the number of the force opposed to him, yet this superior strength had availed him nothing.

In his Valley campaigns, "Stonewall" Jackson had smashed Fremont, Banks and McDowell in swift succession—one hundred and seventy-five thousand men completely demoralized by less than sixteen thousand. McClellan himself was given a bitter taste of Joseph Johnston's quality at Fair Oaks, and Lee whipped him back in the Seven Days' Battle, compelling an abandonment of the whole Richmond campaign.

No less humiliating were the performances of the bombastic Pope. Even as he bragged of victory, Jackson swept around his flank with twenty thousand men, marching fifty miles in two days, and burned the great supply depot at Manassas Junction, almost within sight of Washington. After this came the second battle of Bull Run, a ghastly rout for the boastful Pope, and but for the fact that Lee's men had been without food for three days Washington would have been captured.

General Ambrose Burnside, coming to command, had met with overwhelming defeat at Fredericksburg, although he pitted one hundred and twenty-two thousand men against Lee's seventy-nine thousand, and Hooker, who came next in the dreary succession of failures, met disaster in the battle of Chancellorsville.

Here again the odds were in the North's favor—one hundred and thirty-two thousand against forty-five thousand—but only the death of "Stonewall" Jackson saved Hooker's demoralized army from cap-

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ture. Meade, succeeding Hooker, beat Lee back at Gettysburg, but the rest of 1863 was frittered away in indecisive maneuvers.

Grant's victories shot the one gleam of light through the North's sick despair, and weary Lincoln turned to him as one sent from heaven. Here at last was a man who knew how to employ superior strength; a commander careless of tactics and contemptuous of maneuvers, asking only for a grip on the enemy's throat, then holding with unbreakable tenacity.

Without more ado, Grant was made lieutenant-general, the first to hold that high rank since George Washington, and on March 9, 1864, he assumed the duties of commander-in-chief, and put himself face to face with Lee in Virginia.

The tanner's son against the patrician, the sledge-hammer against the sword. Throughout his life Grant had never fished nor hunted, unable to bear the cruelty of so-called sports, for suffering sickened him. Yet now, with the fate of a nation at stake, he planned a campaign that was to be without parallel in its merciless disregard of human life.

The Union had four men to the South's one; as fast as a northerner fell, there were three to take his place, while Lee was entirely without reserves. Attrition! That was Grant's word to Lincoln, and with it as his pledge and grim resolve he hurled himself at Lee's throat.

Other generals had been obsessed by the dream of Richmond's capture; only Grant had the vision to see that the real heart of the Confederacy was Robert E. Lee, and with iron resolution and unwearying tenacity he began the pursuit.

Facing one hundred and twenty thousand men with less than seventy thousand, the southern general rose

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to new heights of audacity and genius. Falling upon Grant in the Wilderness on May fifth and sixth, he dealt a terrible blow that left eighteen thousand Union soldiers dead and wounded upon the field. At Spottsylvania Court House he struck again on the eighth, and still again at North Anna on the twenty-first, but instead of the flight and demoralization that attended the defeats of McClellan, Grant merely drove forward with fiercer determination.

What were the lives of men when the life of a nation was at stake! Only a bridge of dead bodies could bring him to the final grapple that would end the horror of war, and with set face that gave no sign of the anguish that must have torn his soul, Grant built the bridge. His message, "I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," gave reassurance to the harassed President, but to Lee it must have had the melancholy toll of a funeral bell.

On June third came the tragedy of Cold Harbor. Lee, crouched behind strong entrenchments with his battered army, had no thought of anything but siege or flank attack, but Grant, in dogged adherence to his policy of attrition, ordered a direct frontal assault.

Not even the charge of the Light Brigade was more hopeless or devoted than the forward sweep of those blue lines, for when the Union forces fell back at the end of sixty terrible minutes, more than six thousand men were left behind on the blood-soaked field. To have asked permission to care for his dead and wounded would have been to confess defeat, and the extent to which Grant had steeled his soul may be judged from the fact that he bore the terror of consequences rather than stimulate enemy morale by admitting failure.

Well might the North have cried its agony, for in
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the two-months campaign, Grant had lost seventy-two thousand. The iron commander, however, paid no heed to clamor, for his losses had been replaced at once, while Lee, without reserves, looked around him at an army that was no more than a mere shell, and knew that his victories had been defeats. Lincoln, although sick at heart, had been won to implicit belief in Grant's strategy, and stood fast against the bedlam of protest and denunciation.

Now resolving to strike from a new angle, Grant slipped away to Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, but Beauregard held against all attacks for three days, and on the fourth Lee and his army came to the rescue. Frontal assaults cost ten thousand additional lives, but by now Grant had the long-waited grip on Lee's throat, and sat down until he should hear the death rattle.

The sudden cessation of attack impressed people and politicians as a sign of defeat, nor was tempestuous bitterness abated by Early's daring raid to the very gates of Washington. "Give us back McClellan," rose the cry, and the unhappy President, forced by Congress, was compelled to fix a day of "humiliation and prayer."

Unmoved, inflexible, Grant asked for three hundred thousand additional volunteers. Lincoln issued a call for five hundred thousand, and in a message expressing his unfaltering confidence, urged his general to "hold on with bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

Black and blacker grew the anger of the people (in August Lincoln expressed the conviction that he would not be reelected) but with that utter disregard of public passion that marked his whole career, Grant said no word, gave no sign, biting deeper and deeper.

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Again, as if by a miracle, both the Administration and Grant were saved by Sherman's brilliant successes in the South. Entering Atlanta on September second, he swept through Georgia to Savannah, leaving a trail of desolation behind him that severed all connection between the Confederacy and its western states, even as it robbed Lee of all hope of further supplies. Had Sherman been two months later, marching through Georgia in November instead of September, there can be no question but that the senseless wrath of the people would have thrown Lincoln and Grant from the seats of decision.

Peace discussions were begun in January, and for one tremendous moment it was in the power of the southern representatives to have averted the full disaster of unconditional capitulation. Great-hearted Lincoln, utterly without wish to crush, was willing that the seceding states should return to the Union without other penalty than the acceptance of emancipation, and even in connection with this proviso there was an offer of partial indemnification.

Not even Alexander Stephens, however, had the vision to see the generosity of the terms, for it was still a southern dream that the Confederacy could be maintained, and once again the burden of a hopeless defense was thrown upon the shoulders of Lee and his starving army.

Day by day Grant drew his iron ring tighter and tighter, and on April second the southern general slipped out of Petersburg in a despairing attempt to win a way through the Union lines and join the remnants of Johnston's army in the Carolinas. Vain hope! At every turn Grant met him, as inevitable and implacable as fate.

At last, on April seventh, came the day to which

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all of the "leather clerk's" strategy had been directed during those wretched months that saw the rage of a people bent upon his head. There before him stood his great enemy, staggering, helpless, dumbly waiting for the killing stroke, fully expectant of a last terrible, shattering charge.

The word was not given. With mercy robbed of danger, Grant's true nature was permitted to voice its compassion, and there was nobility in the message that he sent, begging Lee's surrender that the fratricidal slaughter might be brought to an end. And again on April ninth, when his fallen foe sat before him in the tawdry house at Appomattox, he let the world see deep into his long-hidden heart, for the terms that he wrote breathed magnanimity and paved the way for a peace without bitterness had the politicians not dripped their poison into the wells of understanding.

What a note to have ended on! Instead of that, popular enthusiasm, ever unthinking and indiscriminant, pitchforked him into the presidency.

Never was one less fitted for high civil duties and political contacts than the simple, trustful soldier, and not the days of failure and obscurity were more bitter than those ghastly years that robbed him of every faith.

Swarming relatives hounded him for offices that he lacked the heart to refuse: his appointments combined farce and tragedy; without skill to effect his plans, he found himself abetting the horrors and scandals of Reconstruction, breeding the very hates that he had dreamed of allaying; his own loyalty was repaid by criminal treachery, for when Black Friday shocked the nation, his brother-in-law was found to have been the paid tool of Gould and Fisk; his Vice-President and party counselors were disgraced by the Credit

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Mobilier exposures; his Secretary of War and Secretary of the Treasury were forced to resign under fire; the scandals of the Whisky Ring grimed the personal aide that he most loved and trusted—in nothing was he spared.

They tried to make him stand for a third term—these wolves that circled him—but he turned away, infinitely weary and soul-sick, and went to London for a visit with his daughter that he might escape them for a while. England's tumultuous reception of the Man of Appomattox, however, gave new enthusiasm to the schemers, and steady pressure forced unhappy Grant into despairing acquiescence.

What was to be a trip became a parade (for its effect on American opinion he was moved from Europe to Palestine, India, Siam, China and Japan, from Queen Victoria to Bismarck, Gambetta, the Czar, the Pope, Li Hung Chang and the Mikado) his one pleasure being to steal away and wander the streets, rubbing elbows with plain people.

Two years and a half they kept him abroad, and when his return in the autumn of 1879 was thought to be too soon, they sent him to Cuba and Mexico. And out of it all came only defeat, a cruel, humiliating defeat that scarred his heart. Nor was it yet the end.

Under the urging of his family, the penniless man formed a partnership with Ferdinand Ward, and people drew back in distaste from the sight of their idol in Wall Street operations.

What need to go into the details of the shameful crash. Stripped of everything save his own high sense of honor, Grant assigned even his medals, swords and uniforms, and took to his pen, writing his memoirs that he might make a living.

Cancer tore at his throat until every breath was an

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agony. His desk was a coffin lid. But indomitably he struggled, and as the country watched the simple old warrior make his last fight, a wave of love swept away the bitternesses of unhappy years, and it was in the heart of the nation that they buried him.

XXI

THE GRAY GHOST OF THE SOUTH

PUTTING the bloody field of Shiloh behind him, Sherman leaped in fierce pursuit of Beauregard's fleeing army. On he swept, contemptuous of resistance and eager for the kill, when suddenly a small group of Confederates rode clear of underbrush at the top of a fronting ridge. Only eight hundred against thousands, yet they charged with such fury that cavalry and infantry gave way before the shock, falling into wild disorder.

The leader, a giant of a man riding without reins that he might have both hands for blade and pistol, was carried into the thick of the Federal columns, far in advance of his troops, and it seemed his doom to be bullet-riddled or hacked to pieces by the sabers that slashed at him. Reaching down, he jerked up a soldier to serve as a shield for his back, spurred his horse into frenzied bounds, and swinging his sword like some terrible scythe, galloped away to safety.

That Homeric creature was Nathan Bedford Forrest, who was to be to the South what Robert Bruce was to the Scots, Scanderbeg to the Albanians, and Marco Bozzaris to the Greeks. Having paralyzed the Union advance with his handful, he managed to throw off the effect of a ball through the body, and raced from victory to victory for four long years—elusive as a phantom, sudden and deadly as the lightning stroke—building up a legend of invincibility until no chieftain was so adored or more feared.

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Small wonder that Sherman declared him “the most remarkable man the Civil War produced on either side,” and that Lord Wolseley acclaimed him, writing that Forrest divined the strategy of Alexander and Hannibal without ever having heard of either.

Back of the meteoric rise to the exalted rank of lieutenant-general was a youth as hard as the sterile soil he fought for a living. A farm drudge while other boys went to school—the full care of a widowed mother and ten brothers and sisters thrown upon him when he was but sixteen—ploughing all day and toiling late at night over deer-skin coats and coon-skin caps, his fingers deft for all their gnarled bigness—what chance had he to hear of the great soldiers of history, or do more than learn the rudiments of reading and writing?

The enemy laughed at his “Git thar fustest with the mostest,” but not for long. It was soon found to mean day and night riding, regardless of storm, hunger, or exhaustion, and catapult assaults that employed every man, rejecting the established theory of reserves.

His “Scatter out, dammit! Scatter out!” put an end to the stupid business of mass attacks on strong positions, just as his practise of dismounting cavalry—“Git down an’ git at ‘em”—was an intuitive appreciation of the truth that horses were without other military value than quick transportation to the field.

When he wrote on the back of an application, “I told you twist (twice) Goddammit *know*,” his own men may have grinned, but there was no doubt as to what he meant.

Never at any time was he in command of more than five thousand men—oftener it was a third of that number—yet panic-stricken Federal generals regularly estimated Forrest’s “army” at twenty-five thousand.



He was always at the head of every charge

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Boldly dividing a small force so as to attack on four sides, throwing his artillery into the skirmish line, beating drums at widely separated points, filling a thicket with logs mounted on wagon frames, marching a detachment round and round a hill, he was a master at creating the illusion of a mighty array, and it became his routine to demoralize vastly superior forces or compel the surrender of garrisons twice as large as his own small band. And always he was at the head of every charge, searching for the weak point in the enemy line, alert for the crucial moment when victory hangs in the balance.

Had he held high command instead of hesitant Braxton Bragg or blundering, headlong Hood, who may say that the war might not have had a different termination? Jefferson Davis, however, a West Point product himself, cherished an unalterable faith in "book generals," fully convinced that a diploma was the one proof of military capacity. It was not only that Forrest had neither blue blood nor education; the professional soldiers, looking upon war as a game to be played in strict accordance with set rules, were outraged by his repeated refusals to accept their bland theories.

"War," said Forrest, "means fightin', an' fightin' means killin'." His Damascus blade was ever ground to a razor edge, open defiance of military etiquette, for even as he put his own life on the hazard of every charge, so did he insist that the foeman must do likewise. From the first he was either ignored or minimized, and as his genius still persisted in blazing high, there were open attempts to destroy him that only ended when he faced Bragg in his tent at Chickamauga and beat him down with words that had the scourge of whips.

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“You commenced your cowardly and contemptible persecution of me soon after the battle of Shiloh,” he said, his menacing eye nailing Bragg to his seat. “You robbed me of my command in Kentucky and gave it to one of your favorites—men that I armed and equipped. Because I would not fawn upon you as others did, you drove me into west Tennessee in the winter with a second brigade I had organized, half armed and without sufficient ammunition. You did it to ruin me and my career . . . and now you have taken these brave men from me.

“I have stood your meanness as long as I intend to. You have played the part of a damned scoundrel and are a coward, and if you were any part of a man I would slap your jaws and force you to resent it. If you ever again try to interfere with me or cross my path, it will be at the peril of your life.”

However cheaply the southern leaders may have valued Forrest in the first years, northern generals made up for the failure by their appreciative curses.

Grant, compelled to abandon his first campaign against Vicksburg, ignominiously falling back after months of elaborate preparation, could not suppress his admiration of the brilliantly effective fashion in which Forrest destroyed all lines of communication.

Sherman, checkmated at every turn, and aroused to profane fury by raid after raid, issued orders to “follow Forrest to the death if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the Treasury,” the only result being new disasters.

It was soon after Shiloh that Forrest slipped across the Tennessee, leading one thousand five hundred wild riders on the first of those raids that were to make him famous. Reaching Murfreesboro in the gray of a dawn, his favorite hour, he struck the sleep-

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ing town like a tornado, capturing General Crittenden and his staff, and hundreds of prisoners before resistance could form.

Even then he remained outnumbered, but deploying his troops in such manner as to create an effect of thousands, he boldly demanded surrender "to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood." It was a phrase supplied him by his adjutant, and Forrest loved it with an almost childish joy in its bombast.

More than one thousand one hundred Federals gave up their arms, together with supplies valued at five hundred thousand dollars, but while the southerners rejoiced, word came that General Nelson was dashing down from Nashville with three thousand five hundred men. Calmly stepping into a wood, so as to give him free passage, Forrest cut in behind, smashed at Nashville until Governor Andrew Johnson shook the heavens with his angry alarm, and then evaded Nelson for a second time, burning bridges, destroying railroads, and capturing outposts and supplies on his leisurely retreat.

Again, when Buell fell back to Louisville, Forrest harried his line of march, skilfully herding him into position after position where Bragg could have struck with every certainty of victory, but the opportunities were not taken.

Later he planned the capture of Nashville, but Bragg called him off as the attack was about to be delivered, and even as Forrest chafed, Bragg ordered him to invade West Tennessee. It was a country thick with Union troops. His own force was to be two thousand one hundred men, poorly mounted and half equipped. But after one bitter, despairing protest, Forrest clamped his iron jaw and set forth on the desperate adventure.

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Crossing the Tennessee in a leaky flat boat, he soon came into contact with Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll who probably got his idea that there was no God as the result of the meeting, and captured the Colonel, two guns, any number of rifles, and a very necessary quantity of supplies. This done, he presented himself before the city of Jackson and went through all the motions of preparing for an assault in force.

Having thus given the garrison of ten thousand soldiers something to arouse and maintain interest, he slipped away under cover of night—leaving a few men behind to beat drums and blow bugles—and proceeded to capture towns, troops and supplies at his leisure.

Even when the army in Jackson finally woke up, Forrest merely kept on, raiding clear to the Kentucky line before deciding upon retreat. All bridges over the Obion were destroyed, but a swift dart eluded pursuit, and after an all-night struggle in mud and icy water—fifty men hitched to each gun—the river was crossed.

As they marched, across their front swept a Federal force, convinced that Forrest would try to escape. Instead of that he sprang to the attack and won, but in the very moment of victory two thousand Yankees crept up and leaped at his back. Even so, he managed to escape, fought a running fight for eight miles, and made the river crossing.

For seventeen days he had averaged twenty miles a day through rain and snow, fighting continually; he had killed and wounded one thousand five hundred and made as many prisoners, besides capturing millions in supplies; more than this, he had prevented reinforcements from going to Rosecrans in Nashville, and forced Grant to fall back from Vicksburg.

What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the

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gander, figured Rosecrans and dashing Colonel Abel Streight, with two thousand picked men, was told to ride to Rome, Georgia, to destroy arsenals, supply depots and railroads so that Bragg, in Chattanooga, would be cut off from all communication with Atlanta and Virginia.

General Grenville Dodge and seven thousand five hundred men were assigned to mask the departure, but Forrest, with his uncanny gift of divination, refused to be deceived, and after actually forcing poor Dodge to flounder about helplessly by bewildering thrusts and feints, rushed in pursuit of Streight at the head of one thousand two hundred riders.

Night and day they spurred on, careless of roads, for the fate of Bragg's army quivered in the balance, and at dawn on April thirtieth their prey was overhauled. Four days they fought and clear across Alabama the battle raged; Streight turning to strike savagely and then racing on, Forrest hanging to his heels with hound-like tenacity, food and sleep forgotten.

Ambuscade followed ambuscade, charge succeeded charge, but at last on the third day, hunted Streight had the right to feel that he had shaken off pursuit. Burning the one bridge across wide and deep Black Creek, he waved a mocking hand and sped on for unprotected Rome.

Standing over six feet, lithe as an Indian, and dramatically handsome, it was not only men that adored Nathan Bedford Forrest. Out of the woods came a country girl—Emma Sanson—worship in her young eyes, and blushingly announced that she knew a place where the creek could not be so very deep. She had seen cows cross it in summer.

Lifting her up behind him, Forrest rode to the

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hidden ford, and his men, after swimming their horses, ammunition held high and dry, dragged the guns across by ropes. Resting at Gadsden, Streight heard the familiar bay, and fought ten miles before he found time to draw his sobbing breath.

At sunrise on May third, Forrest came to the Coosa with only five hundred men. Without chance to get fresh horses or supplies, for Streight swept clean as he ran, more than half of the southerners had fallen by the way, their mounts exhausted. Iron-framed, indomitable, Forrest drove his faithful few into the stream, and an hour later they fed fat on Streight's still smoking breakfast.

Eighteen miles from Rome the quarry turned for a last stand, but Forrest boldly demanded surrender, after creating his usual impression of superior numbers, and although Streight wanted to fight, his discouraged officers forced capitulation, and one thousand four hundred and sixty-six men laid down their arms, an advance detachment of three hundred surrendering later.

Now the color and glow of Forrest begins to be transferred to a larger canvas. In September of this year of 1863, Rosecrans moved against Bragg, and as the southern general gave way, evacuating Chattanooga, Forrest covered the retreat. Against the cautious strategy of the two West Pointers, his daring flamed in bold relief, for even as Rosecrans credited him with six times the cavalry that he really had, Bragg held back from spectacular thrusts that Forrest urged. So events moved forward to the slaughterhouse of Chickamauga, where the southern charge cut Rosecrans' larger army in half, only lion-like Thomas averting complete disaster by his granite stand on the left.

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“Another Bull Run,” cried Charles A. Dana, and from a mountain pine the morning after, Forrest saw the wild, disorderly retreat into Chattanooga, and begged Bragg to order pursuit. Two days of inaction enabled Rosecrans to restore order, and out of his bitterness, Forrest indulged in such open criticism that Bragg found occasion to relieve him of his command. It was then that he cursed his persecutor to his face, but better than any one he knew the power of the “West Point ring,” and turned away without other thought than to do his duty.

By now, however, Jefferson Davis had come to realize that war was more than a mere matter of books, and suddenly Forrest found himself made a major-general and transferred to North Mississippi with authority to raise a new command.

No sooner had he gathered a nucleus than Sherman launched the first of those devastating sweeps that were to make him the scourge of the South. He himself was to move from Vicksburg with twenty thousand men, while General Sooy Smith, with seven thousand cavalry, was to come down from Memphis, the two forces uniting at Meridian.

Forrest, instantly divining the plan, realized the impossibility of checking Sherman, and turned attention to Smith, busily engaged in laying the country waste as he marched. What did it matter that he had but two thousand five hundred ragged troopers to hurl against a picked command that outnumbered him three to one?

At dawn on February twentieth he struck the astounded Smith with all the force of a battering ram, bewildering him with flank attacks and smashing him with frontal assaults that invariably found the weakest places in the line.

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For three days the running battle raged, Smith and his demoralized troops surrendering position after position, but on the twenty-second he managed to form his men in what seemed an impregnable line. Charge after charge was beaten back, and Forrest was called upon to endure the anguish of seeing his young brother fall with a bullet through the throat. His cry of pain rang high above the noise of conflict (there was a moment when he cradled the lifeless body in his arms and kissed the cold lips of his Benjamin) and then he leaped to the attack.

His horse was shot under him, another fell all bullet-riddled, but straight through the Federal army he cut a bloody way, and sunset saw Smith's army in panic-stricken retreat to Memphis.

Even as Sherman searched his soul for fresh expletives with which to batter poor Sooy Smith, Forrest struck again, bottling powerful garrisons by brilliant feints, dashing clear into Kentucky, and winding up the daring raid by the capture of Fort Pillow.

Then it was that the North flamed to fury, branding Forrest as an Attila, denouncing Fort Pillow as a massacre, and it was long before the facts in the case rescued his reputation from the weight of lies.

The fort had been called upon to surrender, but the commanders were confident of the strength of their intrenchments, and also expected aid from the gunboats. The attack carried the walls, the officers fled, such as were not killed, and with no one in authority to fly a white flag or lower the colors, there was a slaughter, grim and terrible, until the halyards of the flag were cut by one of Forrest's own men.

May came—the gloomy May that saw Grant and Lee locked in a death struggle in the Wilderness—and

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Sherman, under orders to thrust at the heart of the South, left Chattanooga with one hundred thousand men for his march through Georgia.

“That devil Forrest” had to be considered, however; and by way of protecting his rear, General Sturgis and eight thousand men were commanded to leave Memphis and call no halt until they met and destroyed the southern chieftain and his “phantom cavalry.” Sherman knew that Forrest could not possibly gather more than four thousand, but the experience of Sooy Smith should have taught him that two to one was not odds enough. This was proved at Brice’s Crossroads on June tenth, for while Forrest started the battle with only two thousand men, he whipped Sturgis into headlong flight.

All night he led a bloody pursuit, falling from his horse from sheer exhaustion at dawn, but the fruits of his tremendous exertions were two thousand six hundred and twelve Federals killed, wounded and captured, and arms and supplies enough to equip his entire force.

Generals A. J. Smith and J. A. Mower were now selected to crush Forrest “without fail” for not only was Sherman’s rear to be protected, but thousands of soldiers were locked in cities and towns, afraid to move beyond the safe shelter of the walls.

Wounded, covered from head to foot with boils, Forrest faced the new army of fifteen thousand with undaunted courage, but over his protest, General S. D. Lee gave battle at Harrisburg, and suffered a decisive defeat, leaving Smith and Mower free to ravage.

It was in this hour of black despair that Forrest conceived the idea of a raid on Memphis, and with him it was ever a case of action following on the heels of thought.

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Leading two thousand men, although scarcely able to sit in his saddle, he rode away on the daring expedition in which even his own men did not believe—building bridges with grape-vines and cabin floors—and at three o'clock on the morning of August twenty-first, reached the very center of Memphis and threw out his net for the three generals in command. All managed to escape by hasty leaps through bedroom windows, and as dawn saw the Federals massing in overwhelming strength, Forrest fell back with some six hundred prisoners.

His object was fully achieved, for Smith's army hurriedly returned to Memphis, and even irate Sherman must have laughed at Sturgis's *mot*: "They removed me because I couldn't keep Forrest out of West Tennessee," the censured general remarked with a chuckle, "but my successor couldn't keep him out of his bedroom."

These things done, the indefatigable leader raced after Sherman with purpose to harass his rear, striking his first blow at Athens, Alabama. The town had a garrison of two thousand, strongly fortified, but Forrest forced surrender by his usual trick, making his army seem five times its size.

On he dashed, cutting supply and communication lines, capturing blockhouses and towns until the raging Sherman hurled thirty thousand men against him from various quarters. Fighting when no more than six or seven thousand were in front of him, and retreating when the odds were too heavy, Forrest wound a way through the crowding pursuers, and crossed to the south bank of the Tennessee almost under their eyes. Two weeks later he shot north to Johnsonville, Tennessee, a great supply depot, destroyed some six millions in property and actually captured enough gunboats and transporters to set up a small navy.

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From every quarter, however, came news black with the doom of approaching disaster. In Virginia, Lee was weakening rapidly under the hammer blows of Grant, and Hood, crushed by Sherman, was retreating into Middle Tennessee, desperately planning the capture of Nashville. Blunder matched blunder.

Hood's one chance was to have crossed the Ohio for a swift dash through the North; Thomas, with an army twice as large as Hood's, should have given battle. Instead of that, he let weeks pass, and it was only when Grant threatened his removal that he attacked, battering the Confederate host into fragments.

In this dark hour of demoralization and despair, when utter annihilation seemed inevitable, it was not to some fellow West Pointer that Hood turned, but to the humble blacksmith's illiterate son, asking him to safeguard the retreat.

Forrest accepted, and were his record barren of all other military achievement, the manner in which he discharged his responsibility would have entitled him to a place among the great soldiers of all time. With a force of five thousand, only three thousand mounted, he held off the pursuit of ten thousand cavalry and thirty thousand infantry for thirty-five terrible days—fighting, retreating, turning to fight again—tireless, indomitable, brilliantly resourceful, and holding fast until the last of Hood's flying army crossed the Tennessee into the safety of Alabama. During the struggle he killed and captured a number equal to his own command and armed and fed his men at the expense of the enemy.

Out of it came a commission as lieutenant-general, and full command of all the cavalry in Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana—great honors but empty, for all about him were hopelessness and disintegration.

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With all of his old fire, however, Forrest turned fugitives into defenders, racing from point to point until Sherman, far away in the Carolinas, made angry inquiry as to why "the devil" wasn't hunted down and killed. When General Wilson set out in March, riding deep into Alabama at the head of twelve thousand cavalry, superbly mounted and equipped, it seemed certain that Sherman's pious wish was to be gratified. Not all of Forrest's wild daring could avail against such overwhelming odds, and each new day saw him beaten back, until at last his force dwindled to one thousand five hundred ragged, starving men.

Time after time his capture seemed certain. Once he was cut off from his command and entirely surrounded, his sword broken and the hammer hacked from his pistol, but he lifted his wounded horse over a wagon and escaped. Wilson was confident that he had him at Selma, but, when ammunition was exhausted, Forrest found a gap in the ring of besiegers and slipped away, beaten but free.

Even as he prepared to resume the struggle, word came of Appomattox, followed by reports of the fall of Mobile and Johnston's surrender and when a Federal commissioner sent word on May ninth that he was empowered to execute paroles, Forrest bowed his head and sheathed his sword.

No man had been more furious and implacable in war, yet not even Robert E. Lee was nobler in his acceptance of defeat, or in his call for a peace unpoisoned by bitterness and hate. Addressing his soldiers for the last time Forrest said, "I have never, on the field of battle, sent you where I was unwilling to go myself, nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens."

XXII

ROYAL BABES IN THE WOOD

IN THE days when the nineteenth century was still young, a wretched Kentucky cabin rang to the squall of a new-born boy; in Oaxaca a Zapoteco Indian trudged from the fields to see the son his squaw had spawned; and a glittering European capital shouted its joy over the coming of a man child to the royal house. From the very hour of birth, Fate began to weave together the threads of those babes' lives— weaving with such skill and pains that only death would have the power to disentangle.

The year of 1861 found them grown and saw the stage set for their joint drama. Abraham Lincoln, the rail splitter risen to be president of the United States, sat in the White House and sickened at the sound of chariots rushing to war; Benito Juarez, the Indian herder, ruled in bloody Mexico, fighting indomitably to bring peace and order to his distracted country; and in a lovely villa on the headlands above Trieste, Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, lorded it in pompous fashion as governor of Venetia, a post tossed him by his brother, the Emperor Franz Josef.

With the United States engaged in a deadly civil war, powerless to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, France, Spain and Great Britain, hoping to compel the payment of certain claims, sent their warships to Mexico, and landed troops at Vera Cruz with secret purpose to take possession of the land.

The North still staggered from the shock of Bull
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Run, and harassed Lincoln could only file a written protest against the aggression, nor was Juarez himself able to offer armed resistance, for he faced an empty treasury and the treachery and intrigues of the wealthy class.

A survey of the situation, however, convinced Spain and England that an attempt to enforce their claims would mean a long and costly war, and being without stomach for such a struggle, they accepted the settlements offered by Juarez and withdrew.

Not so with Louis Napoleon, that master adventurer whose craft had made him emperor of the French. Drunk with dreams of world dominion, obsessed by the imperialistic tradition inherited from his tremendous uncle, Napoleon III had already embroiled his country in Italy, China and Algeria, and now he planned a foothold in Mexico that would enable him to challenge the growth of the United States.

As he explained to General Forey, "Our military honor, the interests of our policy, all impose upon us the duty of marching upon the capital of Mexico, there to raise our flag audaciously, and establish a monarchy." The United States, locked in fratricidal strife, was not to be feared, and the Archduke Maximilian, selected to occupy the Mexican throne, possessed the double advantage of being a fool and the brother of the Emperor of Austria.

Contemptuously ignoring Lincoln's protests, Louis Napoleon ordered his legions to advance, and on May 5, 1862, invaders and patriots fought the battle of Puebla. Well may Mexico celebrate the Cinco de Mayo as a national holiday, for when night came after a day of furious struggle, the raw levies of Juarez had beaten back the veterans of France.

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Taught nothing, the stubborn Emperor hurried new thousands across the sea. Under this overwhelming attack the citizen troops gave way and Juarez fled the capital before the onward rush of triumphant Forey. At once a Council of Notables was formed, and in the name of the Mexican people Ferdinand Maximilian was humbly begged to cross the seas and accept a crown.

Left to himself, it is to be doubted whether the indolent Archduke would have quit the lazy peace of Miramar, where life presented no sterner problems than the care of his golden whiskers, with now and then the perpetration of a sonnet. Moving and thinking with equal heaviness, the dull routine of his petty court sufficed him, but his wife was cast in different mold. Only daughter of Leopold of Belgium, and as ambitious as beautiful, the young Archduchess Charlotte hated the humdrum of Venetia, and writhed under the humiliating supervision of Franz Josef. That hard mean soul had never liked his more pictorial brother, and found infinite pleasure in belittling him.

Months were devoted to dramatics, the Archduke refusing to accept the throne until convinced that the Mexican people really wanted him, and the French gravely going through the motions of a popular election, and it was not until the spring of 1864 that Maximiliano and Carlota, as they now called themselves, gave their royal consent to be Emperor and Empress.

A visit to Naples, a ceremonious pilgrimage to the Vatican, where the Pope blessed them, and then a voyage over summer seas to the scene of tragedy. Ecstatic receptions were skilfully stage-managed by the French, and as a climax the two Babes in the Wood stood in the great cathedral built by the con-

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querors, and bowed their heads to receive diadems from the hands of lordly prelates.

The one excuse for intervention was Mexico's inability to pay her debts, yet even before Maximilian ascended the throne Louis Napoleon forced him to recognize a lump obligation of fifty-six million dollars, and yearly payments aggregating six million dollars, representing French military expenses.

In addition to this, the Emperor was voted an annual salary of one million five hundred thousand dollars, while Carlota received one hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars a year as pin money. Millions were also lavished on palace furnishings, gold plate, gorgeous equipages and court costumes; foreign favorites, skilled in the art of entertainment, filled the days and nights with pageants and festivals, and song and laughter drowned the cries of hate and rebellion.

François Achille Bazaine, who had succeeded Forey in command of the French forces, struck fiercely to crush the spirit of the people, and like destroying angels his Turcos, Nubians and Spahis swept the unhappy land, killing and burning with the savagery learned in China and Algiers.

Benito Juarez, carrying his forlorn pretense of government, fell back from city to city, from the plain to the mountain, from the Sierras into the desert—hunted like a wild beast yet ever courageous and undismayed. General after general was either defeated or else turned traitor, and the land seemed to gasp its last breath under Bazaine's iron heel. But out of the very air the great Indian gathered men for new armies and filled their souls with his own fierce resolve. Day by day, however, his situation grew more desperate, and at last he found himself in Paso del Norte, his back against the Texas border, his resources at the end.

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Even as Maximilian pompously announced the end of rebellion and set himself to the pleasant task of devising new medals for his victorious Defenders of the Faith, there came the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. At once the flimsy house of cards began to tremble to its fall.

From the first the people of the United States had raged against the overthrow of the Mexican Republic, and now that civil war at an end, the whole country joined in clamor for the expulsion of the French and the dethronement of Maximilian.

General U. S. Grant, throwing his usual reserve to one side, made himself the voice of popular bitterness. Declaring that Louis Napoleon's monarchical establishment constituted an act of war against the United States, he urged Lincoln to rush troops across the Rio Grande, and even despatched General Schofield to Texas with instructions to raise a volunteer army of sixty thousand for cooperation with Juarez.

Confederates were to be enlisted, as well as Union men, for it was Grant's thought that the sight of North and South fighting again under the Stars and Stripes against a foreign foe would do much to heal the wounds of the Civil War. General Lew Wallace, rushing to New York with an imposing Mexican commander, also called for recruits to fight under the banner of Juarez, and the whole country blazed with enthusiasm for the heroic Indian.

Lincoln's assassination brought Andrew Johnson to the Presidency, and with Johnson in the White House, control of foreign affairs passed into the hands of lean William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

While sharing Grant's feeling that Maximilian's empire menaced New World democracy, far-visioned Seward saw what the simple soldier did not see.

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Nothing would be easier than to raise an army of veterans for service across the Rio Grande, but when its mission had been discharged, where was the guarantee that these reckless soldiers would return? Might it not be that Mexico would find that she had merely exchanged French masters for American masters? In any event, what was the use of running the risk of force when the same result could be achieved by diplomatic pressure?

Cleverly repressing Grant, Schofield and Wallace, astute Seward launched the first of a series of notes, each more peremptory than the last, warning Louis Napoleon that French troops must be withdrawn at once under threat of America's "immediate antagonism." The war that France waged in Mexico was one of "political intervention dangerous to the United States and to republican institutions in the American hemisphere," and must be stopped. At the same time, Austria was informed that any further despatch of soldiers to Mexico would be considered as an unfriendly act that might well lead to open hostilities.

It was not only the attitude of the United States that chilled the arrogance of Napoleon III. By various blunders he had lost the friendship of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia and Italy, and ringed about with enemies at home, he realized his inability to pursue the Mexican venture any further. In January, 1866, therefore, he informed Seward that withdrawal orders would be issued.

It was news that put an end to laughter in high Chapultepec where Maximilian and Carlota lolled the sunny days away. As Bazaine called in his men, courage returned to the Mexican people, and Juarez marched forward at the head of victorious armies.

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Piteously the royal dreamers begged delay, and when Bazaine shook his head Carlota took ship for France, humbling her proud soul to kneel before Louis Napoleon. The interview resulted in nothing but humiliation for the unhappy Empress, and as she hurried from court to court, making vain appeal to Franz Josef and the Pope, madness came upon her, and it was a raving maniac that physicians took to Brussels.

Having been pressed hard by Seward, who had insisted upon a fixed date for withdrawal, Louis Napoleon was at last forced to begin evacuation. Secret orders bade General Bazaine bring about the abdication of Maximilian by way of constituting a claim upon the gratitude of Juarez, and under the compulsion of the general's stronger will, the Emperor yielded assent. Slipping out of the city that he had entered with such pomp only two short years before, the wretched Hapsburg fled for Vera Cruz to board a waiting Austrian man-o'-war.

Like so many wolves they followed him—prelates fearful of the vengeance of Juarez, generals who had accepted French gold, and all the host of renegades—begging him not to desert his post, pledging men and money. The church offered millions; and cunning Abbé Fischer talked grandly of an army of fifty thousand officered by such *valientes* as Tomas Mejia, the Indian Napoleon, dashing Miguel Miramon, and bloody Leonardo Marquez.

Bazaine, rushing to Orizaba, proved that no such army could be raised, but the Emperor refused to be undeceived. A flight to Europe meant that he would have to beg refuge of his royal brother, living as a despised dependent on Franz Josef's niggard bounty, and his heart loathed the thought. Dismissing Bazaine, Maximilian returned to the capital, announcing

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that he would "continue at the helm until the last drop of my blood be shed in defense of the nation."

It was as Bazaine had said. Within a month from the sailing of the last detachment of French troops, Miramon and Mejia were crushingly defeated and penned in the provincial city of Queretaro. In his despair the Emperor sent for General Jo Shelby and other Confederate commanders who had taken refuge in Mexico, and said that he was now ready to accept their former offer to raise an army of fifty thousand.

It was too late, they told him sadly, pointing out that his cause was lost and that the problem was to save his life. They volunteered their swords to cut a way to Vera Cruz for him, but seeing his doom at last, the unhappy man called upon his pride for courage to meet it boldly.

From every corner of the country swarmed the men of Juarez, and no longer daring to trust the people of the capital the Emperor gathered the remnants of his following and awaited his fate with Miramon and Mejia in Queretaro. There, with only eight thousand renegades about him, he gave over to despair, and paralyzed the initiative of his generals by gloomy indecision. They had genius as well as bravery, but Maximilian held them in check, sitting idle until Mariano Escobedo brought up twenty-five thousand patriots for the siege and tightened a band of steel about the town.

At the end of three months the garrison had been reduced to five thousand by battle, famine and disease. Marquez had been sent to the City of Mexico for reinforcements, and did not return for the very good reason that he was blackmailing and looting in preparation for secret flight. Perched on the Hill of the Bells, either brooding or else filling his diary with

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pages of self-pity, the Emperor dreamed the wretched days away. At last Miramon and Mejia came to him and announced that the one remaining chance was to slip away and gamble on reaching Vera Cruz by secret mountain paths.

On May fourteenth, the night before the attempt, Miguel Lopez crept over the city walls, and in the tent of Escobedo arranged the terms of betrayal. Using his authority as officer of the day, Lopez opened the gates, and brought in Escobedo's men, pretending that they were relief troops.

By half past three every important point was in possession of the Republicans, and a clamor of church bells suddenly shattered the night. Maximilian, pulled from his couch by a faithful aid, rallied such men as were at hand and ran through the shadowy streets calling for all loyal troops to join him on the Hill of the Bells. As the sun came above the mountains, he saw that only a few hundred were with him, while the town below ran black with Escobedo's thousands.

Mejia, the lion-hearted little Indian, urged a last desperate charge, preferring death to capture, but the Emperor clung to the belief that even Mexicans would not dare to lay impious hands upon the sacred body of a Hapsburg. Raising a white flag, he handed over his sword with a superb gesture, saying, "If anybody's life is required, take mine."

An order from Juarez, granting the prisoners a formal trial, strengthened Maximilian's conviction that he would not be killed, and as he lay in the old convent of the Capuchines with Miramon and Mejia, dreams of lovely Miramar filled his mind.

The Princess Salm-Salm, American wife of an Austrian officer, saw Juarez personally, and came back

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with word that mercy was not to be expected, but still the Emperor refused to believe that his life was in danger. Three times the indomitable woman, a circus rider in her youth, arranged escapes, but the proud Hapsburg refused the first chance, and the two last attempts were brought to naught by betrayal.

Only when Maximilian and his two generals faced the court-martial in the gloomy Teatro Iturbide did he realize that death had him by the throat. The judges sat like graven images as he pleaded, every defense was contemptuously swept aside, and at midnight on June fourteenth the three were found guilty of having attempted to overthrow the republican government of Mexico by force of arms. Escobedo would have shot them on the sixteenth, but Juarez stayed the execution for three days, a length of time that permitted every civilized nation of the world to file appeals or protests, even Seward joining in the plea for mercy.

It was in vain. As Juarez pointed out, "For fifty years Mexico has used a system of pardon and leniency with a resultant anarchy at home and loss of prestige abroad," and as he looked over a land laid waste by the crime of foreign intervention his Indian face set in still sterner lines.

Only one gracious act softened the harsh aspects of tragedy. They told Maximilian that his wife was dead, that mad Carlota's sufferings were at an end, and he took the marriage ring from his hand, kissed it, and asked that it be sent to his royal mother.

Whatever his faults, courage and generosity of spirit were not among his lacks. The fate of his generals distressed him more than his own, and a last thought was the arrangement for the transportation of Miramon's widow to Vienna. He planned a similar

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refuge for the son of Mejia, but in times past the little Indian had spared the life of Escobedo, and to this general he now confided his boy, desiring to have him remain a Mexican.

At sunrise on the morning of June nineteenth, three carriages left the convent of the Capuchines, each prisoner accompanied by a priest. Through long lines of soldiers the melancholy cortège wound its way, coming to a stop on the Hill of the Bells, the spot most loved by Maximilian and where he had made his last stand.

Bravely enough the condemned men alighted, and as they ranged themselves against a crumbling stone wall, the Emperor changed places with Miramon, saying, "Brave men are respected by sovereigns. Permit me to give you the place of honor."

As they faced the firing squad Maximilian and Miramon made brief statements, but Indian Mejia spoke no word. One look around, a sad look, for in all that vast throng was not one familiar face, and then in a firm voice, his right hand pressed to his heart, the Emperor called "Fire!" Four bullets pierced his body, but still he moved, and two soldiers, stepping forward, shot again, their balls ripping his breast and abdomen.

So ended the Old World's dream of empire in the New.

XXIII

THE TAILOR FROM TENNESSEE

To RISE from a tailor's bench to the Presidency of the United States; in the hour of pride and triumph to feel suddenly the clutch of ruin; for dreadful weeks to hang above a pit of shame and black disgrace—such swift and malignant alternations of fortune might well have crushed the strongest. Yet seven years from the time he left the White House, as much discredited as though the High Court of Impeachment had found him guilty, Andrew Johnson stood in the Senate, a duly-elected member, fronting his ancient enemies with unbowed crest. The hand of Death was on him, his Indian face gray with a mortal malady, but by sheer force of will he held to his bitter purpose, only crumpling when his venom had spent itself.

Indomitable man! Unhappy, lonely man, walking the world from birth to death with only his hates to keep him company. Born sordidly, apprenticed to a tailor before he had the chance to get one single day of schooling, during the whole of his youth he looked at life through the prison bars of ignorance and poverty.

He knew himself to have ability, and a fierce determination to succeed marked him from the first, but his ambition was not more passionate than his curdling envies. Sitting cross-legged, doggedly teaching himself to read as he cut and sewed, he flamed with rage against the slim, graceful patricians that passed his

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shop, cursing them as "aristocrats," blaming them for his misery, and aching for the day when he might drag them down; make them suffer what he had suffered.

In 1826, at the age of eighteen, he married an educated woman who taught him writing and arithmetic at night, and the same year saw him taking an interest in politics.

East Tennessee was the "poor white" section of the state, and the people, delighting in his furious harangues, made him alderman, mayor, member of the legislature, and Congressmen in rapid succession. An effective orator after the model of the French Revolutionists, speaking as Danton, Murat and St. Just must have spoken, his fame spread as a "champion of the downtrodden masses," and his savage demagogery amply deserved Isham Harris's sneer, "If Johnson were a snake, he would lie in the grass and bite the heels of rich men's children."

On and on swept the triumphant tailor, trampling the gentry beneath his feet, and after two terms of governor he proved his political control of the state by winning election to the Senate.

His talents, however, were not fitted for the national arena, and he was cutting a very poor senatorial figure when the war came to give him an unique and spectacular chance for glory.

Like Lincoln, that other son of poverty, Johnson had an almost mystical love for the Union, and he cried out against secession with all the strength of his passionate soul. Back to Tennessee he raced at the risk of his life, and when an overwhelming southern sentiment carried his state into the Confederacy, he returned to Washington and grimly held his seat, the only one of twenty-two senators to reject the call of the South.

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Patriotism, his one pure and unselfish emotion, washed the dark soul clean of its sullen angers for a while, and in several speeches he came close to greatness. Arguing powerfully that the war was waged to preserve the Union, and not against any section or institution, he held the border states to loyalty, and gave Lincoln a unified public support that had been lacking.

As Oliver P. Morton, the great war governor of Indiana, declared, "perhaps no man in Congress exerted the same influence on the public sentiment of the North at the beginning of the war as Andrew Johnson." His words, like some great flame, swept from heart to heart, burning doubts and fears away.

In March of 1862, when Grant's victories had compelled the evacuation of Nashville, and part of Tennessee was free from Confederate control, Lincoln sent for Johnson and asked him to take the military governorship of the state. It was a post of hardship and extreme danger, for not only was assassination to be feared, but a turn in the fortunes of war might well throw Johnson into the power of those that despised him as a traitor.

His bull neck arched, his granite jaw protruded, the new governor entered Tennessee on the winds of wrath. Disdaining the conciliatory policy that was urged, he filled the jails with southern sympathizers, suppressed every paper that did not fawn, and even exiled ministers of the gospel, cursing them for hypocrites that wore "the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

Friend felt the iron of his imperious will as well as foe. When General Buell refused to join in his savage persecutions, he accused him of cowardice and southern leanings, and hounded him out of his command.

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“Treason must be made odious, and traitors punished and impoverished” was a slogan that he never tired of shouting, and with all of his old malignant joy he led a continuous hue and cry.

“Damn the niggers,” he growled to a visitor who mentioned emancipation. “I’m fighting those traitorous aristocrats, the masters.”

Lincoln’s amnesty proclamation disgusted him as an exhibition of weakness, and with characteristic arrogance he brushed it aside as far as Tennessee was concerned. Increasingly lonely, for even loyal Unionists were repelled by his savagery, he went his grim way without faltering, admirable only in his courage.

When the Confederates came close to Nashville, and timid souls urged evacuation, Johnson ordered resistance until the last man should fall, saying, “Any one who talks of surrender I will shoot.”

Such stories as these, traveling north, made him a popular hero, and together with Lincoln’s friendship, and the Republicans’ desire to gain the votes of the War Democrats, and to flatter the border states that had remained loyal to the Union, gained him the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1864.

Drunk on the day of his inauguration, his maudlin speech disgusted and appalled, but the painful impression was quickly wiped out, for not even Thaddeus Stevens was more of an adept at hymns of hate. No sooner had Richmond fallen than he was crying, “The halter for influential traitors; hang the leaders!” And he stood with Sumner in denouncing Lincoln’s policy of mercy as a criminal blunder.

They loved Johnson then—Wade, Sumner, Stevens, and the rest of the radicals—and when he took the oath after the President’s death, this group ran to

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him as though he were a savior, Ben Wade shouting, “Johnson, we have faith in *you*. By the gods, there will be no trouble *now* in running the government.”

By word and deed he confirmed them in their enthusiasm. Day after day he screamed vengeance against the prostrate South, repeating his stock phrases: “Treason is a crime and must be punished;” “Treason must be made odious;” “What may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the state.”

Indecently, dishonestly, he tried to prove that Jefferson Davis had “incited, concerted, and procured” the assassination of Lincoln, offered one hundred thousand dollars’ reward for his capture, and had him treated as a common criminal after arrest. In open defiance of the terms of surrender, he sought to have Lee and his generals indicted for treason, and Grant’s threat of resignation was the one thing that held him back.

Lincoln’s two amnesty proclamations were rudely set aside, and issuing one of his own, Johnson excluded fourteen specified classes. In these classes were all agents and officials of the Confederate Government, all army officers above the rank of colonel, and “all persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars.”

This was a thought of his own—a last terrible thrust at the “aristocrats,” dooming them to continued disfranchisement, and putting them lower than their former slaves. Small wonder that Stevens, Wade and Sumner hailed him as a Daniel come to judgment. Yet even as they applauded, a change came over Andrew Johnson as vast as that which befell Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus.

William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, sat at
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his right hand even as he had sat at Lincoln's. If any man ever had an excuse for hate it was Seward, for the attempt to assassinate him had killed his invalid wife and made a maniac of his daughter. Yet with unyielding tenacity he held to Lincoln's policy of reconciliation. Clearly, boldly, he made Johnson see the evil consequences of revenge, and urged him to adopt the Lincoln theory that the southern states had never been out of the Union, and that the thing to do was to bring them back to "the proper practical relation" as soon as possible.

Grant, another man that Johnson loved and trusted, also inclined to this view, and under the influence of these two counselors, the President turned away from his gloomy hates, and set himself to healing the Union's gaping wounds.

Following the example set by Lincoln in the reorganization of Louisiana, he established civil government in the seceded states, and when Congress met in December, senators and representatives were on hand from all of them, asking admission.

High flamed the wrath of Sumner, Wade and Stevens. What they wanted was to have the South treated as a conquered province, not only to satisfy their passion for revenge, but because the admission of Democrats, as Stevens frankly admitted, menaced the "perpetual ascendancy" of the Republican party.

Even as they had opposed and defeated Lincoln, so did the radicals now unite, and after rejecting the South's representatives, served notice upon the President that henceforth he would do well to keep his hands off the business of reconstruction.

Whatever doubts Andrew Johnson may have had as to the wisdom of his course were removed by the action of Congress. Always imperious and arrogant,

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resenting opposition as a personal insult, he accepted the challenge, and squared for battle with his teeth bared and fists clenched.

Lincoln might have used his humor and knowledge of human nature to reach some agreement, but the burly Tennesseean was ever one who loathed any suggestion of compromise. Congress had dared to attempt the usurpation of his presidential prerogatives, and by the Eternal God, he would fight them to the death!

Two nights later, addressing a motley crowd that surged under the White House windows, he gave free rein to his rage, and bellowed denunciations of the traitors who were trying to wreck the Constitution and destroy free institutions. "Name them!" called a voice, and straightway Johnson answered, "Sumner, Stevens and Phillips."

In equal anger, Congress overturned the precedent of years and commenced the grim business of passing laws over the President's veto. A congressional election was to be held in November, and remembering the ease with which he had swayed the hill people of Tennessee to his will, Johnson resolved to make a direct appeal to the voters, and started off on what he termed "a swing around the circle."

It was a journey through Bedlam. Disorderly crowds jeered and hooted their Chief Executive as though he were a candidate for constable; and his hot temper, invariably getting out of hand, led him into extravagances of insult and denunciation.

The sentiment of the country had not supported Sumner and Stevens, but Johnson's disorderly progress from city to city worked a change, and when Congress met again in December, the radicals had an overwhelming majority in Senate and House.

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Contemptuously sweeping aside the state governments formed by the President, a brand-new Reconstruction Act organized the South into five military districts, disfranchised virtually every white, and gave the vote to the negroes without qualification of any kind. Johnson disapproved the Act, pointing out its utter unconstitutionality, but it was re-passed over his veto, and down upon the helpless South descended the army of "carpetbaggers," more terrible than any locust plague.

The next step was a bill that stripped the President of all power over the army and its officers, and General Grant, put in complete authority with responsibility to Congress only, was explicitly ordered not to heed or obey the commands of Johnson. In the same breath a Tenure of Office Act was passed that denied the right of the President to remove any official, even a Cabinet member, without the consent of the Senate. There was no question as to the lawlessness of the measure, and even Stanton joined with Seward in framing and supporting the veto measure.

As usual, however, it was passed over his veto, and as an incident of the struggle, Johnson learned that Stanton was, and had been, the secret agent of the congressional group, sitting in the Cabinet only to spy and report.

The President had never liked Stanton, doubtless because the two were so much alike in their arrogance and egotism, and now he demanded the Secretary of War's instant resignation, suspending him when it was refused, and putting General Grant in the office. Congress, convening in December, ruled that the suspension was without justification, and promptly restored Stanton to his place, Grant surrendering possession on the instant.

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All that had gone before was nothing to the explosion of rage that now shook the White House. His wrinkled face like a glowing coal, Johnson branded the Man of Appomattox as one false to his faith and to his word, insisting that he had promised to hold the office or else give time for the appointment of a successor, so that Stanton would be put in the position of having to seek reinstatement through the courts, thus bringing up the question of the law's constitutionality.

Grant denied giving any such pledge, although admitting that "the President might have understood me the way he did," but the raging Johnson repeated his charge of dishonor, supported by the signed statements of five Cabinet members, and in bitter phrase accused Grant of having traded his principles for the Republican nomination.

Defying the Senate, the President discharged Stanton and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary of War ad interim. But Stanton barricaded himself in his office, and the House, under the leadership of Thaddeus Stevens, voted resolutions of impeachment. Of the eleven articles, eight dealt with Stanton's removal, treating it as an unconstitutional act, and the others centered around the charge that Johnson, "unmindful of the high duties of his office, and the dignities and proprieties thereof . . . did attempt to bring into disgrace, ridicule, hatred, contempt and reproach the Congress of the United States."

As the Senate resolved itself into a Court of High Impeachment, with Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase as the presiding officer, more hung in the balance than the mere fate of Andrew Johnson. It was the integrity of the Government of the United States that was at stake, for if impeachment were sustained, it meant the elimination of the executive branch as a coordinate

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factor, and the elevation of the legislative branch to supreme power.

The trial opened formally on March 5, 1868, and from the very start there was plain evidence that neither decency nor fairness were to be considered by the prosecution. Ben Butler—"Beast" Butler—leading off for the House managers, made a political harangue as vicious and intemperate, as coarse and violent as any that Johnson himself had ever delivered, and time after time the Chief Justice's rulings were set aside.

There was early admission that Johnson had been well within his rights in removing Stanton, and with this principal charge removed, all emphasis was put upon the accusation of misconduct and contumacy.

Witness after witness testified as to the exact words of Johnson's unfortunate speech from the White House balcony, and reported the passionate outbursts that had marked his "swing around the circle." Gossip was permitted to parade as certainty, and the highways and byways were combed for discreditable incidents.

Day by day, inventing pretext and making opportunities, his enemies thrust themselves into the White House, eager to gloat over the man they were crucifying. Here, at last, they were cheated. Down upon his lonely head beat the hate of a country, and in the room at his back the wife of his heart lay dying, but no man was privileged to see a sign of weakness in Andrew Johnson's bleak, craggy face.

Midway in the trial the attitude of every Senator had been ascertained save one. Thirty-five Republicans were known to be ready to vote guilty, while six Republicans were joined with twelve Democrats in a conviction of Johnson's innocence.

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The one senator who refused to let himself be placed was Edmund G. Ross of Kansas. To threats of political ruin, even hints of assassination, he made the one unchanging answer that he would cast his vote in accordance with the evidence and the dictates of his own conscience.

Slowly the trial worked to its end, marked by a hate and bitterness that increased with every hour of debate, and on May sixteenth, when the last appeal to partisanship had been made, the Senate gathered for a test vote on the eleventh article.

One by one Republicans and Democrats gave their aye and nay, but it was for Ross's name that all waited with an expectancy so intense that it had a quality of anguish. Thirty-six votes were needed to drag Andrew Johnson from his high office, and the prosecution was sure of thirty-five.

As he sat, white-faced but composed, no man knew what was in the mind of the Kansas Senator. The defense may have counted on his statement that he would vote in accordance with the evidence, for the case against Johnson had been ripped to pieces, but on the other hand a vote for acquittal meant political ruin and social ostracism. Would he put conscience above his fortune?

When Ross's name was called, the silence of death fell on the chamber, and although he did not lift his voice, his "nay" had the effect of some tremendous shout.

Sumner and Wade felt the acquittal as a mortal blow, and crippled Thaddeus Stevens, carried away on the shoulders of his henchmen, suffered agonies. Only in the White House itself was there calm. Johnson, as impassive as an Indian at the torture stake, heard the news without elation, even as he had borne the

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strain without visible sign of anxiety. Characteristically, his first act was to kick Stanton out of office.

Head still high, he left the White House with not a single voice lifted to wish him well, and once again in Tennessee, took up the dreary business of "beating back." Now it was not ambition that moved him, but an emotion of even larger appeal to his fierce nature—revenge.

He walked a lane of hatred and contempt, for the Unionists despised him no less than the southerners, but he had not lost his gift of haranguing the mob, and in 1872 he was elected to Congress.

Tireless, indomitable, following his hates with the tenacity of a hound, he added to his political strength by trick and stratagem, and three years later attained his goal. Almost a smile lighted his somber eyes as he strode down the aisle of the Senate, scene of the greatest humiliation ever visited on an American, and received the oath of office from one of those who had fought most fiercely to work his ruin.

A tremendous moment, but even so there were bitter drops in his cup. Sumner and Stevens were in the grave, beyond the reach of his rage, and not his loudest shout could wake their dull, cold ears. In the President's chair, however, sat Ulysses S. Grant, almost as greatly hated, and on his head Andrew Johnson poured out the black accumulation of his cankered heart.

A sick man, death had no power to move him to gentleness, and with savage courage he held himself erect until the last word of his attack had been delivered, and died as he had lived—hating, fighting.

XXIV

TO THE LAST MAN

Not in the history of the western plains is there record of any other such Indian encampment as that which sprawled along the banks of the Little Big Horn in the summer of 1876, for the hot Montana sun beat down upon more than five thousand redskins, driven into alliance by their hates and fears.

All of the tribes of the great Sioux Nation were standing shoulder to shoulder at last—the Hunkpapas under crafty Gall, Crow King and Black Moon; the Ogalallas and Brulés with Crazy Horse as their despotic chieftain; Scabby Head and his Blackfeet; Spotted Tail and his San Arcs; the Mineconjous with Fast Bull and Hump; the Yanktonnais and Santees, led by wise old Inkpaduta; and to swell the painted host came White Bull and Two Moon, leading the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Well may content have filled the heart of Sitting Bull, a chief and mighty medicine man of the Sioux, for the savage army that he looked upon was entirely the work of his cunning hands. Through the years he had preached a gospel of hate against the palefaces, urging united resistance to their advance, and now he had made his dream come true.

For a while it seemed that the Treaty of 1868 would defeat him, for it gave the Sioux a vast stretch of territory—the Dakotas, northern Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana—the United States pledging faith

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that this land should ever be the Indian's own, but soon it suffered the fate of previous treaties.

The discovery of gold in the Black Hills brought a rush of white adventurers into the very heart of the Sioux possessions, and while the government gave orders for their exclusion, only a handful of soldiers were supplied for the purpose. Like a locust swarm the gold-mad whites swept the land, and, as if this were not injury enough, the Northern Pacific began to plan its line from Bismarck to the Yellowstone. It was an open violation of the treaty, yet not only did the United States approve it, but soldiers were provided to protect the surveyors, driving the Indians from the hunting grounds that they had thought to enjoy in peace.

Leaping forward to grasp his opportunity, Sitting Bull had journeyed from village to village, fanning sullen angers into flame, making "medicine" that promised victory, and the result of his tireless efforts was the great Indian army that filled the valley of the Little Big Horn, eager and ready for battle with the hated whites. Nor was it any mere prairie rabble, armed only with bows and arrows, for every warrior carried a modern repeating rifle and two first-class revolvers, and in every tepee there were piles of ammunition.

As he gazed, Sitting Bull's lip must have curled with a new contempt for the whole white race, for every rifle, revolver and cartridge stood as a manifestation of greed and infamy. The fur traders of St. Louis, slipping up the Missouri in heavy-laden steamers, had sold them to the Indians in exchange for buffalo robes and pelts, even though they knew that each rifle was to be used against their own people, that each cartridge might mean the death of a soldier.

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Strong in numbers, admirably armed, it was in supreme confidence, therefore, that Sitting Bull and his allied tribes awaited the coming of the "blue-coats."

What added to the great chief's serenity was his knowledge that the United States was sending no more than two thousand seven hundred men against him, and that even this small army was divided into three parts. From the south marched Crook with one thousand three hundred men; from the east came Terry and Custer, and from Fort Ellis came Gibbon.

General Terry, calling Custer and Gibbon into council on the banks of the Yellowstone, had no reason to believe that the Indian force, somewhere in front of him, was of large number, for by careful estimate it had been figured that not more than one thousand five hundred Indians were "off the reservation."

Here was an instance of the shameless dishonesty that characterized the conduct of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, for although every agent knew that fully half of his charges had slipped away to join Sitting Bull, no reports had been made. This, because the agents found rich profit in selling the supplies of the abscontees, and kept these names on the books as "present and accounted for."

Out of his ignorance, General Terry thought that his problem was simply one of cunning pursuit, rather than pitched battle, and laid his plans to *corner* the Indians. Knowing that Crook was coming up from the south, he sent Gibbon and four hundred men to scout the banks of the Big Horn, and despatched Custer with some six hundred men to investigate an Indian trail that had been found on the Rosebud.

In event that the trail led to the valley of the Little Big Horn, Custer was ordered to delay his

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advance until Gibbon could come up, the idea being to have the two reach the Little Big Horn at the same time, about June twenty-sixth.

It was on the morning of June twenty-second that George Custer and his Seventh Cavalry set out for the Rosebud, as gallant a band as ever sat saddle, the dashing leader a figure of romance in his fringed buckskins and floating yellow curls. Only thirty-seven, few lives had been more packed with color and splendid achievement. Leaping into the battle of Bull Run, a mere boy, he was a brigadier-general of volunteers at twenty-four. And not even Sheridan played a more dramatic part in the closing days of war, for it was Custer who herded Lee's battered legions into the hopeless positions that led to surrender.

Sent west in 1866, he had made himself the great outstanding figure in the Indian wars, crushing the savages in battle after battle, harrying them over mountain and plain, careless of summer's heat and winter blizzards. In 1876, therefore, when the War Department decided upon a vigorous campaign to round up Sitting Bull and his malcontents, it followed naturally that brilliant Custer—the Yellow Hair of Indian fame—should be assigned to command of the eastern division. Even as he rejoiced, however, grim, implacable President Grant issued an order removing him from his command, and forbidding him to take part in the expedition.

The poorest judge of men that ever lived, unhappy Grant was surrounded by thieves from the very start of his administration, and nowhere was corruption more rampant than in the War Department. Custer, hot-headed and out-spoken, waxed increasingly furious as he watched his men sicken and die from rotten food and saw the junk rifles and cartridges that were

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sent him. Bitterly attacking these conditions, as well as the thievery of the Indian agents, even a court-martial and suspension of office for a year had not been able to make him hold his tongue.

It seemed Custer's hour of triumph when the House impeached Secretary of War Belknap, bringing forward plain evidence that he had been a silent partner in the corruptions of Indian agents, but there was still President Grant to reckon with. Stubbornly refusing to admit Belknap's guilt, Grant turned his anger upon all who testified against his friend, and when Custer appeared before a Congressional committee, and told the truth as he knew it, he struck instantly and hard.

Custer was ordered to stay at home, and General Terry put in charge of the Indian campaign, and although the strenuous intercession of Sherman and Sheridan won Custer the right to accompany the expedition, it was only as second in command. It must have been with a feeling of relief, therefore, that Custer left Terry behind and struck out into the Montana wilderness on his own, hopeful of some chance for a bold stroke that would retrieve his fortunes.

Striking the Indian trail on the Rosebud River, Custer followed like a hound on the scent, and by the night of the twenty-fourth, found that it led over the divide into the valley of the Little Big Horn. While Terry had ordered that the pursuit be delayed until a juncture could be effected with Gibbon and his four hundred men, Custer had been given leave to use his discretion, and all of his experience pointed to the necessity of quick action.

It was never the habit of the Indians to give battle, and the one hope of bringing them to bay was by a surprise march. Custer did not dream that there were more than a thousand Indians, at the most, nor were

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there telegraphs to tell him that Crook had been soundly whipped just one week before by Crazy Horse, and that the Indian Village was even then shouting its joy and beating the drums of confidence.

Giving the order to march, Custer led his men through the pitch-black night, his plan being to gain the divide, hide in the rocks throughout the day, and attack the village at dawn. Ten weary miles were made, and at sunrise on the fateful morning of June twenty-fifth, the Crow scouts mounted a high point, and returned with the report that the encampment of the Sioux lay in the valley some fifteen miles away.

Even with his telescope, however, Custer could not see the village. In any event, the plan for a surprise attack was brought to an end, for it soon became known that Sioux scouts had discovered the presence of the column, and Custer now decided to ride forward swiftly on the chance that he might get in a blow at the village, if village there was.

Plunging down into the valley, he halted his men at noon, and still doubtful that the scouts had seen an encampment of any size, resolved to divide his command in such manner as to form a net. Major Marcus Reno, with one hundred and twelve men, was swung to the left, Captain F. W. Benteen, with some one hundred and fifty men, was ordered still further to the left, at a sharp angle, and Custer himself went forward on the extreme right, leaving a company to guard the pack train.

Each soldier took one hundred rounds for his carbine, and twenty-four rounds for his pistol, and at a sharp trot the doomed battalions set off on their ride into the jaws of death.

About two o'clock, when Custer and Reno joined forces again, they had ridden nine miles and were still

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three miles from the Little Big Horn. Here and there were evidences of Indian occupation, and a scout, climbing to higher ground, saw a small body of Sioux in swift retreat. The news confirmed Custer's belief that the Indians were flying before his approach, and with swift decision he ordered Reno and his command to cross the river in pursuit, saying that he himself would follow in support of any charge.

When the two men parted, it was never to see each other again in life. Reno, fording the river, saw only a great dust cloud—Chief Gall's clever plan to conceal his strength; and as he advanced, this cloud parted before the swift charge of hundreds of Sioux. Instead of meeting and breaking the charge, however, Reno dismounted his men and led them into a clump of timber, at the same time rushing a courier to Custer with word that the Indians were in force before him.

From every side poured the shouting Sioux, led by Gall, bravest and craftiest of all the Indian host. Beaten back to the heart of the timber, and realizing that ammunition was giving out, Reno called an order for his men to mount, but while the words were still on his lips, the redskins burst into the clearing, and Reno's face was spattered by the brains of the scout that stood beside him.

Losing his head completely, the frantic commander now shouted conflicting orders, and spurred forward to the open. Most of his battalion followed him, but seventeen men were left behind.

Red men and white raced to the river in one indistinguishable mass, shooting, hacking, wrestling, and even as they drove their horses through the water, Sioux and soldiers locked in terrible death grapples.

Struggling up the far slope, Reno hastily formed his survivors on high ground and turned to meet the

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Indian charge. For a moment their lives hung in the balance and then, as if in obedience to orders that Reno could not hear, the Indians turned suddenly and rode away to the north, stopping only to butcher the seventeen white men left in the timber.

It was this slaughter that Captain Benteen saw as he topped a hill about a mile away from Reno's position. A ride of twelve miles had convinced him that there were no Indians in that part of the country to which Custer had sent him and, turning back, he rode hard to rejoin the command. At the spot where Custer and Reno had separated, he met a sergeant, carrying a message from Custer to hurry up the pack trains, and a mile further on, another rider came spurring across the plain.

"Benteen. Come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs." This was the order that he read, and in amplification the messenger told that the Indians were in flight, and Custer was preparing to deliver a charge.

Hurrying his men forward, anxious to be in at the death, Benteen reached high ground only to witness the massacre of the seventeen unfortunates who were trying to race from the timber to the river. Learning of Reno's whereabouts from a Crow scout, he led his command to the hill where the remainder of the battalion was digging at the flinty earth with knives and spoons, desperately trying to throw up some cover.

"Where is Custer?" This was Benteen's first question, but Reno could not tell. It was now half past four, and they had parted at two-thirty. Down the river, undoubtedly. He had not crossed, and during the retreat heavy firing had been heard to the north. Even as Reno and Benteen talked, another heavy crash of rifles came to them on the wind. Young Captain Weir cried out that Custer must be engaged, and act-

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ing on orders from Reno, he started north, followed by his company. Reno and Benteen, after waiting for the pack train to come up, moved after him.

No further sound reached them, and as they started down-stream, a great horde of Sioux raced up the valley, yelling like devils as they forded the river and sprang to the attack.

Retreating to their former position, Reno and Benteen beat off the assault until darkness fell, but dawn brought the Indians back, and until noon the battle raged. At least four thousand Sioux encircled the dwindled band, but once again, as they looked death in the face the Indians fell back, and soon the whole red army was winding over the distant hills like some monster snake.

Not until the following morning—the twenty-seventh—did Reno and Benteen learn that it was the approach of Terry and Gibbon that had driven the savages away. As the blue column rode into view, a great cheer rose from men who had counted themselves dead, but joy was short-lived, for news of Custer's fate chilled every heart. Four miles downstream, Terry and Gibbon had come upon all that remained of Yellow Hair and his men, their sightless eyes staring into the sun, their naked mutilated bodies twisted into shapes of horror.

What happened to Custer after leaving Reno can only be surmised, for of the two hundred and twenty-five men who rode at his side, not one returned to tell the tale of horror. He was about three quarters of a mile from the river when Reno's messenger reached him with the word that the Indians were attacking in force. It is known that he swung to the right at once, starting down-stream, for it was shortly afterward that he sent Sergeant Kanipe to speed up the pack

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train. It is known, also, that he mounted a ridge three miles down the river and caught his first sight of the Indian village, seemingly asleep in the hot sun of afternoon.

“We’ve got them!” he cried. “We’ve caught them napping.” So much was learned from Trumpeter John Martin, who stood beside him on the ridge, and then galloped back with the imperative message to Benteen. It is at this point that the curtain falls, shutting off all that followed, for Martin was the last white man to see any of that doomed company alive.

It is obvious that Custer assumed that Reno would be able to hold the Indians in check, for the whole campaign was based on the belief that the redskin army did not exceed one thousand five hundred in number.

With Reno cutting them off at the south, his bold mind figured that a drive from the north would catch the Sioux in a trap, and it was to carry out this plan that he raced downstream, sending back his messengers to hurry up Benteen and the pack train. Even should the Indians stand—and he did not think they would—the outcome was not to be feared, for throughout his years of Indian fighting, the odds had always been ten to one against the soldier.

What he could not know was that the odds were *twenty to one*, and that while a corrupt War Department had furnished his men with single-loading carbines and defective ammunition, the Sioux were armed with the latest model Winchester and copper cartridges, generously supplied them by traders low enough to put their greed above patriotism. Nor did he know that the deserted appearance of the village was part of Chief Gall’s cunning plan, and that the Ogalallas and Cheyennes, under Crazy Horse and Two

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Moon, were lying in wait like tigers crouched for a spring.

Down from the ridge charged Custer and his men and, as they neared the river, thousands of redskins leaped from cover and struck the little band of whites with the force of a tidal wave. Even as they recovered from the shock and massed to fight for their lives, Chief Gall and the Hunkpapas and Blackfeet came upon the field, fresh from the slaughter of Reno's men.

At once Gall sent Crazy Horse and Two Moon across the river to gain Custer's rear, and as the desperate band reached higher ground in their retreat, Ogalallas and Cheyennes rose from the earth, and beat them back upon the rifles and knives of Gall and his charging horde.

When Terry and Gibbon moved among the bodies that piled the battlefield, they found Custer lying with bullets through his temple and his breast. "Tom" Custer, near-by, had had his heart cut out by Rain-in-the-Face, an ancient enemy, but no mutilating knife had been permitted to touch the corpse of Yellow Hair. Cruel and bloodthirsty though they were, the Indians paid a tribute to bravery, and so it was that the waiting widow received one of the long golden locks to press against her broken heart.

XXV

A WESTERN NAPOLEON

As "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor leaped the Rio Grande, carrying war into the enemy's country, dashing Stephen Kearny left Fort Leavenworth and raced across the flaming plains of Kansas for the conquest of New Mexico and California.

Mules dropped in their traces, and men died of thirst and exhaustion, but with an empire at stake there could be no halt. Over Raton Pass and down the mountain sides they plunged—ragged, footsore, indomitable; and such was the fear inspired by the wild marchers that ancient Santa Fe surrendered without the firing of a shot.

On to California rode Kearny and his dragoons, leaving Alexander W. Doniphan and his Missouri volunteers to strike the blow at far Chihuahua. Into the desert spurred the gigantic leader and his gallant Eight Hundred—across the terrible Jornada del Muerto, burning by day and freezing by night—fighting a way into El Paso; again the ghastly stretches of sand and cactus, a victorious battle against five times their number at the crossing of the Sacramento, and Chihuahua fell into their hands like a ripe plum.

It was a wild and reckless band that Colonel Doniphan led, but wildest and most reckless of all was huge Ben Holliday. Singing as he fought, laughing as he killed, nothing seemed more certain than that he would follow adventure and excitement to some vio-

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lent end, yet fourteen years from that crowded summer of 1846, Ben Holliday sat in the seats of the mighty, possessor of millions and a power in the land, hailed from coast to coast as the Napoleon of western transportation.

Owning five thousand miles of stage line, he numbered his horses, mules and oxen by the thousands, and his feed bill alone was a million a year. From San Francisco he sent his fleet of fast steamers to the Orient and carried supplies to Maximilian, perched so insecurely on his Mexican throne. Nevada mines poured their wealth into his lap and his eager fingers grabbed tribute from the riches of Idaho and Montana. In his million-dollar palace near New York he entertained the political leaders of the day with Babylonian magnificence, and the one bitterness of his colorful, conquering life was that his two daughters saw fit to marry European titles.

Eighteen days was the average run of his swift stages from Atchison to Placerville, but this was not fast enough for Ben Holliday when he came West twice a year to inspect his properties.

Thoroughbreds drew his coach, whipped until their bellies touched the sand at every leap; men waited in the desert with fresh horses to provide more frequent changes; his agents went with him from one station to another, reporting as they rode, and returned to their dangers and hardships, proud and happy at having felt the hearty clasp of Ben's huge, bejeweled paw; and furious was the magnate's anger if the journey took more than twelve days.

What though each trip cost him twenty thousand dollars? In everything he was as royal as an Eastern rajah.

A storekeeper after the Mexican War, it is in 1850
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that we find Ben Holliday making his first bid for fortune, freighting a caravan of fifty wagons from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake. Brigham Young, looking hard into the eyes of the adventurous young Gentile, saw him as one of his own kind, and publicly proclaimed him worthy of trade and trust.

Following the rush of the gold-seekers, Holliday drove his oxen to California, and while others went mad with the treasure hunt, his shrewd eyes saw that these thronging thousands would have to be fed. Out of the profits of his freighting he built mercantile houses in San Francisco and Salt Lake City, and then his vision leaped ahead to the problem of mails.

The water route, via the Isthmus of Panama, took a month to carry letters from New York to California, and the overland route bettered this time but little, owing to the haphazard method of operation. Taking over the mail contract between Sacramento and Salt Lake, Holliday put in covered wagons and four mule teams, and reached out to secure the government contract between Salt Lake and Atchison, thus spanning the continent.

Opposition rose, however, because of the delays caused by winter snows in the High Sierras, and when the postmaster-general gave his decision in favor of a southern route, Ben Holliday's career seemed to have been given a permanent check.

With John Butterfield, of Utica, New York, winner of the contract, were associated Wells and Fargo, soon to be masters of the express business in the West, and it was with superb courage that these men devoted their fortunes and energies to the subjugation of the desert. The distance from St. Louis to San Francisco, by way of Little Rock, El Paso, Yuma and Los Angeles, was 2,759 miles; through Texas there was the

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ever-present menace of the Comanches; Mangus Colorado and his Apaches crouched in the canyons of Arizona and New Mexico, and over the line from Mexico swarmed desperadoes of every nationality, cunning in ambush and deadly in attack.

One hundred stations had to be established in the naked desert, and not a station but was wet with blood before the end, yet from 1858 to 1861, week in, week out, the Butterfield people kept up a fairly steady schedule of twenty-five days for the trip.

Fast and faster, Americans streamed to the Pacific Coast—by 1859 a half million were in California, Oregon and Washington—and again the cry was raised for quicker communication between East and West.

At this time the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell was master of the overland freighting business, seventy-five thousand oxen drawing their great wagon trains across the desert, and Senator William Gwin, of California, meeting Russell in Washington, urged the idea of a Pony Express that would cut the stage time in half. There was every probability of ruin in the venture, for the government refused financial aid, but when his partners learned that Russell had pledged his honor, they nodded their grizzled heads, and set to work to make his word good.

The firm had a stage line of its own, running from Atchison to Salt Lake, via Denver, but all beyond was Ben Holliday's domain. Aside from the daring plan's own particular appeal, shrewd Holliday saw that the Pony Express offered a chance to vindicate the central route in a fight for mail contracts, and he threw his fortunes in with Russell, Waddell and Majors.

Scores of new stations were built and manned, the West was combed for its fastest horses, and out of the

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hundreds of wild riders that clamored for places, eighty were picked for strength, intelligence and proved courage. Each man was to ride a division ranging from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five miles, changing mounts every ten or fifteen miles, and as he rode alone, armed only with revolver and bowie knife, his life depended upon his own resource, plus the speed of his horse.

On April 3, 1860, all was in readiness, and amid the cheers of vast crowds, Harry Roff spurred his mustang away from Sacramento, and Aleck Carlyle raced out of St. Joseph. As a station was approached, coyote yells brought out the stock-tender with a fresh mount; there was the swift exchange of pouch from one saddle to the other, and at breakneck speed the rider raced on to the point where waited his relief.

Ten days was the unfailing average of a Pony Express trip, but when need called, the reckless centaurs ever found new wells of endurance to call upon. Buchanan's last message was delivered in San Francisco in seven days and nineteen hours, and the despatch of Lincoln's Inaugural Address bettered this time by two hours.

It was not only against sand storms and winter snows, treacherous streams and mountain precipice that the riders had to contend, for Sioux and Pah-Ute ranged the trail, more deadly than the rattlesnake. It was in the Pony Express that "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Buffalo Bill" Cody won their spurs, and that "Pony Bob" Haslam and "Jim" Moore wrote their names in bronze.

Starting out from Virginia City when the signal fires of the Pah-Utes blazed from every mountain peak in Nevada, Haslam rode one hundred and ninety miles before he found a relief, and, after a brief rest, made

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the return trip without other stop than to change his mounts. One station was deserted, and at another he saw the mutilated body of the stock-tender lying beside the smoking ruins of his stockade; although war parties were all about him, he slipped through and made the round trip of three hundred and eighty miles only four hours behind schedule.

“Jim” Moore, owing to the murder of one rider and the sickness of another, rode two hundred and eighty miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes, an average of eighteen miles an hour. Under similar circumstances—the burning of stations and the murder of riders—“Buffalo Bill” rode three hundred and twenty-two miles, and time after time fought his way through Indian bands, outshooting and out-racing them. Even though fainting from exhaustion or wounded to the death, it was a point of honor to “carry on,” and no man ever failed.

They did not know it—these slim youths with hearts of oak and frames of steel—but it was the end of the romance of the West that they were writing. Even as they rode their wild courses, far-seeing Edward Creighton won the Western Union Telegraph Company to his way of thinking and set out to survey a line from Omaha to the coast. Traveling to Salt Lake, he gained the approval and support of Brigham Young, but in California he found another company busily preparing to string wires eastward.

The government, by way of spurring competition, offered a subsidy of forty thousand dollars a year to the company that would first reach Salt Lake, and the race began in 1861. Creighton reached the goal on October seventeenth, one week ahead of the Californians, and when the first message flashed from ocean to ocean, the Pony Express went out of existence.

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Tragedy followed in its wake. Senator Gwin, responsible for the idea, had held to the secret belief that quick communication between East and West would give California to the South, but instead of that, the Pony Express saved the Pacific Coast to the Union.

Unhappy Gwin, casting his fortunes with the Confederacy, lost wealth and position, and fleeing to Mexico at last, received the title of Duke of Sonora from the hands of Maximilian, a man as ill-fated as himself.

As for Russell, Majors and Waddell, their heavy losses on the Pony Express, coming on top of other unfortunate investments, crippled the firm so badly that the sale of their properties became necessary, and Ben Holliday bought them in.

Now was he arrived at last, sole and undisputed king of western transportation. With Texas seceding, the Southern Route had to be given up, and Holliday gained the government mail contracts at an award of one million dollars a year for three years, to be augmented by a bonus of eight hundred and forty thousand dollars. A fleet of steamers puffed between St. Louis and Atchison, carrying grain for his horses, mules and oxen; his swift Concord stages—great cradles that swung easily on broad leather straps—passed his hundreds of lumbering Conestoga wagons as they drew freight across the plains, and additional ships were added to his fleet that ploughed the waters of the Pacific.

From Denver he sent stage lines to the Colorado mining camps; from Salt Lake City he despatched his coaches on tri-weekly trips through the Idaho camps to Puget Sound, and with equal enterprise he reached the mines of Montana and Nevada.

Curiously blind for one so far-visioned, he refused

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to admit the possibility of a railroad across the Great American desert, and poured his money into the stage lines as though they were to endure forever. From every quarter the bold souls of a dying order came at his call, driving his stages and tending his stations, all devoted to the huge, indomitable man who loved them even while he cursed them.

Jack Slade was one of his division superintendents with headquarters at Julesburg. "Clean up," ordered Holliday, and Slade did. One disgruntled individual put a double load of lead slugs into his body at fifty feet, but Slade was soon up and never stopped until he had captured the peevish gentleman. Bringing him back to Julesburg, he tied him to a snubbing post, and after giving an exhibition of fancy marksmanship for some little time, finally put a bullet between his eyes and then cut off both ears as pocket pieces.

Great was the outcry against Ben Holliday as a monopolist, for he charged five hundred dollars a passenger between Atchison and Sacramento, and his freight tariffs ranged from eighteen to sixty cents a pound, but critics did not take into account the magnitude of his expenses or the losses occasioned by Indian depredations.

From 1864 to 1866, the savages combined in a desperate attempt to wipe the white men from the plains, and between Salt Lake and the Sierras, scarce one of Holliday's stations but were burned, and many a bloody ambush forced passengers and drivers to fight for their lives. Before the ashes were cold he was rebuilding, but as in the case of the Pony Express, there was coming something against which even his iron will could not avail.

Unlucky Fremont had had the idea of a transcontinental railroad; the last two of his tragic journeys

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were in search of a practicable route; and as early as 1861 Congress passed a bill in support of a line from the Missouri to the coast.

Failure followed failure and in 1864 the government again came to the rescue of private enterprise, offering cash subsidies and great grants of land. Doubtless it was this record of delay and incompetency that gave Ben Holliday his firm belief that the railroad would never be built, but suddenly the West rang to the conquering tread of men as masterful as Holliday himself.

In California, shaggy, massive Collis P. Huntington put himself behind the building of the Central Pacific, and at his side were Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker. Rails began to be laid, and in November, 1865, ground was broken at Omaha for the Union Pacific.

Millions were at stake in the construction race, for each company had the right to build until the two lines joined, and for each new mile the government paid thousands in money and awarded whole sections of land.

In 1867, however, with only three hundred miles built, the Credit Mobilier—financial agency for the construction of the Union Pacific—reached the end of its resources. Huntington and his associates had driven their road across the Sierras by this time, and a laugh must have rumbled in the Californian's throat as he saw the plight of his rivals. He laughed too soon, for Congressman Oakes Ames—a Massachusetts millionaire, and of the same huge dominant breed of empire builders as Huntington and Holliday—threw himself into the breach.

Raising money from every side, he rushed an army of workers to the West—ex-soldiers for the most

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part—and as the railroad leaped forward Union men and Confederates, officers and privates, worked side by side, enmities forgotten in a common task. And still it was war, for the Indians of the plains massed to beat back the Iron Horse, and every construction camp was a fort, every mile of new track a bloodier battle. Here it was that "Buffalo Bill" gained his name, killing the bison herds to supply General Jack Casement's men with meat.

Before Huntington realized, the race was an even one, and with bull bellows he and Crocker lashed their own construction army to fiercer effort. Track-laying records were made one day only to be broken the next, and as each side saw the mountains of the Salt Lake country, the plains rang to a frenzy of exertion.

Only friendly inspectors, turned into partisans by the fight, made possible the approval of the last miles, for rails were only half-riveted to ties, and trestles were tied together with ropes. It was on May 10, 1869, that the struggle ended, the two rail ends joining at Promontory Point on the Great Salt Lake, linking the Atlantic and the Pacific with bands of steel.

Even as disaster overtook Russell, Majors and Waddell as a result of the Pony Express, so was Oakes Ames overthrown in the hour of his triumph. The Credit Mobilier scandal burst in 1872—Ames was accused of having distributed the company's stock in bribes, and no less than Vice-President Schuyler Colfax and Congressmen James G. Blaine and James A. Garfield were named as being among those who had accepted his largesse—and he was tried by the House.

After the trial that left Oakes Ames a shattered, dying man, the politicians decided that Colfax, Blaine and Garfield were absolutely innocent of wrong-doing, but that Ames himself was guilty.

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And what of Ben Holliday? Not until 1866 would his stubborn soul admit the certainty of the railroad's completion, and then he turned to Wells and Fargo, his long-time rivals, and acknowledged defeat. Their express business had grown until it reached into every western community, and with as graceful a bow as his pride could summon, Holliday accepted something like three million dollars for his stages, stations, stock and great supply depots.

Other men might have retired, but not Ben Holliday. For some years a group in Oregon had been fooling around with the plan of a railroad from Puget Sound to California, and into this situation the ex-Napoleon projected himself with his usual vigor.

Taking over the claims of one faction, he bought such newspapers as he could not subsidize, made the legislature his puppet, and launched a great social, financial and political campaign that smashed the opposing faction and left him in full control of the situation. Again Washington knew him—tremendous and princely—and again Ophir Farm was the scene of royal hospitalities with the result that Congress showered him with powers and privileges.

It was not only his own millions that Ben Holliday poured into his Oregon railroad; he drew still more millions from over the Atlantic, European investors yielding to the magic of the pictures that he painted.

Success was in sight when the panic of 1873 struck his towering financial structure with all the force of a tornado. Compelled to default on his bonds, Ophir Farm and his other palaces were taken from him, and the day followed quickly when he sat across the table from, and under the dictation of, Henry Villard, a quiet, iron-jawed German representing European in-

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vestors, signed the papers that stripped him of his railroad and steamship companies.

Out of Holliday's dream came the great Northern Pacific Railway—and the old West passed. A flesh and blood embodiment of that old West—the Golden West of reckless adventure, daily daring and hand to hand struggle—he could not long survive its passing.

XXVI

THE SCANDALS OF 1876

MANY queer instruments have been employed by the destiny that presides over America, but never did there seem to be a more unlikely selection than Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States. Colorless and heavy, he epitomized everything commonplace and parochial, yet he was called upon to play the leading part in a great national drama, tremendous in its importance and intensity, and it was his painful, drudging progress through the wallows of shame that led a hate-torn, disintegrating country to the high ground of peace and unity.

Entering the Republican convention in 1876 as a presidential candidate, simple, unassuming Hayes did not appear to have a chance, for James G. Blaine was the idol of his party. The Plumed Knight, however, happened to be more than usually weighted down with enmities and scandals at the time, and various considerations joined to make the Republican leaders stand in fear of carrying a single additional burden. The orgy of corruption that marked Grant's two terms had shocked even partisans into revolt, and quite as strong was the feeling with regard to southern conditions.

“Carpetbag governments,” supported in their thieveries and oppressions by soldiers of the United States, had shamed and sickened the whole country, and in virtually every southern and border state

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Republicans were making no secret of their intention to support Democratic tickets. With every indication that the South would be lost to them, and confronted in the North by wide-spread desertion, the party leaders decided that Blaine's scandals constituted too great a load, and suddenly switched to Hayes.

Republican alarm was in no wise soothed by the selection of Samuel J. Tilden as the Democratic standard-bearer, for the great New York lawyer had leaped into national fame as a result of activities that proved his honesty and courage.

Almost single-handed he had exposed and scourged the evil Tweed Ring, sending the thieves of Tammany Hall to prison or into exile. Elected governor of his state, he continued his attack upon corruption, regardless of party, and the manner in which he tore the infamous Canal Ring into fragments endeared him to the people as a fearless champion of clean government.

Not since the campaign of 1860 had there been an election day more packed with thrills and fierce excitement, but at its close it seemed a certainty that Tilden had won. On the face of the returns he had carried not only the solid South, but also New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, giving him two hundred and three electoral votes to one hundred and sixty-six for Hayes. By ten o'clock that night, Republican defeat was admitted, even partisan papers having given up the struggle.

Just as the *New York Times* was going to press, its columns containing the sad concession of Tilden's victory, the editor received a note from Senator Barnum, chairman of the Democratic national committee, asking for news from Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina.

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John C. Reid, the news editor, was quick to see the opportunity offered by Barnum's plain intimation of uncertainty, for if the Democrats were not sure of the three states, there was still time for Republican claims. The presses were stopped at once, and the returns revised in such manner as to put the nineteen votes of South Carolina and Florida in the Hayes column, giving him one hundred and eighty-five votes to Tilden's one hundred and eighty-four.

Before dawn Reid was at Republican headquarters, dragging Zachariah Chandler from his bed to listen to as bold a plan as any politician ever conceived. Even though Tilden had one hundred and eighty-four undisputed electoral votes, he was still one short of the necessary majority, and all that had to be done was to see that he did not gain that one. With Republicans in charge of the election machinery in Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina, and a Republican Secretary of War ready and willing to provide troops, what could be more simple?

His plan approved, Reid sent telegrams to the South at once, signing the name of the National Committee, in which he said: "Hayes is elected if we have carried South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana. Can you hold your state? Answer immediately."

On the heels of this plain intimation that the three states *must* be held, William E. Chandler was hurried to Florida on the first train, carrying assurances of money and troops, and this agent of the Republican National Committee was soon followed by ex-Governor Noyes, of Ohio, Hayes' campaign manager and most intimate friend, together with General Lew Wallace.

To Louisiana raced Senator John Sherman, James A. Garfield, William M. Evarts, John A. Dix and Stanley Matthews, another personal representative of

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Hayes. As for South Carolina, that situation was regarded as being well in hand, for the Republican "carpetbag" governor was claiming the election, and there were troops to support his claim.

The Florida result showed 24,441 votes for Tilden and 24,350 votes for Hayes, and this seemed to be final, for by a law that the "carpetbaggers" had framed, the Canvassing Board was without power to go behind the returns, its one function being to count the vote. Secretary of War Cameron, however, ordered four companies of soldiers to Tallahassee, and under this protection the Republican board invented flimsy technicalities and threw out enough Democratic votes to give Hayes a comfortable majority. A later Congressional investigation proved that every man connected with the count had been promised money and jobs.

In Louisiana, however, the situation was far uglier and more complicated, for political conditions in the state had long been a scandal. Independent Republicans, joining with the Democrats in 1872, had beaten Kellogg, the "carpetbag" governor, only to have him put in office under a court order issued by a drunken, disreputable judge, and, following this high-handed outrage, General Sheridan's soldiers had used their bayonets to disperse the legislature.

Congress had waxed furious at the time, and only the year before, Evarts and Garfield had attacked the Louisiana mess in unmeasured terms, the latter branding Kellogg and his crew as a "reckless, graceless set of rascals."

Even without this background of corruption, the Republican outlook was not conducive to confidence, for Tilden's majority in the state was seven thousand, and at no point was there solid ground for attack. The

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Returning Board was without power to reject the vote of any precinct unless the certificate from that precinct was accompanied by the sworn protest of the supervisors that intimidation had been used to prevent a free and pure election, and only three such protests were on file. As the supervisors were all Republicans, the lack of affidavits alleging intimidation could not be laid at the door of the Democrats.

No whit daunted by these obstacles, the "visiting statesmen," as Sherman, Garfield, Evarts *et al.* were called, set to work with pious vim, calmly assuming a dispute in every parish that gave the Democrats a majority. As Sherman wrote to Hayes, "Our little party is now dividing out the disputed parishes with the view of a careful examination of every paper and detail," and in every line the letter breathed a happy confidence that large and helpful amounts of intimidation would be found.

J. Madison Wells, chairman of the Returning Board, had been arrested as a rogue by Sheridan himself, and the other three members—one white and two negroes—were of the same stamp, but these facts did not offend the "visiting statesmen." The "reckless, graceless set of rascals" were now clean, high-minded citizens, and, although Evarts and Garfield had denounced the Returning Board as an absolutely illegal body just one year before, it was now hailed as a legal body with unlimited powers.

Affidavits of intimidation soon began to pour in, even the most forgetful supervisor suddenly remembering instances of outrage on election day, and the drama found its fitting conclusion in the testimony of Eliza Pinkston, a negro bawd and murderer. Appearing before the "visiting statesmen," she told of a husband butchered and mutilated, and how her little

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baby had been killed by ruffianly whites even as she shielded it in her arms. A year later a Congressional committee was to prove the creature an infamous liar, but her tale answered its purpose at the time.

By the day the last witness had been heard, more than thirteen thousand Democratic votes were thrown out, and the Returning Board, with the blessing of the "visiting statesmen," gave Louisiana's eight electoral votes to Hayes, and declared Packard and Kellogg to have been elected governor and senator respectively.

Straightway the Electoral College met in solemn session, and after counting South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana for Hayes, announced the vote to be Hayes one hundred and eighty-five, Tilden one hundred and eighty-four, and declared the former to have been chosen president of the United States. The Democrats, however, hotly disputed the three contested states, and the eyes of the country turned upon Congress, for it remained for the two Houses to count the vote in joint session.

The Senate was Republican, the House Democratic, and as there could not possibly be agreement, passion began to fill the air and partisans talked openly of war. Nor was bitterness assuaged by the Republican contention that the vice-president, a reliable party man, had the right to count the votes and decide between contestants. A roar of rage went up from the country, even Republicans joining the Democrats in protest against any such arbitrary action, and at the thought of fresh bloodshed, frightened statesmen got together in search of a way out.

The result of deliberation was the creation of an Electoral Commission with power to decide all questions in dispute, and on January 31, 1877, in accordance with the bill, these gentlemen were named:

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Senator Edmunds of Vermont, Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, and Senator Morton of Indiana, representing the Republicans, and Senator Thurman of Ohio and Senator Bayard of Delaware, acting for the Democrats; from the House, Garfield of Ohio and Hoar of Massachusetts, for the Republicans, and Abbott of Massachusetts, Payne of Ohio and Hunton of Virginia, for the Democrats; from the Supreme Court, Justice Miller of Iowa and Justice Strong of Pennsylvania, Republicans; Justice Clifford of Maine and Justice Field of California, Democrats.

There was no question as to the extra-constitutionality of the Electoral Commission, and Tilden fought the proposition with might and main. As he pointed out, no vote had a right to be counted except by the concurrence of both Houses, and in event of the failure of either candidate to obtain a majority, the Constitution directed the House of Representatives to elect the president, and the Senate to elect the vice-president. This was the course that he desired to have followed, but the southern Democrats were in no mood for another war, and it was also their confident expectation that the disputed returns would receive a fair, non-partisan consideration.

A fifth justice was to be selected by the four named in the bill, and there was agreement that this fifteenth member of the Commission, virtually an umpire, would be Justice David Davis, of Illinois, an Independent and a man widely respected for his courage and honesty. On the very eve of his appointment, however, word came that Republicans and Democrats had joined in Illinois to defeat John A. Logan for the Senate, and that their choice had fallen on Davis. As a consequence, the four justices named Justice Bradley, of New Jersey, a rock-ribbed Republican.

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The case of Florida, first to be reached, sounded the death knell of Democratic hopes. The issue was joined at once, Democrats contending for the right to show gross fraud, the Republicans insisting that the Commission had no authority to go behind the returns. The vote stood seven to seven, and Justice Bradley, going with his party, made it eight to seven. The decision went back to Congress, where the Senate affirmed and the House rejected, but as both had to concur to overturn the finding, the judgment stood.

The second adjudication was in connection with Humphrey, a Florida elector, whose disqualification was claimed by the Democrats on the ground that he was a Federal office holder. Here the Commission ruled, by the same eight to seven vote, that evidence could be taken to prove that Humphrey was *not* a Federal office holder "on the day" when the electors were appointed, and as a result of this ruling, the four votes of Florida were given to Hayes.

In the Louisiana case, it was again held that evidence of fraud and forgery could not be heard, and then the Democrats brought forward the charge that two of the Republican electors were disqualified by the Constitution of the United States, and four others by the Constitution of Louisiana. In the Humphrey matter, the Commission had ruled that evidence *could* be accepted to prove that he was not ineligible, and with this precedent to go upon, the Democrats were jubilant, for they possessed plain proofs of the ineligibility of the six Louisiana electors.

Now reversing itself, however, the Commission decided by the regular vote of eight to seven "that it is not competent to prove that any of said persons so appointed electors as aforesaid, held an office of trust or profit under the United States at the time when they

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were appointed, or that they were ineligible under the laws of the state."

The eight votes of Louisiana were then given to Hayes, also the seven votes of South Carolina and a disputed vote in Oregon, for while Tilden needed only a single vote, it was necessary for Hayes to win every one of the twenty in dispute. Each decision, as it was referred back to Congress, met with the same fate, the House repudiating and the Senate confirming, and each day saw the unhappy country coming closer to anarchy and bloodshed.

From Maine to California the states rocked to the derisive cry of "Eight to seven," and it was confidently expected that the Democratic House would initiate a filibuster on receipt of the final count, delaying action until March fourth, when Congress expired by limitation. With no president elected, and chaos precipitated, anything might happen.

Strangely enough, it was the Democratic leaders of the South who found most alarm in such a prospect. Chaos might be well enough for politicians, but it meant only new woe for those states that lay in poverty and bondage by reason of their devotion to a Lost Cause. What the South needed, and needed imperatively, was *peace*—peace and relief from oppression. Shrewd men, they saw that Tilden could not be seated except by force of arms, and turning away from this impossibility, they addressed themselves to the search for some solution in which profit might be found.

On February twenty-sixth, as the Electoral Commission was nearing the end of its "eight-to-seven" labors, conversations commenced between certain southern leaders and Republicans directly representative of the Hayes group. As a consequence, Senator

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John B. Gordon and Representative John Young Brown were given a letter, signed by Congressman Charles Foster of Ohio, and Stanley Matthews, one of Hayes' closest friends, in which they gave the southerners their personal assurance that Hayes "will give to the people of the states of South Carolina and Louisiana the right to control their own affairs in their own way."

That very evening a conference was held in Wormley's hotel, and Mr. Foster and Mr. Matthews, supported by Senator Sherman, Representative Garfield and various others, renewed the assurances of their conviction that Mr. Hayes would "favor local self-government and home rule in the South." As the direct result of these conversations, the southern Democrats in the House stood like iron against filibustering, and when the Electoral Commission announced its decision on the morning of March second, forced acceptance of the decision.

While greeting the peaceful outcome with a sigh of relief, the country as a whole evinced no large amount of pleasure or pride, nor was the critical spirit softened by the open manner in which the new President rewarded those who had figured most largely in the carrying of the disputed states. Evarts was made Secretary of State, Noyes went as Ambassador to France, Matthews was nominated to the Supreme Bench, and Sherman, appointed Secretary of the Treasury, lost no time in distributing some forty-seven jobs among the members and relatives of the Louisiana and Florida election boards.

These obligations discharged, Hayes turned his eyes to the South. The appointment to the office of Postmaster General of David M. Key of Tennessee—a man who had fought in the Confederate Army—had

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given plain indication of his policy, and the "Bloody Shirt Brigade" in Congress, led by Blaine and Cameron, began to voice ugly opposition. The object of their concern was the continuance of Republican control in Louisiana and South Carolina where United States troops still supported "carpetbag" governments repudiated by the people.

In South Carolina, one Chamberlain sat in the governor's chair, supported by bayonets, but it was a mere pretense at rule, for the people of the state refused to recognize his claim, and gave full allegiance to Wade Hampton and his Democratic legislature. A similar situation existed in Louisiana, where Packard, the "carpetbag" governor, locked himself in the old St. Louis Hotel, and watched the people pay taxes and recognize the authorities of Nichols, the Democratic Governor.

The two Republican governments represented the last stand of "carpetbaggism," the evil thing that had cursed the South for ten long years, arousing more hate and bitterness than had been stirred by the war itself. If Chamberlain and Packard were to be recognized, if troops continued to hold them in office against the wishes of the people, it meant a prolongation and deepening of the sullen angers that blocked peace and unity. On the other hand, failure to recognize the two "carpetbaggers" would be accepted as a confirmation of the charge that Tilden had been cheated out of the election, for if Chamberlain and Packard had not been elected legally, neither had the electors that gave victory to Hayes.

It was in this moment of tremendous decision that Rutherford Birchard Hayes justified his selection by the destiny that presides over America.

He knew that he could repudiate the personal
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assurances that his friends had given the southerners, just as he knew that the removal of troops from the southern states would bring down upon his head the rage of the Republican party leaders, but he did not hesitate. With a courage and patriotism that lifted him to greatness, he ordered Federal soldiers out of South Carolina and Louisiana, and as they marched away, Chamberlain and Packard followed dismally, marking the end of "carpetbaggism."

It was as Hayes had foreseen. The "radicals," led by Blaine, Garrison, Phillips and Wade, poured their hate upon him, and although his administration was fine and clean and splendid, the politicians refused him renomination in 1880, and cast him into darkness as a traitor and a failure. As he sat in retirement, however, a glow of happiness must have warmed his heart, for the country that he looked out upon was now whole, its wounds healed, its hates forgotten.

THE END

